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# THE LIFE OF GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH

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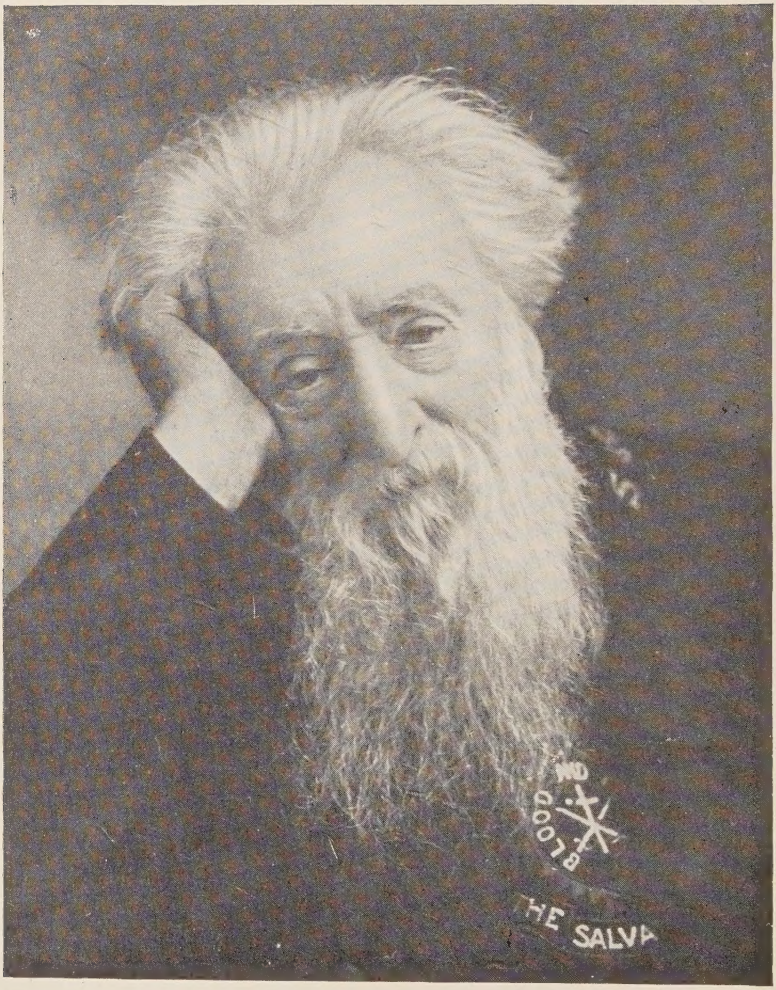


GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH (1907)

# THE LIFE OF GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH

THE FOUNDER OF

THE SALVATION ARMY

BY

HAROLD BEGBIE

*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS*

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

"Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen."—MILTON

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1920

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HERE is thy footstool and there rest thy feet where live the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.

When I try to bow to thee, my obeisance cannot reach down to the depth where thy feet rest among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.

Pride can never approach to where thou walkest in the clothes of the humble among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.

My heart can never find its way to where thou keepest company with the companionless among the poorest, the lowliest, and the lost.

TAGORE.

Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads! Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors all shut? Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee!

He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the pathmaker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and in shower, and His garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like Him come down on the dusty soil!

Deliverance? Where is this deliverance to be found? Our Master Himself has joyfully taken upon Him the bonds of creation; He is bound with us all for ever.

Come out of thy meditations and leave aside thy flowers and incense! What harm is there if thy clothes become tattered and stained? Meet Him and stand by Him in toil and in sweat of thy brow.

Tagore.

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# PART I

*They shall run, and not be weary*

# THE LIFE OF GENERAL BOOTH

## CHAPTER I

### A CRITICAL YEAR

### 1882

BEFORE proceeding to describe the violent opposition which set itself to destroy the Salvation Army in the 'eighties, it is well to bear in mind that William Booth was not only supported at this period by wealthy enthusiasts like Mr. Samuel Morley and Mr. T. A. Denny, but that he was encouraged by public men so eminent as Ruskin and Bright.

In May of 1882 John Bright replied from the House of Commons to a letter addressed to him by Mrs. Booth, in the following terms:

> DEAR MADAM — I gave your letter to Sir W. Harcourt. He had already given his opinion in the House of Commons, which will be to some extent satisfactory to you. I hope the language of Lord Coleridge and the Home Secretary will have some effect on the foolish and unjust magistrates to whom, in some districts, the administration of the law is, unfortunately, committed.
>
> I suspect that your good work will not suffer materially from the ill-treatment you are meeting with. The people who mob you would doubtless have mobbed the Apostles. Your faith and patience will prevail.— I am, with great respect and sympathy, yours sincerely, JOHN BRIGHT.

Archbishop Tait and Lord Coleridge championed the Salvation Army in the House of Lords; Lord and Lady Cairns gave it their earnest support; Mr. W. T. Stead, who had come from editing *The Northern Echo* in Darlington to assist Mr. John Morley on the staff of *The Pall Mall Gazette,* seized every opportunity in his power to defend the crusade of the Army; Mrs. Josephine Butler was also a warm friend and a bold ally of the Salvationists — writing to Mrs. Booth, " there is not a day, scarcely an hour, in

which I do not think of you and your fellow-workers"; Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham, nobly declared: "Whatever may be its faults, it has at least recalled us to this lost ideal of the work of the Church — *the universal compulsion of the souls of men.*" And among people in society those at least were not actively antagonistic who had reflected upon Mrs. Booth's question as to whether it were better to face the masses with the Gospel or the sword.

At this time, then, the work of the Booths was beginning to be recognised by a few great and powerful people as a work that deserved well of the public. But the opinion of the country as a whole was apparently against the Army, and the opposition of the Churches, the publicans, and the mob only tended to increase with the rapid growth of the movement.

Perhaps the worst of the riots was that which occurred at Sheffield this year, when a procession led by General and Mrs. Booth was attacked by a numerous and savage multitude armed with sticks and stones. The procession arrived at its destination with bruised and bleeding faces, with torn and mud-bespattered garments, cheering the General who had passed unscathed through the rabble. "Now's the time," he said, regarding his ragged, wounded, and excited followers, "to get your photographs taken." A graphic account of this disturbance appeared in *The Times.*

Riots occurred at Bath, Guildford, Arbroath, Forfar, and many other places. In twelve months, it is recorded, 669 Salvationists, of whom 251 were women, were "knocked down, kicked, or brutally assaulted." Fifty-six buildings of the Army were stormed and partially wrecked. Eighty-six Salvationists, fifteen of them women, were thrown into prison. From one end of the Kingdom to the other, this effort to break up the Army was carried on in a most shameless fashion under the very eyes of the law, the mob attacking the Salvationists, the police arresting the Salvationists, the magistrates sentencing the Salvationists. But those persecutions failed to damp the courage of the Salvationists, and only tended to swell the ranks of the Army. As many as 30,000 people assembled to welcome one Salva-

tionist's release from prison. Converts came in by hundreds, many of them the roughest of the rough, and many of the worst won by women who faced public-house mobs to effect their rescue.[1] If the Salvationists suffered, the Salvation Army grew; and William Booth, watching the movement, came to think at last that he had evoked a spirit which would influence the world.

Some of the best friends of the Army were, however, disturbed from time to time by its excesses, or by some sign on its part of what they took to be narrowness and uncharitableness. Mr. W. T. Stead, for instance, addressed an interesting reproof to Commissioner Railton on the latter score, writing from the offices of *The Pall Mall Gazette* on Febuary 15, 1882:

I am glad to hear from you. The Bolton affair I had noticed in the Manchester papers. They say you marched through the Catholic quarter in an aggressive fashion and got your heads broken. I fear Mr. Morley will not be inclined to protest in this case, for the question of Protestant *versus* Catholic comes in.

I have read your account of your visit to the Russian Church with much interest not unmixed with some regret. I have so often had to defend the Salvation Army from precisely the charges you bring against the Russian Church, and that to Russians themselves, that I confess I had hoped you would have been more sympathetic, not to say charitable. My dear Mr. Railton, do remember that you do not understand Slavonic, that what to you was mummery is to a hundred millions of men, women, and children rich with all the associations of a faith cradled at Bethlehem and glorified at Calvary, and that an intelligent foreigner witnessing the excited services of the Army — say at an All-Night — might retort upon you with effect if he were unable to understand what was said. . . .

Public feeling at the same time was manifesting a rigorous disapproval. From all over the country protests were

[1] One of the converts had been known as the "Tipton Devil": he had once sold a coffin of his dead child in order to get money for drink. When a Salvationist got him to the penitent-form and told him to pray, he said, "I can't pray"; urged again, he cried out, "O God, jump down my throat, and squeeze the Devil out." Another convert, a woman, told how she was rescued from a public-house on a bitter cold night, and how the Salvationist took off her own jacket and wrapped it round the shoulders of the poor drunkard, lest she should take cold.

issued against the processions, the bands, and the too lively spirit of the Army.

A report in *The War Cry* of March 23, 1882, shows how the question was brought before the House of Commons:

> The other day a certain Member of Parliament . . . thought proper, we hope at the suggestion of others, to give notice —
>
> To ask the Secretary of State for the Home Department whether his attention has been called to the performances of a so-called religious body, entitled the "Salvation Army."
>
> And whether he will issue special instructions to the local magistrates to suppress the street processions of this body, processions which have caused, and are likely to cause, serious rioting, which tend also to create gross profanity; and which have been the means of greatly disturbing the peace and quiet of respectable citizens.
>
> Doubtless, a good deal to his surprise, four other members immediately put on the order-list six questions looking all the other way, and of which the following were the most interesting:
>
> Mr. Mason (Member for Ashton-under-Lyne).— To ask the Secretary of State for the Home Department if he will be so good as to devise some means of protection from mob-ruffianism and occasional magisterial weakness for the loyal and law-abiding people called the "Salvation Army," who are endeavouring to rescue from vice and crime the very dregs of the population not hitherto cared for by the greatest religious organizations of the country.
>
> Mr. Caine (Member for Scarboro').— To ask the Secretary of State for the Home Department if he has received a Memorial, accompanied by sworn information, from several of the leading tradesmen of Basingstoke, with regard to the riots which have taken place in that town recently, and at recurring intervals during the last twelve months, caused by the persistent efforts of an organized gang of roughs to suppress by violence and intimidation the processions and meetings of a religious body known as the "Salvation Army."
>
> Whether he has instituted any inquiry, with a view of ascertaining the names or positions of those who are well known to be the ringleaders of this dangerous mob:
>
> And, if he will take prompt and immediate steps to secure for the "Salvation Army" that protection from injury and outrage which the magistrates and police of Basingstoke do not afford them.
>
> To ask the Secretary of State for the Home Department if his attention has been called to a paragraph in *The Daily News*

of yesterday, headed "Uproarious Meeting at Basingstoke," describing a meeting held by Mr. Arch in that town, in the Corn Exchange, to consider the question of the agricultural labourer. It states that "the room was occupied before the proceedings commenced by a gang of roughs. Mr. Arch attempted to speak, but was refused a hearing, and was pelted with rotten eggs and ochre. Mr. Mitchell shared the same fate. After an hour and a half had been vainly spent in endeavouring to obtain quietude, the meeting was brought to an end amid much uproar."

Whether the authorities of Basingstoke were aware that this meeting was broken up by the same organized gang whose violence towards the members of the Salvation Army has more than once been the subject of Parliamentary inquiry:

And, if the Home Office will take the matter into immediate consideration.

Mr. M'Laren (Member for Stafford).—To ask the Secretary of State for the Home Department if he is aware that a young man is being prosecuted in the City of London for selling a religious periodical called *The War Cry* in the streets.

And, whether he is prepared to direct the prosecution also of the persons who habitually obstruct the streets of London by offering for sale the indecent periodicals, with offensive contents bills, which have been hawked in public for the last nine months without any interference on the part of the police.

Sir Wilfred Lawson (Member for Carlisle).—To ask the Secretary of State for the Home Department, whether it is true that, on September 21, 1881, ten of the Basingstoke roughs were released from Winchester Gaol, where they had been suffering a fortnight's imprisonment for attacks on the Salvation Army.

Whether they were brought home to Basingstoke in a carriage-and-four, escorted by outriders in fancy costumes, and accompanied by their supporters — the brewers and publicans of Basingstoke.

Whether, in the evening, a banquet was given to the released prisoners in the Corn Exchange, which was granted for the purpose by the Corporation, the proceedings being wound up by a free fight, in which the police were powerless.

And, whether any communication has been made from the Home Office to the authorities of Basingstoke, with a view to a better preservation of order.

The reply of the Home Secretary,[1] though lengthy, did not contain very much information. But two practical sentences should command universal attention:

[1] Sir William Harcourt.

"It is not in my power to compel the magistrates to do what they don't see fit to do. If they don't preserve the peace they are liable to a criminal information for not preserving the peace. (Hear, hear.) I cannot, as I am at present situated, issue any instructions to the magistrates. If I am asked for an opinion I am bound to give it. I may say that those people cannot be too strongly condemned who attack persons who are only meeting for a lawful, and I may say laudable, object."

The right honourable gentleman showed a lamentable want of information to exist at the Home Office when he said that the famous proclamation at Basingstoke had produced peace, and its withdrawal renewed rioting, whereas the said proclamation is posted up in Basingstoke to this very day, and the rioting was never affected by it in the least, nor peace in any degree restored to the town, till the magistrates, the other day, wisely decided to protect us in processioning as if there had been no such proclamation!

We notice, with pleasure, that Mr. Sclater Booth, Member for that part of the county, corrected with a "No" one misstatement as to Basingstoke. There was also a repetition of the old story as to Stamford, corrected at the time it first arose by so many papers. We have no Station at Stamford to this hour.

No wonder that honourable gentlemen were not satisfied with the replies made, and gave notice to move again in the matter at a later date! We hope that all parties concerned will take timely warning by all this, and act as the Basingstoke bench has now done, seeing that we have now, thank God, got friends in high places, who are determined that we shall be no longer abandoned either to the "mob-ruffianism," or to the "magisterial weakness," as to which the Home Office has been left, it would seem, so much in the dark.

In the following month an absurd attack upon General Booth appeared in *The Times*. The writer was a Wesleyan minister. In a leading article, which was not unkind to General Booth, *The Times* administered an elegant chastisement to its correspondent: —

Most interesting is it to notice how soon ivy, lichen, and moss can throw the honours of time on the congregations of yesterday. His complaint is that the Salvation Army not only takes a line antagonistic to all the Churches, but has the audacity to act as a permanent institution, acquiring money, houses, and land, as well as a despotic organization.

A month after this discussion in the House of Commons, General Booth received the following cordial and encourag-

ing letter from the Archbishop of York (Dr. Thomson):

Bishopthorpe, York,
*April* 18, 1882.

Sir — Some of my clergy have written to me to beg that I would ascertain how far it was possible for the Church to recognise the work of the Salvation Army as helping forward the cause of Christ consistently with our discipline. For this purpose they asked me to put myself into communication with your Leaders. I now, in compliance with their request, address you with this friendly object.

In two at least of the Churches of this diocese bodies of the Salvation Army have been admitted to Holy Communion at their request; and nothing has occurred on those occasions to hinder a compliance with like requests in future.

What I would ask of you, Sir, is that you would refer me to some document in which the principles of the Army are stated concisely and clearly, as the clergy would thus be enabled to judge for themselves. Any remarks which you are good enough to add will receive my best attention. Some of us think that you are able to reach cases, and to do so effectually, which we have great difficulty in touching. They believe that you are moved by zeal for God and not by a spirit of rivalry with the Church or any other agency for good, and they wish not to find themselves in needless antagonism with any in whom such principles and purposes prevail.— Wishing you every blessing, I am yours faithfully, W. Ebor.

William Booth, Esq.,
General of the Salvation Army.

An event which marked an epoch in the history of the Salvation Army occurred in June of this year. There was a very notorious public-house in London called The Eagle, to which gardens and a theatre were attached, the tavern having its main entrance in the City Road, the gardens and the theatre facing a side-street known as Shepherdess Walk. This place was sufficiently notorious to inspire a comic song which became popular in the music-halls, the jaunty chorus of which was sung by many people wholly unaware of the true character of the tavern:

Up and down the City Road,
In and out the Eagle,
That's the way the money goes,
Pop goes the weasel.[1]

[1] It is perhaps necessary to explain that "pop" is a colloquialism for *pawn*, and "weasel" a slang word for *watch*.

In truth the tavern was a sink of iniquity. Drunkenness was perhaps the least of its vices. The gardens at night, with their rustic arbours, were a scene of the most flagrant immorality, and thither flocked some of the very worst characters of the town. This corner of Shepherdess Walk was indeed a meeting-place for all that was most base and shameless in the London of those days; and although the scandal of it had attracted attention, and although complaints about its challenging debauchery had been made again and again, nothing was done by authority either to end or to abate this abominable disgrace.

William Booth, on learning in 1882 that the premises were for sale, made up his mind that this scandal should be put a stop to, and he determined to stop it in a very characteristic way. He planned to purchase an assignment of the underlease from its holder, and to convert it into a religious meeting-place. Thus he would not only destroy a work of the devil, but out of that destruction build a temple to God. He saw the opportunity of publicly challenging the conscience of London, of forcing London to confront the degradation of sin; and with great zest he flung himself into this crusade — the beginning of a new offensive on the part of religious morality.

It was necessary, of course, to proceed with caution, and no hint was given in the negotiations that the purchaser was the Salvation Army. The purchase price was agreed upon at £16,750, and it is interesting to know that out of some £9,000 subscribed towards this sum no fewer than £3,000 were given by the poor Soldiers of the Salvation Army, who only a few weeks before had subscribed handsomely towards the new Training Home at Clapton.

Queen Victoria gave her sympathy to this movement, the Archbishop of Canterbury subscribed the first £5 towards the purchasing fund, and among other of William Booth's well-known supporters was the Rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate — "Hang-Theology" Rogers. The money was raised, the underlease of the tavern, with its gardens, its music-hall, and its Grecian theatre, was purchased, and William Booth took triumphant possession of the property. But no sooner had the conversion been made than such a

storm broke upon him as we in these days can scarcely imagine. "Up with the Lark to capture the Eagle," the Salvationists marched in force on the first day, singing hymns of triumph. But their progress was disputed, something like a riot occurred, and the police had to intervene in great numbers.[1] The contest was only the beginning of a stern fight. Howling mobs besieged the place by day and by night, the worst pimps and crimps of London stormed it, drunken and savage gangs armed with sticks and stones assailed it; for some months the place had to be guarded by police, on many occasions with drawn truncheons. William Booth was many times in grave danger of his life. Once he would have surely been torn to pieces by the savage mob but for one of his staff and a friendly workman who enabled him to escape over a garden wall — the workman remarking that he was not religious, but he believed in the work William Booth was doing for the poor.

Close on the heels of their mobbing came legal actions. William Booth had inspired the enmity of a very powerful trade, and the whole machinery of the law was set in motion to crush him. If such a man were allowed a free hand what would become of our liquor interests, of our British workman's right to get drunk as often as he pleased? Clearly such a fighter must be fought. The legal dispute turned on the question whether a man could hold licensed premises without offering alcoholic drink for sale, and a great deal was made of the meaning of the words "inn," "tavern," and "public-house." It was first decided in the Court of Chancery that William Booth had taken an assignment of an underlease of a public-house, and must be restrained from any breach of its covenants which would imperil its existence as licensed premises. One of the judges said that by his letters to the newspapers he had given rise to the supposition that he intended to use the Eagle Tavern in a way which would be a breach of the covenant, "but his

[1] *The Daily Chronicle* of that day gave a long description of these proceedings: "Reinforced from time to time during the day, there were upwards of 400 constables on the scene by night, and but for the skilful tactics of Mr. Superintendent Fidge, of the G Division, . . . it is not too much to say that — such was the murderous temper of the mob, who raged and howled in an appalling manner — blood would have been shed and lives lost."

subsequent affidavit showed that this was not his intention." [1] The action was decided therefore in favour of the Army. But the ground landlords, who were trustees of an East End parish, raised the question in another form by means of an action in the Court of Queen's Bench, and there the liquor interest won the day. For a time, in order to fight his case, the General had stood a pot of ale on the counter of The Eagle, but this was much against his will and was finally abandoned.

The Salvation Army historian remarks of this final judgment: "Not content with condemning us to hand over the entire property, for which £20,000 had been paid, that it might become what it had been before, the judge, who had said, after hearing all the evidence, that 'he had seen nothing in the case as it came before the Court to lead him to think that Mr. Booth was wanting in good faith,' thought proper to make reflections upon the General's action which were so reported and commented upon as undoubtedly to make a very bad impression on many minds." Nothing was said of William Booth's effort to pluck this cancer out of London's life, but a great deal was said of the judge's remark that he had not been quite frank in making his purchase.

We shall see later on how Professor Huxley made use of this judicial stricture, tearing it from its context, to discredit William Booth in the public estimation, a course of conduct thoroughly unworthy of so honest a man and so able a controversialist. But what must strike most people at this distance of time is the fact that in a fight for public morality so gallant and so desperate William Booth should have been unsupported by the whole organized force of righteousness. The very fact, however, that it was to all intents and purposes a solitary fight, shows clearly the need of that day for the awakening challenge of the Salvation Army. This event, as we have said, was epoch-making; and we may

[1] Mr. Justice Kay said of the Salvation Army in this judgment that "whatever individuals might think of the manner in which it was carried on . . . [it] must command the respect and sympathy of every sensible man, because no doubt the main intention of [William Booth] was the extension of morality and religious feeling among those amidst whom at present they were least to be found."

claim for it that it did indeed mark a new offensive on the part of religion. Other men before William Booth had attacked public evils, but it was his particular merit that somehow or another he always roused the national conscience and gave fresh courage to the rather timid and passive forces of religion. The case of The Eagle was a step on the road to his tremendous challenge in the name of the submerged tenth.

Later in the same year, General Booth's work attracting more and more attention, a committee was appointed by the Upper House of Convocation to consider the possibility of an alliance with the Salvation Army. This committee consisted of Dr. Benson, then Bishop of Truro; Canon Westcott, Canon Wilkinson, and the Rev. Randall J. Davidson. A real desire was manifested on this occasion to bring the Army under the wing of the Anglican Church, but the difficulties of any such union, from the Salvation Army's point of view, were considered to be so great that the effort was eventually abandoned. General Booth made certain concessions. He was willing, says Mr. Booth-Tucker, " for the two organizations to run side by side like two rivers with bridges thrown across, over which the members could mutually pass and repass; nor did he object to the Corps marching at stated intervals to Church "; but the Army could not submit to the authority of the Church, nor could it abandon its central position concerning the primacy of conversion, nor give up its now firmly established conviction that the catholic sacraments were not necessary to salvation.

During this year, too, the Salvation Army had spread to Switzerland, Sweden, India, and Canada; it had already established itself in the United States of America, in Australasia, and in France. William Booth was now not merely the head of an unsectarian mission society in England, but the General of an Army which looked like spreading its influence to all parts of the world. He could not, it will readily be seen, attach this great and growing force to the national Church without in some measure paralysing its foreign legions. But his relations with Dr. Benson re-

mained of a friendly character, and when the Bishop was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury he wrote to him in the following terms:

*January* 5, 1883.

MY LORD — I think you should know sufficient of me as well as of this Army to accept with the utmost assurance of its heartfelt sincerity this expression of the great satisfaction and thankfulness to God with which we have heard of your Lordship's appointment to the Primacy.

Although we are no more likely to admire all the plans adopted by others than to have our own generally admired, we cannot but look forward with pleasure to the prospect of that long career of determined spiritual activity to which we trust God will spare you. We shall prove the groundlessness of all the fears that have been expressed as to our becoming sectarian by the heartiness with which we shall hail every fresh advance against the common enemy by all true godly men.

We have held back our notes on the list of queries with regard to the Army sent to the Clergy, thinking it improbable that the Committee would endeavour to complete their report much before the reassembling of Convocation. Our Annual Report, of which we send a copy herewith, does in part reply, but of course every week's progress very materially affects our position. We have only this very week, for instance, heard of our first services attended by blessed success in Sweden and Switzerland. The multiplication of these foreign extensions will, we think, greatly widen the sphere of our usefulness in this country by delivering us from any narrow grooves of thought and by promoting amongst persons of education those ideas of world-wide aggression for Christ with which it is admitted that we have imbued so many thousands of poor.

It would be quite out of place for me to make any suggestions as to the future of the Church in its purely ecclesiastical capacity, though it might well be congratulated upon the prospect of a general extension of recent progress in Cornwall.

But we cannot but regard the elevation of your Lordship to the See of Canterbury at this time as an invaluable sign of the quickening of the nation's conscience and as an indication that the Church, in its larger national character, is about to enter upon an era of greater activity and more practical sympathy with all soul-saving efforts than it has ever yet known.

Should an opportunity arise for public demonstration on our side of heart-felt sympathy with your Grace in this grand purpose we shall be pleased to avail ourselves of it, but whether in public or in private be assured that our prayers on your behalf shall go up to God, and that we shall rejoice with you

over every victory won for God.— I am, my Lord, yours most faithfully, (Signed) WILLIAM BOOTH.

The Bishop of Truro.

Unhappily their friendly relations were not destined to continue without interruption. A few months after the writing of this letter a charge of a most serious character was brought against the Salvation Army by the Bishops of Oxford and Hereford.

## CHAPTER II

### A VAGUE BUT EPISCOPAL CHARGE OF IMMORALITY

### 1883

Rumours had been spread for some time that the Salvation Army encouraged a form of hysteria which led in many instances to sexual immorality. It was commonly stated that Salvationists held a meeting called "Creeping for Jesus," in which the lights were turned down, and men and women, getting upon their knees, proceeded to crawl upon the floor groping with their hands in the darkness.

These and other rumours, with accounts of blasphemous handbills supposed to be circulated by Salvation Army Officers, tended to inflame respectable opinion. There was a strong feeling among some of those who knew nothing of William Booth and nothing of the frightful condition existing in parts of the great cities, that the Salvation Army was a scandal and an outrage. People said that Salvationists deserved everything they received at the hands of the mob. Newspapers so eminent as *The Times* pronounced judgment against General Booth. Religious people and irreligious people uttered their disapproval of these noisy, irreverent, and now immoral Salvationists.

It was, on the whole, a good thing that these flying rumours should at last take shape in a more or less definite charge uttered by wholly responsible people. In the Upper House of Convocation of the Province of Canterbury, on the 10th of April, 1883, the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Mackarness) said:

> The point I wish to raise is a very definite one. This Salvation Army professes to be an agency for promoting holiness, upon which it is said by persons whom I have reason to trust that it promotes not holiness, but distinct immorality to a great degree. What I would do is to institute inquiries from those who have seen the work, so as to enable us to say whether they are working with the contrary result to that which the

leaders are desirous of obtaining, or whether they are doing a good work. It is not merely to examine tenets, but the results of those tenets in actual life, and what the people who receive their teaching are doing. It is to see what really is the ratio of illegitimate births, and the relation of the Salvation Army to that we would wish to know.

The Bishop of Hereford (Dr. Atlay) confirmed the statement with the remark:

> . . . two . . . of my clergy, who are well disposed in the main towards the development of unusual methods even of arousing religious feeling among those who are commonly called the masses, have told me that from their own knowledge very disastrous consequences — I need not further explain what I mean — have followed the teaching of the Army.

General Booth wrote next day both to the Bishop of Oxford and to the Archbishop of Canterbury. In his letter to the Archbishop he said:

> I observe with great regret in this morning's Journals a report of proceedings in Convocation yesterday, in the course of which a number of serious accusations against the Army appear to have been made. It seems to me very hard that the outrageous statements constantly made with regard to us should be credited without our having an opportunity to reply to them.
>
> There has been no change whatever in our Orders or methods during the last twelve months, and the only development I know of is in the increase, amounting to more than a doubling of the numbers of those who are doing the work and enduring the sufferings to which attention was called in your Lordship's house twelve months ago.
>
> I am well aware that there have been of late a great many efforts made both in England and in Switzerland to misrepresent both our teachings and our plans; but we have never yet met with a charge that can be maintained against us when fairly examined in daylight.
>
> I enclose a note to his Lordship, the Bishop of Oxford, and trust that some opportunity will at least be given to us to meet the very grave accusations he appears to have brought against us, and which we venture to say cannot be supported by one solitary fact. There can be no doubt that such an accusation made in such a quarter will be used in such a way in the Press as to greatly increase the ill-usage of our poor people in the streets.
>
> Our earnest desire to maintain friendly relationships with

the authorities of the Church has not in the least degree changed. We might point with satisfaction to the enormous growth, not merely in the numbers of those connected with us, but of those belonging to all denominations, who in spite of the efforts of our enemies have been won to sympathize with us during the last six months. And we might in presence of these facts resign ourselves with indifference to any hostile expression of opinion.

But what I regret and would fain avert, if not too late, is a growth of a conviction amongst all these, that the scandalous reports circulated against us find ready credence with the authorities of the Church, and that the multitudes of poor labourers whose zealous efforts to diffuse religion cannot at any rate be denied, are looked upon no longer with sympathy, but rather with contempt, by the clergy. I do not hesitate to say that the spread of such a conviction in these days when, as his Lordship the Bishop of Exeter has pointed out, the spiritual state of great masses of the population, especially in large towns, is so unsatisfactory, would be a national calamity.

Is it impossible for us to have an opportunity of meeting and refuting the groundless accusations made against us, which alone can account for the changed attitude of your Lordship's house towards us? — I am, my Lord, yours most respectfully,

(Signed) WILLIAM BOOTH.

The answer he received to this protest is not very easy to understand:

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.,
*April* 13, 1883.

MY DEAR SIR — I am directed by the Archbishop of Canterbury to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 11th inst. respecting the newspaper reports of the late discussion upon the Salvation Army in the Upper House of the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury.

His Grace understands you to ask for an opportunity of making a statement respecting your view of the present position and work of the persons under your control.

I am directed to remind you that when enquiry was first set on foot by a Committee of Bishops, nearly a year ago, you were so kind as to offer, for the information of the Committee, to send full answers to the circular of enquiry addressed to clergy and others who had had experience of the working of the Salvation Army.

These papers were placed in your hands on their first issue in order that you might be fully cognizant of the enquiries that were being made, but no answer whatever was received until a few days ago, when a request emanated from your Office for new copies of the questions, the former copies having been lost.

New copies were at once sent, but the Archbishop has not, as yet, received from you any reply.

I am directed now to inform you that a Committee of both Houses of the Convocation of Canterbury was on Tuesday last appointed to consider the various methods which in different quarters are now being adopted and suggested for reaching the masses, and to assure you that this Committee hopes that it may be allowed to obtain from yourselves, as well as from other organizations, any such information as you may be kindly able to afford. — I remain, my dear Sir, yours faithfully, RANDALL J. DAVIDSON, Chaplain.

Mr. W. Booth.

On the 12th of April General Booth addressed a letter of protest to the Bishop of Hereford, and received the following replies:

THE PALACE, HEREFORD,
*April* 13, 1883.

SIR — Your letter of the 12th instant has come into my hands this morning.

For the remarks which I made in Convocation I believed that I had sufficient authority; but as you challenge this statement, I shall of course make further enquiries, and if I find that I am misinformed I will take an early opportunity of correcting the mistake.— I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

Gen. Booth. J. HEREFORD.

*April* 16, 1883.

SIR — Having made the enquiries referred to in my letter of the 13th inst., I regret to say that I am compelled to abide by the language which I used in Convocation last week, as reported in *The Guardian* Newspaper of the 11th instant.— Faithfully yours, J. HEREFORD.

Gen. Booth.

On the 19th, General Booth replied to the two Bishops. We give his letter to the still sceptical Bishop of Hereford:

*April* 19, 1883.

To the Right Hon. The Lord Bishop of Hereford.

MY LORD — I have read both your Lordship's letters, but find to my great regret that neither of them afford even the hope of our being confronted with the particular accusations which are made against us. I am astonished that your Lordship should not, apparently, perceive the unreasonableness of making a charge affecting the morality of 450 congregations of poor people without first giving any one of those congregations an opportunity of clearing themselves from the imputa-

tion. It is impossible for us to let the matter rest here; we must give the same opportunity to all which we have given to the two congregations existing in your Lordship's Diocese to meet the accusation, and we are confident of being able to show from every part of the country that whatever cases of immorality may have occurred the impression produced as to the general character of our services and of their moral effect is quite erroneous. — I am, my Lord, yours faithfully,

(Signed) WILLIAM BOOTH.

The Bishop of Oxford was more reasonable, and after an interview with Commissioner Railton and two other Salvationists approved of the following statement, which was immediately made public:

He assured us that he had never had any intention of making an accusation against the Army, still less of exciting public hostility to it, and that his words used in the midst of a discussion in Convocation must have been ill-chosen to have conveyed such an impression.

All he had meant to convey was that he strongly disapproved of the gathering together of young people at late and exciting meetings, inasmuch as there was great danger that, however excellent might be the intentions of those who held such meetings, young men and women on leaving them without proper control might fall into immorality, as had doubtless been the case sometimes already.

Although the Salvation Army was able to clear itself of these charges, opposition against it grew rather than diminished with its advancement among the masses. There was nothing at all during the 'eighties of that wonderful popularity among men of all creeds and of no creeds which came in 1890. One may say generally that while the Army was making friends for itself among the saddest sections of democracy it was making enemies among the other classes. The aristocracy, the professional and commercial classes, the better-off working-man, and the most degraded elements of the mob were hostile to the movement. William Booth, who had watched, from 1878 to 1883, the development of the extraordinary spirit which he himself had evoked, and who perhaps had wavered on some important matters, was driven more and more to take a definite line of action. He was forced into this position as much by the hostility of the

world as by the devotion of his followers. It was a case in which a man must either surrender or fight. If he altered his methods or bowed in any way to popular clamour he not only acknowledged himself to be wrong, but violated his own conscience and surrendered his army into the hands of its enemies. To maintain his position and to lead his followers it was necessary to advance with greater boldness and with more unfaltering determination.

But it is interesting to observe that the conservative character of his disposition still held him back from any violent onslaught. He was not one of those who, in John Morley's phrase, "helped to state the problem, writing up in letters of flame at the brutal feast of kings and the rich that civilization is as yet only a mockery"; on the contrary, he was a monarchist, a constitutionalist, a conservative, and certainly not a lover of radicals and socialists; he kept his eyes averted from the political problem, he never once was tempted to make himself the leader of revolution, the captain of an angry and avenging democracy; his whole emphasis was on religion, and the only war he understood, the only war for which he had the smallest inclination, was the war against sin. If he became a bolder leader and a greater general after 1883, it was still in the sphere of practical religion; he advanced more confidently as the head of an increasing international organization, but his whole attack was concentrated upon the forces of iniquity. He may have harboured critical thoughts about the Church, he may have entertained in his heart hard judgments for society, but his public life was entirely circumscribed to a consistent and an undeviating attack upon the moral causes of suffering and poverty.

# CHAPTER III

## NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

## 1883–1885

One of the penalties of his sudden rise into the public attention was the necessity forced upon William Booth of adopting, or attempting to adopt, the part of a diplomatist.

Here was a very simple and downright man, whose whole being, since the dawn of his understanding, had been consumed by the single purpose of saving wretched and unhappy people from the consequences of sin, who had gone of his own will and choice into the most obscure and abandoned places of the world to fulfil this passionate hunger and thirst of his spirit, and who was so simple and primitive that he could trust himself to the most brutal mobs of industrial England with the ancient thunders of Sinai and the least qualified and uncompromising version of Christianity; here was this poor preacher, suddenly become a public character, suddenly in conflict with Churches and Governments, and suddenly called upon to deal with acute and vigilant intellects who regarded him, for the most part, either with an indignant hostility or a suspicious disapprobation.

It would probably have been wiser if William Booth had kept to his own rough path, stubbornly pursuing his original goal, and never expecting assistance or sympathy from those in smoother places who had the power to help him; but he was hungry for unselfish success, dreamed of evangelizing the Churches as well as the masses, and to this end was sometimes inclined to consider a working understanding with men in high places, who, reflection ought to have told him, could not possibly become his partners.

He would have been a grander figure, I think, if he had held solitary to his path of darkness and storm, poverty and suffering, neglect and contumely; it is with a feeling of regret that we find him, although the invitation came from

the other side, entering the sphere of diplomacy, and desiring, however pure and unselfish the end, the sympathetic help of authority; but we must not forget, indeed it is a salient characteristic of the man, that with all his plainness and downright honesty there was an element of dexterity in his nature, a disposition to finesse, which kept him perpetually on the watch for opportunity, and moved him to clutch with both hands at every chance of advancing the cause which was dearer to him than his own life.

He was a man, whose true nature did not always show itself in conversation except with those who entirely shared his opinions or were his intimate and affectionate friends. He endeavoured to adopt with those whom he felt to be inimical or critical the manner which we describe as easy-going — a practical common-sense manner, not very attractive perhaps, and somewhat foreign to his loving, impulsive, and affectionate nature. His extraordinary tenderness, his almost feminine sympathy with the suffering and the lost, were completely hidden on these occasions; he appeared only as the organizer, the business man of religion, who wanted to get things done. It was as if he feared to show his heart to one or two, and could only unbosom himself before a multitude or to those who loved him. I can imagine that men who saw him only on business, though they saw him a score of times, formed no true opinion of the real man.

The impression he made in the early 'eighties on Archbishop Benson and Dr. Randall Davidson, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, was the impression of a good and straightforward man who had no intention in the world of setting up a new sect and who was not antipathetic to the idea of some form of alliance with the Church of England. He told them that he had small patience with the quarrelling chapels, and that he felt himself nearer to the Church of England than to any other body in Christendom. He was emphatic in all the conversations he had with them that the very last thing he desired to do was to found a fresh body of dissent. Again and again, Archbishop Davidson tells me, he laid emphasis on this assertion that he was founding an Army, not a Church.

A letter addressed in 1881 to the Archbishop of Canterbury by a clergyman in East London shows that this opinion formed in Lambeth Palace was at least an opinion shared by one who had carefully endeavoured to get the views of William Booth. After mentioning that he has had an interview with General Booth, this correspondent proceeds:

> I have long felt that if he would consent to work with the Church, in the now vast movement he regulates, it would be for both his advantage and that of the Church of England. I went therefore to question him on the subject. I asked him if he was founding a *Church,* or only heading an evangelistic agency which could work alongside of the Church of England. He assured me the latter was the case. I asked him if his people had any ill-feeling towards the clergy, as I had heard reports of occasional attacks by Salvationists upon the ministers of the Church. He again assured me, that though *individuals* amongst the Army might have met occasional Church opposition with ill-advised retort, such attacks were wholly contrary to his wishes or to the general principles of the Army, who were earnest after unity and concord, especially with the Church of England.
>
> I asked him whether they administered the Sacraments, and he told me that some of *his people* on their own responsibility had had a very simple "breaking of bread" together, but that this was no part of the "Army"—as an evangelistic agency. . . . Before I left he said he earnestly hoped one day there might be a service for the Army in St. Paul's Cathedral, and that the Clergy might learn to see that the Army was co-operating and not in any way in opposition.

Whether the General was more drawn to the Church of England than to any of the other Churches is a matter on which we should not care to express a definite opinion, but we think it is beyond all reasonable question that he was utterly unconscious of animosity towards any of the Churches, and that his procedure then and afterwards never veiled the least degree of real antagonism. It was not his business to quarrel with the Churches, and he had a natural detestation of controversy. He desired recognition for the Army to advance his gospel of salvation and to protect his followers from persecution; his immediate aim was certainly limited to this desire for recognition, and anything in the nature of definite alliance had probably not presented

itself to his mind as a practical idea. In order to obtain recognition he was willing to say generous and even flattering things to those in authority; he wanted to smooth troubled waters, to remove suspicion and prejudice, to win the sympathy of those who could help him financially. But even while he was prepared to go a considerable distance to meet his critics in order that he might gain this authoritative recognition for his followers, there was always something to which he held openly and definitively, and this was his absolute headship of the Army. He was honest enough to make this fact absolutely and abundantly clear.

It must be remembered that in the negotiations with the Church of England, William Booth was approaching men the aim of whose diplomacy was naturally to gain control over the irregular organization which he had brought into existence. This diplomacy was not dictated by jealousy: some of those who pursued it were earnest admirers of the Salvation Army, and almost disciples of Mrs. Booth. It was dictated purely by the genuine and laudable desire to save the work of William Booth from becoming a menace, not to the Church, but, as those who followed it genuinely believed, to Christianity itself. I have seen something of the correspondence which reached Lambeth Palace at that time, touching this question of the Church's countenance of the Army, and so earnest, so solemn, and so indignant are the wild, absurd charges brought against the followers of William Booth, that it is a wonder to me the Archbishop went even as far as he did in those difficult negotiations. And these letters are not the whisperings of jealous clergymen, but the bold and plain-spoken charges of laymen, many of them belonging to the working-class. One man quotes from *The World* newspaper that "Mr. Booth is accustomed to adapt sardonically a certain text of Scripture, and say, 'The last enemy that shall be destroyed is the parson.'" Another writes, "I cannot but think that a most awful responsibility is incurred by any who by their influence help on the propaganda of such sickening blasphemy. . . ." Another describes Salvation Army processions as "a lot of screaming, raving youths and girls, dancing and indulging in most unseemly contortions."

"Their proceedings," we read in another letter, "can do no possible good, and merely afford an incessant subject for the scoffs and blasphemies of the publicans and their allies." "I hope," writes a working-man, "you will not imitate your late predecessor, to have your name blazoned in *The War Cry,* for supporting and encouraging those I call the Salvation Army." "Returning to England a week since," writes a correspondent from the suburbs, ". . . I heard that you had publicly expressed your approval of the proceedings of the Salvation Army. I trust my informant was mistaken in attributing such sentiments to your Grace, as I have no doubt that could you but hear the fearful blasphemies uttered publicly by that body you would never lend it countenance or support."

Dr. Davidson knew that in spite of exaggeration and excitement the Salvation Army was witnessing the miracle of conversion all over the country; he was honest enough not to shut his eyes to this important fact, even while he gave his ears to those who had nothing but abuse and condemnation for the Army; he therefore, desired to curb with the instant hand of authority those things in the Army which offended the susceptibilities of the Church party, rather than allow them to be outgrown in the evolution of this new force in the religious world, and to leave unchecked only the devotion and earnestness which gained the Army its lasting victories.

Dr. Randall Davidson, who was then chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, gave considerable attention to this matter, taking, in fact, a leading part on the Church's side in the negotiation of which we are writing. He has expressed to me a very warm admiration for Catherine Booth, describing her as one of the most remarkable women he ever met, and telling me that his father, a singularly hard-headed and deep-thinking Scot, after hearing for the first time one of Catherine Booth's addresses at Exeter Hall, said to him, "If ever I am charged with a crime, don't bother to engage any of the great lawyers to defend me; get that woman." But the feelings of Dr. Davidson towards William Booth are not so clear and not so unmixed. He is ready to say that in some respects he misjudged the

man, for he held the opinion in the early 'eighties that the work of the Army would not last, and that William Booth would outwear the patience of the world. He found William Booth, he says, on the whole, a simple and not very profound person, who was perfectly honest in his idea of religion, but not altogether unscrupulous in his methods for advancing that idea. "He did not give me the impression," he says, "of anything like so original and interesting a personality as Catherine Booth; and even now I think he owed something of his popularity, not all of course, to his wonderful, his almost magnificent appearance. But I felt very strongly during those months of our negotiations that Booth was determined to keep control, and an autocratic control, of the Army. I was opposed to that. I could see his reasons for desiring this autocratic control, but I could not possibly bring myself to support so dangerous a policy. He certainly gave me to understand, and very emphatically, that he did not seek to establish a new sect, and I felt, whether he was sincere or not in this particular, that the tide would be too strong for him. We could not get anything in the nature of control over the organization, and so we had to let it go."

In an article published in *The Contemporary Review* for August, 1882, Dr. Davidson criticised the Army with singular ability, and not unfairly, but he paid a generous tribute at the same time to the sincerity and devotion of its Soldiers:

> Whatever be their errors in doctrine or in practice, I can only say that, after attending a large number of meetings of different kinds in various parts of London, I thank God from my heart that He has raised up to proclaim His message of Salvation the men and the women who are now guiding the Army's work, and whose power of appealing to the hearts of their hearers is a gift from the Lord Himself. I am sorry for the Christian teacher, be he cleric or layman, who has listened to such addresses as those given by "General" Booth, Mrs. Booth, and by some five or six at least of their "staff officers," who has not asked for help that he may speak his message with the like straightforward ability and earnest zeal.

Canon Farrar of Westminster, who was later on to become one of the Army's greatest champions, was at this

time one of its severest critics. "Can they not see how fatal it must be to some natures," he asked in an Abbey sermon, "thus to wear their hearts upon their sleeves? — thus to drag the course of their spiritual life out of the gracious shadows wherein God leaves them?" Whether he ever looked in the slums of uttermost brutality for these "gracious shadows" I do not know, but I am perfectly certain that he might have preached all his sermons to the broken wreckage of East London without changing a single heart, without restoring a single soul. He spoke of the Salvationist's "grotesque and irreverent phraseology, calculated quite needlessly to disgust and repel," not knowing that any other phraseology must have failed to rouse the sunken and degraded multitudes of great cities, even as his own somewhat too florid rhetoric failed to please the discriminating judges of literature.

Dr. Davidson, criticising the Army as he did, quoted in *The Contemporary Review* with approval the following document signed by the Mayor and Sheriff of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, by four Members of Parliament, and by twelve resident magistrates:

> We, the undersigned, while by no means willing to identify ourselves with, or to defend, all the means and measures used by the Salvation Army in the prosecution of their efforts for the restoration of the worst portion of the population to habits of morality, temperance, and religion, nevertheless feel bound to state that we know they have succeeded in this town and neighbourhood, not only in gathering together congregations of such as never previously attended religious services, but in effecting a marked and indisputable change in the lives of many of the worst characters. We are therefore strongly of opinion that their services ought not to be left to the mercy of riotous disturbers, but should have the fullest protection.

"One clergyman has told me," he wrote, "that two whole streets in his parish, which were once 'a very den of thieves,' have become quiet and comparatively respectable since the Salvation Army opened fire upon them." In spite of very strong and uncompromising criticism, this article shows that a section of the Church was watching the new movement with genuine admiration and sincere sympathy, although in the autocracy of William Booth she saw a

sovran danger, and in some of the excesses and exuberances of the converts she saw matter for profound regret. But towards the end of the article, Dr. Davidson hinted at the main obstacle to any real alliance between the Church and the Army. He wrote:

> In abstaining carefully from doctrinal questions, I have precluded myself from reference even to so vital a point as the Army's position with respect to the Sacraments of Christ. That question, about which there seems still to be much uncertainty in the Army's councils, must be dealt with soon and firmly, if the Church is to extend active sympathy to the Army as a whole.

Cardinal Manning, it is instructive to find, shared with Dr. Randall Davidson the impression that William Booth, protest as he might, was bound to set up a new Church.

> Mr. Booth (he wrote) declares his firm resolve the Salvation Army shall never become a sect. He cites the failure of John Wesley in his attempt to maintain an unsectarian position. The meaning of this would seem to be that the aim of the Salvation Army is to promote general and personal religion apart from all bodies and, above all, apart from all controversies. . . . The head of the Salvation Army is resolved that it shall never become a sect. . . . He seems to wish that it may not be a sect but a spirit which, like the four winds, may blow upon all in the Valley of Dry Bones — men, women, children, sects, communions, and, as he perhaps would say, Churches, quickening and raising them to a higher life. . . . Nevertheless we have a conviction that the Salvation Army will either become a sect, or it will melt away. This world is not the abode of disembodied spirits.

Both Dr. Randall Davidson and Cardinal Manning complained of the language and practices of the Army, and it is quite certain that in expressing his disapprobation of the more fantastic of these things Dr. Davidson was uttering the mind of his Church as a whole. One must not forget that some adherents of the Army at this period of its existence not only did actually commit grievous offences against modesty and good taste, but that the Army was unfortunate enough to have attributed to its officials wholesale blasphemies, obscenities, and immoralities of a most repellent kind. Nothing was too bad or too grotesque to

be said of this excited and elated body of converted sinners, and, alas! nothing too incredible to be believed by many good people.

What direction the diplomacy of William Booth would have taken but for the constant influence of Bramwell Booth and George Railton, it is impossible to say; it is fair to assume, however, that without this strong and enthusiastic influence that diplomacy would have been at least more anxious for a better understanding with the Church, more patient and adaptable in these fumbled negotiations. He was a great hater of controversy; he had few scruples where compromise might clear the field for action; he held with all the fire and resolution of his vehement character that nothing was so important as "getting men saved from their sins." Catherine Booth, too, although she permitted herself to utter on occasion certain caustic remarks concerning the opposition of the Churches, and although she was by nature and habit a controversialist, and from her youth up had been hotly opposed to what is called Clericalism, nevertheless felt that some understanding with the recognized forces of religion would have been valuable to the cause of the Army; she, too, we think, might have been brought to consider a compromise. But the influence of the young men who shared the inner counsels of General and Mrs. Booth was all on the side of no compromise, all in the direction of their own Salvation Army offensive against sin, all in the direction of utmost liberty. They had no sympathy of any kind with the Sacramentalists, they had no veneration for ecclesiastical tradition, and their one feeling as regards antiquity was to break utterly free from its somnolent sobriety, its paralysing dignity, its soul-destroying precedents and formulæ, to break free from all that; *not to attack and criticise the Church,* but to live with all the vitality and courage of a present only valuable as it shaped the future. Influenced by those younger men, themselves urged on by the tide of success everywhere lifting the Salvation Army into the estimation of men, William Booth decided not to prosecute his negotiations with the Church of England, and allowed the matter to end without communicating to the Archbishop any definite decision.

We find an expression of his views, however, in an article which he wrote a few years later, on the occasion of Archbishop Benson's sudden death at Hawarden:

The little personal intercourse I was privileged to have with Archbishop Benson, a few years ago, has rendered his recent sudden decease — taking place as it did under such graphically impressive circumstances — of specially solemn interest to me. . . .

The Army had at that time [1882] with somewhat startling suddenness, sprung into public observation — I think I may say public estimation, considering the kindly sentiments expressed concerning us on every hand — and the question of Comprehension was being considered by more than one of the Religious Organizations. Some of the leading Dignitaries of the National Church were loudly controverting the wisdom of the course pursued by their forefathers in allowing Wesleyan Methodism to drift away from the Establishment, and wondering whether a little patient manœuvring might not have been successful, not only in retaining the Wesleys and the Coadjutors within its Fold, but of securing to the Episcopacy the influence and direction of the immense multitudes who have since grown up under the Methodist Banner — now far outnumbering those of the Parent Fold.

Here, it was argued, are another people very similar in object and character, only still more pronounced and practical, rising up with the promise of a coming success, which, if not equal to that of the great Methodist Community, still evidently has in it the germ of a future power and progress very much like it. Can we not avoid the mistake of the past? True, we have not the power to shut out from our Churches the leaders of the Salvation Army, as did the Bishops and Clergy the Methodist leaders of 150 years ago, seeing that they are not numbered with us, nor do they seek the use of our Synagogues; still less have we any desire to persecute them. But can we not manage by a little kindly attention to take them in, so not only ensuring to them the benefits of our Episcopal supervision, but securing for ourselves the advantages growing out of their enthusiastic zeal.

With such feelings — highly honourable to the leaders of the Church of England, set forth at the time in their literature, at gatherings of the Clergy, and in other ways — the late Archbishop (then Bishop of Truro), with the Bishop of Durham (then Canon Westcott), sought, by their own request, an interview with me, which took place at our Headquarters, Queen Victoria Street.

The possibility of a union between the Salvation Army and the Church, or the attachment of the Army to the Church in

some form which would mean the same thing, was the topic. And the patient, thoughtful, and I may say respectful, manner in which the subject was argued by my distinguished visitors made that conversation to me for ever a pleasant memory. The beautiful spirit of enquiry manifested on the part of Canon Westcott especially impressed me.

The conditions of the Union desired, on the part of the Army as set forth, were simple as simplicity itself. Whatever might have been felt necessary on closer investigation to the maintenance of the Union, nothing was asked beyond an open recognition of our connection with the Church, and the regular attendance by each Corps at the Parish Church, or at an authorized service in some other consecrated building, say at regular intervals, wkly. or once a month, and that, to meet the requirements of our particular work, it was suggested, might be at an early hour, say eight o'clock. At such times it was remarked that it would be quite admissible for the Army to march up to the Church-doors with bands playing and banners flying, as was our custom to our own Barracks. Indeed, invited by friendly Clergymen in various parts of the country, our people were at that time actually attending different Churches in this fashion. I don't recollect whether the partaking of what is known as the (ordinance of) Lord's Supper at this service was named, but I think it is probable that it would be. Anyway, I know there was the distinct understanding that we should be left at perfect liberty at all other times to carry on our own work in our own way. There was to be no interference with our Government or our Methods. We were to be the Salvation Army to all intents and purposes, as we were then, with this addition only — we were to be the Church Salvation Army.

Here the difficulties likely to be experienced by our Soldiers in Churches where a High Ritual form of service was in force occurred to my mind, and I suggested that the bulk of our people would be found either totally ignorant of the supposed benefits flowing out of the use of images, candles, crucifixes, vestments, or of almost any of the numerous forms and ceremonials practised in many Churches, or they would be found very strongly opposed to them.

On my mentioning this difficulty, and asking how it could be met, Doctor Benson suggested for our imitation his own custom under such circumstances. He said that when in the performance of his duty he came to a church where the manner of the service was not in harmony with his own views on such matters, he simply did the work for which he was present to the best of his ability, regarding the responsibility for the surrounding furniture and usages as resting upon the shoulders of those who were responsible for that particular church.

The Ordinance of the Lord's Supper and our attitude towards it was talked over in a thoughtful, though summary manner. On my remarking that I did not hold the partaking of the Ordinance to be essential to Salvation, and that I believe no thoughtful Christian would shut us out of the Pale of Salvation here, or close the Gates of Heaven against us hereafter, because we had not been regular partakers of that Ordinance, his Lordship, while appearing to assent to this statement, remarked that, apart from that bearing of the subject, he thought that the sincere Churchman derived a great blessing from joining in that particular service. To this I of course assented, but enquired whether this blessing was not consequent upon the exercise of faith in the sacrifice of the Cross which it set forth. "Yes!" the Archbishop answered, "but I think there is a blessing peculiar to this Ordinance; something above and beyond anything that is realized in any other religious service." To this I again enquired whether this peculiar blessing of which his Lordship spoke could not be traced to the fact that a peculiar measure of faith and devotion was called forth by that particular ceremonial. To which it was again answered, that apart from any such special exercises on the part of the worshipper, God, he thought, had connected a special impartation of His presence and blessing with this particular service. What appeared to be the natural answer to this observation at once came to my mind, but perceiving that to pursue the conversation on this line would be likely to carry us into the region of controversy, I did not continue it.

On other difficulties being mentioned, one of my Visitors — I forget which — made the obvious remark that it was all but impossible to conceive that there could be any insuperable difficulties in the way of the Church extending her recognition to the Salvation Army, when she was able to comprehend the High Church, with its extravagant ritual on the one hand, and the Broad Church, with its semi-scepticism on the other.

Much more passed — in which the spirit manifested by my Visitors was, I thought, very commendable — which I cannot call up at the moment, and I am sorry to be unable to lay my hand upon the record of the conversation which I must have made at the time; but I do recollect very well the conclusion to which I was compelled to arrive, and which I remember stating in something like the following words, at the close of the interview: That while appreciating the sympathy of my friends, for which I was deeply grateful, and their worthy wishes to avoid the establishment of another separate Religious Organization, with which I heartily concurred, I was afraid the Union we had been discussing was simply impossible at the present date. In the earlier history of the Army it was a thing that might

have been. A few years back, I strove hard and long to connect the Army with some existing Organization, but utterly failed. Now it seemed that the Providence of God, the convictions and feelings of our people (which I was bound to regard), and the whole circumstances of the case, seemed to indicate that the spirit of union — which was the next best thing to actual Union itself — would be most effectually attained by the two Bodies continuing to live and work apart, their labours and influences flowing on side by side, like two distinct streams, with bridges connecting each at frequent intervals (my figure here became a little mixed, I fear, but the meaning was clear), over which the leading spirits of both Organizations might often pass and repass with mutual sympathy, prayer, and co-operation.

On an occasion of some interest, I had the pleasure of meeting the Archbishop again. To that interview I will not refer now. On earth I shall meet him no more. The time, however, may not be very far distant when the Union he desired may be consummated in another world.

Dr. Benson impressed me as being before all else a Churchman. He believed in his own concern. Here, at least, we were on equal terms. I believed then, and more than ever I believe to-day, in mine.

It may be said, we think, that the Church of England missed an almost priceless opportunity when she let these negotiations fall to the ground. For, impossible as those negotiations were from the point of view of absorption or amalgamation, impossible too, as they were, from the point of view of an immediate alliance, they did undoubtedly present to the Church an opportunity for establishing a cordial understanding with the Salvation Army which might have developed with the evolution of time into a real alliance. Unhappily, the Church stood upon doctrinal and ceremonial ground, and praising here, admiring there, but criticising as a whole, made no movement of opening her arms to embrace and bless these simple apostles of the poor. Much good might have flowed from one annual Salvation Army Service in St. Paul's Cathedral, from constant consultation with William Booth in matters of evangelical concern, and from frank and generous recognition of the Salvation Army as an essential branch of the Christian Brotherhood, even if it were necessary to proclaim the fundamental difference in doctrine. But the Army at that

time was giving grave offence, judicious observers thought that it would not endure, and the Church herself was now sending out a rival army under ecclesiastical direction to cover the same field. In these circumstances, and as the General did not prosecute the negotiations, the Church allowed the matter to drop, and one more division was made in the suffering and dismembered body of Christendom.

That individual clergyman longed for some such recognition may be gathered from the following letter, which may be taken as an example of many others, to William Booth, written in 1885 by the Rev. D. B. Hankin, Vicar of St. Jude's, Mildmay Grove:

> . . . I was at the Prince's Hall Meeting on Tuesday morning and could only bow my head and weep for very shame — tho' at the same time I rejoiced at the glorious wave of spiritual power now issuing from the S.A., which has carried to the front a subject which has so persistently been kept in the background until now.
>
> . . . But oh! I do so wish that you were in communion with the Church of England!!! Your liberty of action perfectly free and untrammelled — but your people on special occasions *meeting in their own Churches!*

Canon Liddon, who disliked the excesses of the Army as much as any man, nevertheless lamented the failure of these negotiations. But the General had his growing Army to direct, and the Church had her thousand activities to pursue; the General had his autocracy to guard, and the Church had her dignity to preserve. Negotiations, hopeless for any immediate benefit, but full of hope for future blessing, slid out of hands too busy for the patient work of diplomacy, and William Booth, protesting that he was no sectarian, continued to organize on his own lines (and under his uncompromising government) the most world-wide of all evangelistic agencies.

In 1886 he wrote to his wife from Bristol: "Their great point with outsiders is the old one which every one knows, that I am *Pope*. But that will wear out, because the continued success makes people think and feel that for me it answers and cannot be much condemned."

He was not a diplomatist of the first order, and if he had

been a diplomatist of any order at all it is perhaps doubtful whether he would have found men in almost every nation under heaven ready to give their lives for the message he commanded them to preach.

# CHAPTER IV

## THE PURITY CRUSADE

## 1885

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Booth had been greatly impressed in 1865, as the reader will remember, by the work of the Midnight Mission, she did not take any steps to make the rescue of fallen women a particular labour of the Salvation Army. Nor was there much enthusiasm on the part of William Booth when his son Bramwell, in 1884, almost forced the Salvation Army to take up this difficult work.

"For many weeks," says Mr. Bramwell Booth, describing his first inquiries into what we now call the White Slave Traffic, "I was like one living in a dream of hell. The cries of outraged children and the smothered sobs of those imprisoned in living tombs were continually in my ears. I could not sleep, I could not take my food. At times I could not pray."

He had seen women on the streets as he came from the East End late at night; touched by their forlorn position he had spoken to them; in cases where there was an expression of genuine disgust for the life he had effected rescues; but it was not until after a dramatic visit to his office from a poor girl who had escaped out of a brothel (she actually climbed down a rain-pipe from the room in which she was imprisoned) that he came to study the trade in women, the trade which swindles and tricks young girls into a life of debauchery, the trade which destroys the souls and bodies of quite young children. This trade, which few people in those days believed to exist, was, and still is, a highly organized business, with its ramifications in every country, and its curse over every nation. To Bramwell Booth the discoveries he made were so appalling that he felt he could consecrate his life "to stop these abominations."

Catherine Booth was sympathetic to his proposal. William Booth was also sympathetic, but sceptical on the

question of procedure. We must remember that thirty years ago people spoke with extreme disgust of the fallen woman. No religious society cared to associate itself with a definite work of rescue. Religious people felt, and many still feel, an aversion almost like nausea at any mention of this subject. The unfortunate is most unfortunate in the universal disgust she inspires. Men of the world invent brutal and disdainful terms for her, religious people avert their faces as they pass her in the street, and shudder even to think of her. A fallen woman seems to carry with her into the pit of perdition all the horror of humanity for the desecration of the most sacred of its ideals.

It is owing, I think, largely to the quite heroic work of Mrs. Bramwell Booth that this attitude of the public has been modified. If this book were the life of Bramwell Booth, or a history of the Salvation Army, we should tell at length the moving and dramatic story of that work; but as our concern is the narrative of William Booth's history, we can but glance at the great Purity Campaign of 1884–85, and can tell only in brief the story of the famous prosecution which threatened at one time to end the crusade and to cripple the Salvation Army in a very serious manner.

Mr. Bramwell Booth had married, in 1882, Miss Florence Soper, the daughter of a physician practising in Wales. This lady had come under the influence of Catherine Booth, had joined the Army, and had been through some of the most stormful scenes in Paris which accompanied the Army's first efforts to establish itself on French soil. She was young, delicate, refined; her remarkable powers of grasp and administration had not been developed at this time; she was typical of the well-educated, rather shrinking and self-conscious girl of the English professional classes — perhaps the last person in the world to whom any one would have thought of committing so hazardous and dreadful a business as this rescuing of fallen women. But she was moved by her husband's appeal, and, in spite of some doubt on William Booth's part, was appointed to take charge of the Salvation Army's first Rescue Home.

The work was now launched — the work of rescuing repentant Magdalens and educating them in habits of in-

dustry and self-respect. But Bramwell Booth was not content. He had pity — because he suspected the devilries of the trade — for the unrepentant and the hardened woman who mocked at religion, who cursed God, and who went to her death drunken, scornful, and terribly diseased. It did not satisfy him to rescue a hundred weeping Magdalens; he set himself to attack the trade which annually ruins both in body and in soul thousands of quite innocent girls and children.

He chose for the man to help him in this work Mr. W. T. Stead, of *The Pall Mall Gazette* — perhaps the most enthusiastic journalist of his time. Matthew Arnold wrote to John Morley in 1884, saying, "Under your friend Stead, the *P.M.G.*, whatever may be its merits, is fast ceasing to be *literature*." This was a just censure, but Mr. Stead would have read it unmoved. He was first and last a journalist, a man whose imagination never strayed from the columns of the passing hour to the bookshelves of posterity. He had no literary ambitions for *The Pall Mall Gazette;* he sought rather to give it a spirit which would permeate the national conscience. He was a Puritan who loved his fellow-men. In those days he was narrower than he came to be, and yet more sensible. He boasted that he had never entered a theatre, but he had not fallen a victim to the most absurd delusions of spiritualism. His manner was eager, pleasant, and not without a touch of worldly humour. He made friends with men who shared none of his ideals. He sought rather to encourage those whom he met to go a step farther on their own road than to cross over and march at his side. He was fanatical, I think, in the depths of his soul, but a diplomatist on the surface. He believed passionately in conversion and prayer, but he kept this conviction for those who were already persuaded. He never intruded his religion, and he sometimes cloaked it. Perhaps it may be said, considering his work for the Royal Navy, that no journalist of his generation rendered greater services to the British Empire.

William Booth, in my opinion, was never greatly attracted by Mr. Stead. He was more or less suspicious about this thrusting, eager, and headlong journalist, who did

much to help the Salvation Army and who was a brave champion from early days of its innovating General. William Booth used Mr. Stead, and was grateful for his assistance, but he never greatly warmed to him, never wholly trusted his judgment, and was sometimes disposed to regard him as one who shilly-shallied with the great decision of Christian life. Mr. Stead was perhaps aware of this, for in *The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon* he speaks of the help he received from the Salvation Army —" from the Chief of the Staff "— that is, Bramwell Booth —" down to the humblest private." There is no mention of the General.

On the other hand, Bramwell Booth — at that time young and ardent — not only admired Mr. Stead as a journalist, but felt for him a generous affection. He thought first of all of Mr. Stead when the idea of publicly exposing the traffic in women occurred to his mind, and he never once questioned the wisdom of this inspiration.

Mr. Stead listened incredulously to the evidence presented to him. When he was persuaded of its truth he struck with his fist the table in Bramwell Booth's room and vowed himself to destroy this most damnable work of the Devil. A few weeks after that conversation the country was in a blaze. In the columns of *The Pall Mall Gazette* Stead exposed the hell of child-harlotry with a force and energy never before known in journalism.[1] The nation was staggered. For weeks scarcely any other subject was discussed. These articles, full of heartbreaking narrations and disclosures which took away the breath of respectability, roused the whole country, but divided it into two very unequal camps. On one side were the few selfless people, like Mrs. Josephine Butler, who passionately longed to save women from the degradation of vice; on the other, a multitude who lived vicious lives, and a still greater multitude, composed of the religious and indifferent, who wanted society to exist without disturbance. But with Stead in the field, and Bramwell Booth using the organization of the Salvation Army to create a public opinion on this subject, apathy was broken, and the conscience of the world was profoundly stirred.

[1] *The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon.*

A monster petition, organized by the Salvation Army in seventeen days, and bearing no fewer than 393,000 signatures, was presented to the House of Commons on July 30, 1885, praying that the age of consent should be raised to sixteen. The General, always ready to do something, announced a scheme for Rescue Homes, costing £20,000. Meetings were held up and down the country. The Salvation Army, basing itself upon the revelations of Stead, sought to lead the nation in a campaign against flagrant iniquity.

Stead, foreseeing that the disclosures of *The Pall Mall Gazette* would be regarded as merely sensational journalism, either grossly exaggerated or entirely untrue, conceived the idea of himself buying a young girl, ostensibly for the purposes of seduction. It was his business to prove that a young girl could be bought from her parents for a few pounds — a possibility which many absolutely refused to believe. He went to Bramwell Booth for assistance. After considerable thought a plan was arranged. A woman who had once been a procuress, and who was then living under the care of the Salvation Army and later with Mrs. Josephine Butler, was pressed into service; a lady in France connected with the Army was linked up with the mechanism of this strategy; and Bramwell Booth stood ready to do his part.

The girl, Eliza Armstrong, an illegitimate, was purchased by the ex-procuress, Rebecca Jarrett. She was taken to a brothel, she was drugged, and Stead entered the room. She was then taken to a railway-station and sent under excellent protection to Madame Combe in France. Thus Stead's contention was proved, and a child who might have been ruined was saved to society.

Mrs. Josephine Butler gives us a moving account of Stead's condition of mind during the period of these disclosures.

> Mr. Stead is publicly known only as a brave and enterprising reformer. But to my mind the memory is ever present of a dark night in which I entered his office, after a day of hand-to-hand wrestling with the powers of Hell. We stumbled up the narrow dark stairs; the lights were out, not a soul was

there, it was midnight. I scarcely recognized the haggard face before me as that of Mr. Stead. He threw himself across his desk with a cry like that of a bereaved or outraged mother, rather than that of an indignant man, and sobbed out the words, "Oh, Mrs. Butler, let me weep, let me weep, or my heart will break." He then told me in broken sentences of the little tender girls he had seen that day sold in the fashionable West-end brothels, whom he (father-like) had taken on his knee, and to whom he had spoken of his own little girls. Well might he cry, "Oh, let me weep!"

But in his eagerness to prove his contention, in order to convert public opinion to his view, Stead had broken the criminal law. The purchase of Eliza Armstrong was a crime. That is to say, the reformer in his zeal for truth had technically broken the law of abduction. To the astonishment of a great many people a Government prosecution was set on foot and, with Stead and Rebecca Jarrett, Bramwell Booth was placed in the dock.

It is interesting to find that while Catherine Booth was immediately filled with an angry indignation and was ready to fight for her son's honour to the very last, William Booth — thinking of the Salvation Army — was chiefly concerned because the action of Stead, in dragging Bramwell Booth into this business of a prosecution, had dragged the Salvation Army into a questionable position.

On the eve of the trial he convened an "All Night of Prayer" at Clapton.

"When he spoke," says one present at this gathering, "it was evident that he was profoundly moved by the fact that his son was being put on his trial; and during the course of a long and moving speech he referred to the chief incidents in the Armstrong case and vindicated the Christ-like part 'his son Bramwell'— it was in these terms he referred to him again and again — had taken in the interests of womanhood. Then he referred to the forthcoming trial, which he regarded as a supreme attempt of the Arch Enemy of Souls, and the earthly enemies of the Army, to destroy our work and our fair name. Then with his whole frame quivering with holy passion he said — as well as I can remember, 'If they imprison my son Bramwell, I will go round this country and stir up the people from one end to

another.' (I am not sure he did not say, 'I will move Heaven and Hell.') Then he added, and the phrase I have never forgotten, '*But — if we win, we win, and if we lose, we win!*' There was the most wonderful outburst of enthusiasm and cheering I ever witnessed in any Army Meeting when he uttered these, the last words of his fiery peroration."

The case itself, the whole question of white slavery, did not so much concern him as the honour of the Army, which he felt might be impugned by this incident in its career. The enemies of Stead were not so much allies of the prostitute as the foes of the Army — that is to say, foes of God and allies of Satan.[1]

His letters at this period are of great value. They demonstrate quite clearly that however much he longed, and long he certainly did, to sweep away vice, the Purity Crusade of the 'eighties owed little to his initiative. They also prove, I think, that he foresaw nothing of the glory which has since come to the Army for its heroic lead in this matter — a narrative which should one day be told in full; and they help one to realize how exclusively and intensely his life was centred upon the work of spiritual religion. He was a man, as we shall see presently, who wanted to help the fallen woman, but not in the sensational manner which Stead felt was essential to a national awakening. It was a saying with him at this time that Stead must not carry the Army into sensationalism.

That the Government should move against her son and against Mr. Stead, infuriated the heart of Catherine Booth. The wicked and the adulterous hated Stead for his disclosures, the worldly-minded and the hypocrites loathed the Salvation Army and longed for its injury; these might have joined forces and sought to ruin the apostles of purity without arousing the wrath and indignation of Catherine

[1] The Government was compelled by the agitation to pass the Criminal Law Amendment Act. It was greatly strengthened by W. T. Stead's and Bramwell Booth's influence. It concerned boys as well as girls, but its chief provision was the raising of the "age of consent." It provided for the first time in English law for accused persons to give evidence in their own behalf, and Stead and Bramwell Booth were actually the first prisoners in England to go into the witness-box and speak on oath for themselves.

Booth. But that the Government of Christian England should take up the first stone, that the Ministers of Queen Victoria should seek to shut the mouth of Stead and to cover the Salvation Army with infamy, this was more than that very good woman could suffer.

The following bold and significant passage in a Salvation Army Petition to the Queen shows that Mrs. Booth had excellent ground for her indignation:

> Your Memorialists desire to call the attention of your Most Gracious Majesty to the fact that a noted procuress, a Mrs. Jeffries, resides in Church Street, Chelsea. This slave-dealer has kept twelve immoral houses, which houses, the evidence showed, were mainly frequented by noblemen and gentlemen in the upper classes. In May, 1885, this notorious woman was brought to trial; her complicity with the home and foreign traffic in girls and women was well known; twenty witnesses were ready to give their testimony, and yet because of her wealth and position the trial became a travesty of justice. Accommodated with a seat in Court, covered with sealskin robes, her brougham waiting outside to convey her to her sumptuously furnished villa, she was instructed to plead guilty, and fined £200. Your Memorialists believe that a more grave miscarriage of justice never took place. For more than twenty years this buyer, seller, and exporter of English girls and women has carried on her criminal traffic.

One can better understand the fiery indignation of Mrs. Booth than the calm and watchful annoyance of the General. But in reading the following letters the reader will bear in mind that William Booth had gone unwillingly into the side-issue of a Purity Crusade, that he had the Salvation Army to think about, that the Salvation Army was more to him than wife or child, that he never suffered the most precious of his personal affections to come between him and the interests of this Army, and that he was sharply conscious of enemies on every side watching for an opportunity to attack and destroy his Army.

It should be clearly borne in mind that he was not without sympathy for the harlot. He was not in the least self-righteous; he had no element of that detestation for the public woman which characterizes the attitude of so many very pure people to this whole question; but he did not

feel that it was the business of the Salvation Army to lay an exceptional emphasis on this matter; he did not want the Army to be mixed up with a public scare; he held that the warning of the Salvation Army to repent must be addressed indiscriminately to the whole world.

*To his Wife.*

ROOKWOOD ROAD, STAMFORD HILL, LONDON, N.,
*Sept.* 13, '85.

MY DEAREST LOVE — We have had an anxious day, altho' I should not be anxious myself, but that it is Bramwell who I fear may worry about things. Still I believe that if they are committed to-morrow, which we all expect, he will feel much better. Rebecca [Jarrett] is all right they say, and has consented to some evidence coming out which blacks her.

The cross-examination on Saturday showed up Mrs. Broughton as a very low bad woman. But Ranger[1] and all think they are certain to commit whether the matter ever comes to a real trial or not, very doubtful in the estimation of Russell[2] and others. They think that the Government has felt so bespattered with these *Revelations* that they have felt compelled to discredit them before the world, consequently they have fallen upon this case. *Perhaps* they may never push the thing to the extremity of a trial; if they do, nothing very much can possibly come of a conviction if any Jury can be got together that will say "*Guilty.*"

My opinion is that any way the Army cannot suffer very much. We shall have after the trial, whichever way it may go, a splendid text for an appeal to the Country. If they convict, we can show up the injustice of the thing — if they acquit, we can show the infamy and groundlessness of the prosecution.

If B. goes to prison they will make a martyr of him, and this alone will make him a heap of new friends and bind the Army and him more closely together and make thousands burn to go to prison too.

Only one thing can hurt us, our own fears and worries; in other words, OUR OWN UNBELIEF.

*Have faith in God,* Lucy has written across her breast. Oh let us have it written across our hearts, and act it out.

Now, my darling, I do hope God will guide you to-morrow night.

I hardly see how you can be wrong in a few words bearing

[1] Dr., now Sir Washington Ranger, Head of the firm of Solicitors to the Salvation Army.

[2] Lord Russell of Killowen, then Mr. Charles Russell, Q.C., who defended Rebecca Jarrett.

upon what has led up to the Revelations, and on the wisdom of the Government prosecuting those who for the national weal made them. You should not say anything that links Bramwell with STEAD in ANYTHING — *any day, some more unwise things may come out yet.*

Bramwell believed this girl had been parted with by her parents in such a manner as convinced him that they had no concern to have her back under their care, and as such made Stead her natural guardian; he took her and believed he was doing her, the child, and God service in trying to keep her from going back to misery and perdition.

You must be careful — there's some sort of a threat to bring an action for libel and damages against all concerned for asserting that Mrs. Armstrong sold her child. Now there are a lot of scoundrels who would find money for anything to get at our throats, so we must be careful. I hate this litigation. The time it consumes is awful. I can't make out why it should be so. But it goes to the heart direct.

We must at once get up some sort of Counter-demonstration in the shape of a big influential defence Committee. You will see the card Railton has got out — I enclose a rough proof — I don't see much in it — he thinks it will *attract attention* and associate us with the prayers every time people read them at Church. It can't do any harm. We shall send them to the Queen, Cabinet Ministers, Bishops, etc., etc. Our People will buy them — this is a rough proof. An effort is to be made to get some down to *Bradford.*

My darling. If I could always be assured of your welfare and that you don't worry or care, I should be comparatively reckless about the other things. Let us cast our care on Him who cares for us — all our care — our care for those who are dearest and nearest and weakest in our circle.

All seem well here. Florrie [Mrs. Bramwell Booth] has done well to-day. I do think she helps Bramwell *much.* I am sure she will prove a great power for good and a helper of our joy and usefulness beyond what some have feared.

My heart's love to Herbert. His telegram cheered the Chief. Could you get a simple vote of sympathy with the Chief of Staff [Bramwell Booth] and Stead in this prosecution on Monday night and wire it in time for *War Cry* on Tuesday morning? Indeed, there must be a Press telegram if you have a good go.

Keep within the law, and we will have counsel's advice as to how far we can go when the Committal has taken place.

Good-night. Jesus Christ is a Brother born for adversity. We suffer in the Name for His sake and through His Spirit in us. Let us bear it like the Saints: be strong; "we'll be

Heroes." Now is the time. God bless and keep my beloved. — Your affectionate husband, W. B.

*P.S.* — Since writing the above I have had a talk with Railton about expressions of sympathy with the Chief in meetings, and about explanations of the matter altogether; and he argues with a good deal of force that anything like votes of sympathy of Soldiers or anybody else with Superior Officers is unwise and prejudicial to discipline. He thinks that explanations are beneath us; but would advocate the pushing forward of our Rescue Work, the showing up of what we are doing in this direction, bringing out the case, and then remarking that this is the sort of thing for which they are attacking our Chief of the Staff.

There is something in all this. Anyway it does not seem dignified for an Army meeting to sympathize with the Army. The proper thing to do is to get up a great Defence Committee outside of us and let them speak.

I am sure the best answer we can make to the whole affair is to go on with our own work, keep our heads up, and keep on with the song of victory.

The lasses went past here this morning from Tottenham, singing "Victory." They had had a quiet meeting, sold 200 *War Crys,* and had a collection of 15s. in the open air.

To be explaining yourself until the trial is over Railton thinks is humiliating.

Consider the matter carefully, and God give you wisdom.

W. B.

We have always had safety and success in going on with our own work. If you and the friends make a spiritual impression on Bradford it will do more to answer the slanderous lies than any explanation that can be given at this stage of the affair.

*The Holy Ghost is our Power and our Defence.*

Rookwood, Stamford Hill, N.,
*Nov.* 9, '85.

My dearest Love — I have yours proposing Meeting at Exeter Hall, but I must say that I am heartily sick of the whole affair. The enclosed is Stead's account of things, which appears in to-night's *Pall Mall Gazette.* It is such a throwing up of the sponge and leaving us all in the lurch that I cannot go any further on in the agitation. To soap anybody down in that fashion is to me disgusting. I understand all the way through that the Attorney-General was hard upon our people, and on Sat. all said that the Judge was quite a partisan. And here is Stead, abandons poor Rebecca, and said that the verdict is just, etc., etc., etc., according to the evidence, etc.

Let us go back to our own work. I could say much more,

but I never feel sure that my letters will reach you or not, or be seen by others after I have sent them. If I could only be assured of this I should write much more freely.

However, I am moidered[1] up with a thousand things, and matters have been so neglected of late that I must go back to my own work and look after the Army.

We shall see what is done to-morrow. Stead won't be put in prison, in my opinion, but will drop back into his old *rôle* of *journalist,* and leave us smeared with the tar of this affair to fight it out with blackguards and brothel-keepers all over the world.

I am sure the S.A is *the* thing, and our lines are *all right.* We shall see tremendous things. We are deciding for our International Council in June next, and shall have Soldiers from all parts of the world and 2,000 Officers. This will wipe out the very memory of Eliza Armstrong.

Bramwell is not quite out of the wood yet. We will wire you to-morrow how things go.

ROOKWOOD ROAD,
*Nov.* 9, 1885.

MY DEAREST LOVE — I have yours this morning. I like the telegram to Her Majesty. They will have wired you the Queen's reply, which I think is very good. Of course the torpid people will say you should have waited until the trial was concluded. Altho' I have not heard any say so yet. I don't think so! You have let them see beforehand what they have to expect. It will no doubt have a salutary effect. I don't believe they intend to send Stead to prison. We shall see! Surely the next trial will not last long. Somebody said they thought it would be over in two or three hours. You will have seen something of the papers this morning, I suppose. *The Daily News* is bitterness itself, only a sentence or two against Bramwell; but of course we are implicated in its sweeping, scathing sarcasm. *The Standard* I hear is bad, and I fully expect they will all be alike. I have not a hope from any newspaper in the land except the religious ones, and only partially from them. However, this is just what we expected, and although I feel it at the moment, our turn will come by-and-by.

We are not doing any meetings until after the trial. God must help us, and He will!

It is no use anticipating evils. I shall not allow myself to do so. The matter will for the season drop out of sight in consequence of the election strife, and it is quite possible the

[1] A term in general use throughout the north and midlands, also in other places. The *English Dialect Dictionary* gives many examples. "A wur that moithered a didn' know wheer a was to a wik." As a verb it means to confuse, perplex, bewilder.

verdict may be reversed on appeal, the thing will work round. . . . Do be restful and get some strength. We have a lot of fighting yet before we go to rest, I *hope*.

101 Queen Victoria Street,
*Nov.* 10, 1885.

My Darling — . . . You will have got our wire with reference to the trial this morning. So far as we are concerned now the trial is at an end. I understand that the Judge remarked this morning that Mr. Bramwell Booth was justified in believing that Mrs. Armstrong sold her child. Why didn't he say so on Saturday? Perhaps he has had some new light.

The trial of Stead and Jarrett and she or theirs for the indecent assault is now going on. Bramwell is in court — of course wanting to be as near Stead as he can when the sentence is pronounced. But I don't believe that Stead will go to prison; and I don't think that very much will be done to Rebecca. If there is, I think we can get a remission of the sentence. We will try, but beyond that I don't see any way clear of fighting on those lines; I am sure our work has materially suffered by our attention being taken from it to give the other; we may have been paid back to a certain extent, and in the long run much good may be done, but I thoroughly believe in "Salvation" being a panacea for the world's sins and sorrows, and that while there are other medicines that look in the same direction, the largest amount of good can be accomplished, with the least expenditure of time and money, by simply getting the people's souls saved and keeping them saved.

I had a long talk with Mr. Railton's brother last night, and so far as I can see from what he says, and my own observation, the hope of the nations is really in the S.A. Let us spend our strength upon it.

I hope you won't strongly object to it, but I propose that we are content with Thanksgiving Meetings throughout the country on Monday next. . . . I have been writing a column for the *Cry* this morning, and have made a very decent flourish. Of course, with what the Judge said this morning, we come out of the thing with flying colours. And if (as I fully expect) some further evidence will be got in vindication of Rebecca the tables will be turned altogether yet.

Mrs. Butler is fast at Winchester with bronchitis, working on a pamphlet on Rebecca Jarrett. When the thing is quite over, the probability is that Stead will kick out again, and renew the fight. Anyhow, we can lend a hand, along with our other duties, to the good cause. . . .You *rest* — there's a darling. They will take care of Stead — of course it will *make him*.

Just got the sentences we have wired you:

Stead..... 3 months
Jarrett..... 6 months (not hard labour)
Jacques..... 1 month
Mourey..... 6 months' hard labour

We must do something now. I am woke up again and in for fighting. Still I am sure it is not our business.

ROOKWOOD ROAD,
*Nov.* 11, '85.

MY DEAREST LOVE — I have your letter and Herbert has yours also. I am sorry the matter should so grieve you, although I expected you would be very much disappointed with Stead's article, as I was myself; but we can't expect people to go beyond themselves, although we are always doing it! After mature deliberation on the subject, I have come back to my impression formed before I heard the sentence, that we ought not to involve the Army in any great struggle on the subject.

To begin with, Stead has innumerable friends who worship him, and who will agitate the country, and do so far better without us mixed up in it, than with us. Indeed, it is a great relief to them, I have no doubt, for us to be out of it, so that they can ask for a favour to Stead, or justice, if you like to call it, without having to ask for us at the same time. We shall therefore embarrass them by mixing ourselves up with it, so that on his account it will be better for us to remain separate.

Again, there are things in the thing that are very discreditable to us, that is in the way the thing was done. The jury have absolved us from blame, and all the Judge could rake up to say was, "that we ought to have given up the child," which had we known what he knows now we would have done. If we could help Stead we ought to do so, and we will help him by petitioning or holding meetings on our own lines.

Then as to Jarrett, the sentence is not a heavy one; she has no hard labour, her disease will get her all manner of attention; it is possible that she will be treated as a first-class misdemeanant, and on the whole it may really be better for her to be in than out.

Then again, she has behaved badly in some respects, perhaps we could not expect anything else from her; still when we remember what she was, and the notice that has been taken of her, she was under very great obligation to us. It may do her soul good; she says it will, and that she will come out and spend the rest of her days working for God. . . .

I know what can be said with regard to a great deal of this, and will talk it over with you. You say there is nothing to be done. Well, the independent party will have a meeting in

Exeter Hall and try and get a Bishop in the chair; but they won't want us there, and we can have our meetings, send up our petitions; and with regard to Jarrett, I think we may use some private influence. A letter from you to the Home Secy., for instance, might have weight; but I am hardly inclined to our troubling the Queen on the matter. I shall see you to-morrow.

The following letters from Mr. W. T. Stead, addressed from prison to his friend Bramwell Booth, reveal in a rather remarkable way the influence of religion upon his mind, and in particular the influence of the Salvation Army. William Booth never understood, perhaps, the ambition of Stead to work for the salvation of the State. He did not believe in saving humanity by machinery or in the lump; he was unfalteringly convinced that salvation is a single and individual transaction:

HOLLOWAY,
*Nov.* 19, '85.

DEAR BRAMWELL — You are down in the dumps.

Don't be down in the dumps.

I tell you my imprisonment is a great blessing and will be a greater. It would be a thousand pities to get me out. Don't be savage or indignant or contemptuous or anything, but joyful and grateful and willing to do God's will.

Poor 'Becca, I would offer to change places with her, but it would be no use and the people would think that the proposal was merely made for theatricality, so I must just hope and pray that God may be with her where she is.

It is no use you troubling to come up to Holloway. The rule is in cast-iron. Waugh, Mrs. Fawcett, George Russel, and Bunting have all been peremptorily refused. I see no one, only Wife, Talbot, and Stout.

I am very sorry to see that the Glasgow bailies have sent the *Freethinker* seller to gaol for six days for your caricature. It will do harm, and I wish I could get him out.— I am, yours truly,

W. T. STEAD.

HOLLOWAY PRISON,
*Dec.* 13, '85.

DEAR BRAMWELL — I more and more come to the conclusion that I am a very spoiled child of Divine Goodness; I have far more than my share. I am happier in prison than ever I have been out of it, and you poor people who are free are plagued with ill health and all kinds of afflictions.

I am in a little Heaven 15 feet square, wonderfully uplifted

and jubilant. A wonder with all who came to see me for my exceeding high spirits and almost riotous joyfulness.

I am working like a slave, in first-rate health and full of themes and plans and hopes and faiths.

I wish you could come and see me for half an hour. It would do you good, only it might make you envious and sad that you were not in gaol.

I have never in all my life felt such a strong presentiment and conscious foreknowledge of coming power and influence all over the world. How it is to come to pass I don't know. But it is coming soon. Then I shall be glad to get to gaol again to be saved from a mob that will try to kill me, and then after a further period the mob will clutch me before I can get to such a safe shelter as this; my work being done, the mob will kill me and my memory and death will raise up far more workers than my life has done, so the good work will go on.

All this is very present to me. But altho' I am as ever strongly drawn to the Army and more than ever penetrated by the thought that I am not fit to tie the shoe-laces of the humblest of your cadets, I am not going to join the Army. My work lies otherwhere. A great idea and luminous has dawned upon me in the solitude here that my work, that is to say the work of God wants me for, is to raise up a band of men and women who will labour to save England and collective humanity and the kingdom of this world with — say a tenth part of the same zeal and devotion that you Army people show in saving individuals. We want a revival of civic virtue, of patriotic religion, of the Salvation of the State and its political and collective action. You look after the individual. It is right, it is the root of all. But I look after the composite and collective individuals. I want to organize a Salvation Army of a secular sort with a religious spirit in it, and if God wants it done and He thinks that I am the man for the job "I'm game," as the saying is.

I have just read *The Salvation War for* 1884 through at a sitting. I think you had better send me all your "Wars." My chapter on you and your work must necessarily bear largely on the Woman side of it.

Pray for me — not *in generalities* — there are lots doing that, but that in writing about the Army in the third Chapter of the Episode about the new Crusade I may say just the right thing to help you in the right way. . . . — I am, yours in great peace and joy,

W. T. STEAD.

*P.S.* — Report how Leoni is getting on. Is she saved yet? Is there anybody you know who could do anything for Norral's daughter — that policeman, you know, who seduced his daughter? Was going to drown herself, and Mrs. Butler had her.

The man has bolted and the woman is hanging aimlessly on *P.M.G.*, threatening to go to Lloyds and tell them how the *P.M.G.* has exposed and ruined her husband, Gibbons, etc. She is thirty-two and very helplessly useless.

# CHAPTER V

## FAMILY LIFE IN THE 'EIGHTIES

### 1880–1885

Mrs. Booth's health, which had always been indifferent, grew slowly worse after 1884. She enjoyed long spells of energy and was often free from distress; occasionally, too, enthusiasm for a new remedy or a fresh treatment deceived her as to the real character of her sufferings. But she was carrying about with her the seeds of inevitable death.

There is something extremely pathetic in this long, obstinate, and courageous struggle of Catherine Booth. No woman that ever lived, I suppose, believed more implicitly in the unlimited power of prayer and in the perpetual interposition of Divine Providence; she relied far more on heavenly control than did William Booth; who held that God manifests His mercy in the discoveries of science, and that doctor and surgeon may be the means whereby the Almighty answers the supplications of humanity. To Catherine Booth, on the other hand, not only was there something suspicious about the medical profession, but she even regarded the anodynes of science as cowardly. God sent the sickness; God could remove the sickness if He would; at any rate, to bear the sickness without murmur was the clear and bounden duty of His faithful children.

But, unknown to everybody, Catherine Booth was smitten with cancer — cancer, as it afterwards proved, of a most malignant and painful order; all her prayers, and all the force and rigidity of her faith, though it helped her to an extraordinary degree in the bearing of her suffering, could neither arrest the deadly march of the disease nor abate one of its agonies.

It was inevitable that she should suffer, and sometimes for long periods, from a general inquietude of mind, an irritability of her nerves, the very suppression of which by her spendid will not only tried her strength but left her

nerves inflamed to a degree of susceptibility sometimes almost as painful for others as it must always have been for herself. Noise became a torture to her. She struggled with all the force of her heroic nature and with all the energy of her unquestioning faith to suppress her irritability; and she did suppress it so far that it never once became irascibility; but her condition as the years advanced became more and more nervous, more and more trying.

Her struggle with disease was like the struggle of religion in that period of profound transition. She clung to an inherited notion of Providence which all the sternest facts of life belied. With the refutation of this idea burning and consuming her body, she still proclaimed that faith. Science might reveal the laws of creative evolution, history might prove the rise of man — apparently self-aided — from savagery to civilization, theology itself might discover in the doctrine of the Incarnation a larger and, as some thought, a truer interpretation of God's character and purpose; but to Catherine Booth, in whose wounded body and heroic soul science, history, and theology could have found convincing evidence for their resistless logic, the old faith was still the true faith, the old notion of an interposing Providence was still the only true notion, and she was ready to die in the pangs of excruciating torture to vindicate the truth of this traditional aspect of religion.

Men have now passed from the dark Deism of that generation to a Theism which, whether it be truer or not, at least commends itself to science and philosophy; mankind is more anxious and eager to discover the truth of things than to establish the theses or defend the creeds of its ancestry; but those most conscious now of the freedom of truth, most happy in the enlargement of spiritual vision, most certain of the ultimate triumph of the Christ Spirit, will be the first to admire the tenacity and heroic stubbornness with which the soul of Catherine Booth clung to that phrase of religion with which, to so many noble souls — men, for example, like Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Radstock — appeared to be bound up the health and salvation of mankind.

To admire such heroism at a distance is not difficult;

but to live side by side with it, day after day, year after year, is difficult to the point of torture. And when we remember that she who suffered so terribly and he who comforted and consoled so diligently, were engaged in proclaiming to the indifferent masses of the world God's longing to help, God's passionate desire to heal and restore, we may faintly realize the soul of their tragedy, so full of pathos, so shot with irony.

The more one studies this period of William Booth's life the more is our pity stirred, and our desire heightened and intensified to get at the heart and soul of the man. He was on the crest of the wave moving with speed to an almost world-wide victory of his cause; at the same time he was the mark of every suspicion and every calumny that sectarian and atheistical enmity could suggest; and in his home, hidden from the eyes of the world, there was this tragedy of the beloved of his soul suffering, in spite of his prayers, in spite of her prayers, suffering as the years advanced the very sharpest of pain, and refusing to believe that God would fail her.

A lady who remembers the family life of the Booths at this time, when I asked for a description of the home, replied with a smile, "It was like a railway-station." And she proceeded to tell me that one of the distresses of Catherine Booth in her later years was the sacrifice of her once orderly home to the insistent demands of the Salvation Army.

"Mrs. Booth," she said to me, "was an admirable manager, and while the family lived in Gore Road she controlled the household and kept things in wonderful order. But with the move from Clapton Common to Rookwood, another house in Clapton, in 1885, the character of the house gradually changed. Everything had to give way to the Army. Family life, I may say, vanished at one gulp into the mouth of the Army. At any rate, the games and fun which had enlivened the children's evenings vanished for ever. Occasionally a game of croquet was played in the garden, and the General, who never looked on at anything, would field the balls 'to help things along.' But there was very little play of any kind. The General,

you see, was organizing from morning to night — with an immense correspondence; Mrs. Booth was preaching or giving addresses up and down the country; Bramwell, Ballington, and Catherine and Emma were all engaged in public work; the younger children were helping the Army at home and longing to be full-fledged Salvationists. To visit the Booths in those days was to find yourself in a vortex. But I really cannot liken the house to anything better than a railway-station. There was a ceaseless coming and going. Something was always happening; something was always going to happen. On every side there was a rush, a bustle, and a commotion. People called, telegrams arrived, messengers came and went. Meals were served when they could be served, and were bolted rather than eaten. Some one was starting on a journey; some one was arriving; and some one else was arriving only to start off immediately. You cannot imagine the agitation. And poor Mrs. Booth, to whom order and discipline had ever been essentials in life, looked on in despair at all this and grieved because to direct such a storm was now beyond her powers. There was little attention to meals; no mending of stockings; no care of furniture. It was bad for the rest of the family, and poor Mrs. Booth knew it, and grieved over it."

William Booth gave a description of these new houses on Clapton Common to Mr. Henry Reed, in breaking the news that he had purchased one of them for £1,260, because his wife "longed after" it:

> They look on to the Common, and the tram-cars passing in the distance, the children at play, the cows grazing, dogs swimming about the pond, all together make the look-out quite lively, and this suits my dear wife's brain and helps her through many an otherwise sad hour.

It was first in this house on Clapton Common, and then at Rookwood, that the Booths fashioned the Salvation Army during the most critical years of its existence, struggling at the same time to live their family life. The girls, we are told, were not "domesticated"; and their bedrooms are likened to offices — used only for the business of life.

It is at this period, too, that one catches glimpses of William Booth which reveal some of the most interesting aspects of his character. Outside the pages of Charles Dickens no such household, I am inclined to think, ever existed, nor in any suburb of London, we may confidently guess, has a more remarkable family ever been gathered under one roof.

William Booth was the central figure and the master of the household. He inspired one, a visitor to the home tells me, with awe. But if at one moment he was blazing away at some unfortunate follower for stupidity or disobedience in his half-testy and half-humorous way, at the next he was comforting one of his younger children, or tending his delicate wife, or encouraging in the privacy of his study a penitent backslider. Every report of that period shows him as the life and soul of the house — sometimes the stormful life and the tempestuous soul, sometimes the most tender and gentle soul — but always the visible head and authentic master. His departures put everything into agitation; his arrival home was like the coming of a whirlwind. In his bedroom, where he kept a desk, he held important conferences; at the breakfast-table he examined his private correspondence; in his study he gave interviews to newspaper reporters, composed hymns, wrote sermons, drafted regulations and manifestoes, edited proofs, and encouraged his disciples. The Army was spreading across the world, but it was attacked on every side. And while this extraordinary man, suffering in body and mind, was directing the fortunes of his Army, answering its enemies, and composing its internal troubles, he was also comforting his stricken wife and fighting, very often amid great spiritual tempests, for the strength and consolation of a whole faith.

It is part of his tragedy that he was occasionally visited during these difficult years by that eclipse of faith which neither mystic nor saint (so far as I know) has ever escaped, plunging out of unearthly light into darkness black as death, losing the sense of spiritual reality, and feeling himself not only forsaken of God but inhabiting a universe where God is not. *Eli, Eli, lama sabacthani?* is a cry which has been wrung from the souls of honest saints down all

the ages. To the mystic this terrible experience is so well known that it has lost its terrors, and he waits with folded hands and quiet breast for the return of the light; but to William Booth, the man of action, who knew little of the literature of mysticism, and who had rather taken the Kingdom of Heaven by storm than entered its gates with joy, this darkness of the soul was a symptom of something wrong within, and he agonized in "his might of the soul" and rent his heart with hands of violence.

His sufferings were hidden from the world. No evangelist was ever so impersonal. If he had stories to tell in public, they were the stories of other people. If he encouraged other men to bare their bosoms to the world, his own inmost bosom was shrouded by something more painful than reticence or restraint. Few men who have lived so public a life ever had more soul-sides. He showed to the man of the world one aspect of his character, another to the diplomatist who would negotiate with him, another to the journalist who came to him for an interview, another to the vast congregations he addressed all over the world. But while he was tolerant and generous and accommodating with the man of the world, and while he was a thunderer armed with the bolts of Jehovah when he addressed a congregation, only to his wife, and occasionally to some of his children, did he reveal that side of his soul which more than any other revealed the tide of his spiritual existence.

It was in his home that he burst into tears over the sufferings of children, the sins of the world, and the destitution of the poor. It was in his home that he dreamed his great dream of evangelizing the whole world, and wrestled on his knees in spiritual darkness for the vital sense of God's existence. It was here, too, that he spent long hours at the bedside of his stricken wife, praying with her, consoling her, consulting with her, and wooing her with a lover's tenderness. Here it was that the man most truly and frankly uttered himself; and it was here, far more than on public platforms or at the Headquarters in Queen Victoria Street, that he stamped upon his Army of Salvation the impress of his strong and stormful personality.

The family was now beyond the stage of childhood; the

older ones were already in what they called the firing-line. No sign in the early 'eighties was visible of those ruptures which were later on to tear the heart-strings of this vehement but tender nature. He gave his orders, and they were obeyed; he punished, and no murmur of mutiny was heard. With children remarkable and headstrong, full of his own turbulence and his own genius, he was nevertheless the unquestioned head and the supreme autocrat.

Bramwell Booth, who married in 1882, lived close at hand and spent more hours of his life at the side of his father than in his own home. Commissioner Railton also lived close at hand and was in constant attendance, almost a member of the family. Ballington Booth, tall, handsome, and fiery, was now an evangelist rejoicing in the popularity which everywhere manifested itself in his appearance. Catherine Booth, doing hard work in France, was suffering persecution of an odious kind in Switzerland; Emma Booth, singularly able and attractive, was almost as passionate an evangelist as her mother; Herbert Booth was just beginning work and composing Salvation hymns and Salvation music; Eva and Lucy Booth, at present too young for the fray, divided their time between the dullness of a governess and the whirl of Salvationism.

There was now no game of "Fox and Geese" in that household; no romp after supper; no silkworms and rabbits in the garden. The bell was always ringing. Messengers were for ever coming and going. Work was incessant from morning to night. When the General was at home for the whole day, there was silence in the house during the early afternoon, for, whatever the business on hand might be, his nap after the mid-day dinner was a rule of existence. But for the rest of the day you heard the younger children murmuring their lessons in one room, the piano sounding from another, the stormful voice of the General booming in a third, and the scratching of Mrs. Booth's unresting pen in a fourth. Some one was always standing on the doorstep, food was always being prepared in the kitchen, portmanteaux were always being packed, and cabs were always arriving and departing.

There was still pets in this household — a dog, a canary,

and cats. Eva Booth tells me that she never remembers her home without a cat. The dog at this time belonged to Eva, a child very dear to her father. It was a retriever, and went by the name of Nelson. One unlucky day an old charwoman — one of the odd characters whom Mrs. Booth was for ever discovering and introducing into her household — ventured to strike Eva Booth for pulling at some washed blankets which she had hung but a moment before to dry on a line in the back-garden. The dog, resenting this action, flew at the old creature and bit her in the arm. Orders were issued that Nelson should be shot.

The grief of Eva was wild and poignant. She tells me she felt that her heart was broken. In the midst of all his work the General found time to comfort the child. He sent for her early in the morning and had her to breakfast alone with himself; then she was told to put on her hat, and he carried her off with him to the City, telling her stories all the way about Welsh ponies. He kept her at his side throughout the day, and brought her back in his cab, still telling stories, late in the evening. And, in secret, he gave orders for Nelson to be converted into a rug, and when the rug arrived he gave it to the child as a surprise, telling her that she should keep it for her own. But at sight of Nelson in this pathetic condition Eva burst into tears. The General looked on for a moment with a lugubrious expression. Then he exclaimed, "Never mind, never mind!" and looking about him, called out, "Here, somebody; take it away!" and kicked the rug out of the child's offended sight.

The canary also belonged to Eva, and was so devoted to her that it would feed from her lips. This devotion was, however, of a jealous nature. When the General kissed his daughter the canary would fly at him, beating its wings against his face — a protest which always amused him. He loved all his children with a wonderful tenderness which was for ever breaking free from the obsession of his work to indulge itself in the simplicities of domestic affection.

In the midst of his work he would find time for brief confidences with his children. A phrase with him in those days was, "Gossip to me a bit," as if he refreshed himself

after the strain of his labours in listening to the chatter of the young folks. He really did listen to their tales, and really did feel interest in their concernments.

When a dog belonging to the house had puppies, he took Eva on his knee, who was greatly excited by the proceeding, and said, "Now, tell me all about it." On one occasion a kitten was lost, and the General, hearing its mother crying for it at two o'clock in the morning, got up from his bed and searched till three o'clock, finding the lost kitten at last under a wash-tub.

He was a man who not only loved with his whole heart, but who loved to be loved. In his letters to this daughter in after years he was always, she tells me, "clamouring for love."

An old acquaintance from Nottingham who called to see William Booth in the City, in the 'eighties, full of admiration and hero-worship — for the Salvation Army had realized his own dream of the Church Militant — gives me a rather doleful, half-humorous, and yet an informing account of the visit. "The whole atmosphere of Headquarters was the atmosphere of business. I was conducted to a small glass-panelled waiting-room — a kind of rabbit-hutch. As I waited there, I could hear a man next door dictating a letter. His voice was hard, his delivery was quick and commercial. And when at last I saw the General it was to find him a flurried and busy man, with no time to waste, and no inclination to discuss spiritual matters. I had so much to say; and he so little time to spare. I went away entirely out of love with the Army, and it was not till many years later that I came to understand the exigencies of so enormous an organization."

William Booth, one can well imagine, with his great dream of evangelizing the world, had no time at all for curious discussions on doctrines, even of Entire Sanctification. Nevertheless we must agree that the mechanical stress of religious organization is disagreeable, and that even in so holy and splendid an ambition as seeking to gain the whole world for religion it is unhappily possible for a man to lose his own soul alive. William Booth was not blind to this danger. There were moments in his life, as he

himself told me, when he looked away from the mechanism of evangelization and desired acquaintance with the large serenities of mysticism. He would remind others of the sanctity of spiritual things in the midst of his organization by interjected prayer, praying himself with two or three in his own office, and commanding all those engaged at Headquarters to cease work and pray for the blessing of God. But a man whose work was spreading all over the world as his was spreading at that time, and who knew as sharply and decisively as he knew the miseries and iniquities of mankind, would naturally postpone mysticism for a future day, for some expected, longed-for, and never-to-be-realized vacation. The immediate necessity was for ever under his eyes.

He had discovered that men rescued from sin could be made the most successful rescuers of sinful men. He had the services of such men, a constantly increasing host, entirely at his disposal. Between what he had already attained and a victory wide as the world itself there was now but one barrier — the lack of money. He became, and no one can wonder at it, more and more set upon the difficult business of raising the wind, and to raise the wind one must be himself something of a cyclone.

Every one who knew William Booth intimately could not fail to realize that he was by nature not only a very acute and able man of business — that is to say, a practical and hard-headed man of affairs — but something of a showman. He had a genius for making a noise in the world. He made a noise in the world, not only because it served a perfectly righteous purpose, but because it was his nature to attract attention and to arouse interest. He had no reticences in this matter. The world was " a perishing world "; to shout in its ear, to wave a danger-signal under its eyes, to strike it, back and front, to do any conceivable thing that would wake it from its sleep of death, this was not only a manifest duty, but a fine, valiant, and glorious way of spending life. However, one must be careful to observe that this showman of religion did not beat his big drum to get into his own cap the pennies of simple and foolish people. He threw himself into poverty with

a real passion. He embraced hardship and persecution with an infinite zest. He demanded of all who would follow him suffering and self-sacrifice. There was nothing mean nor base in his soul; a man might shudder at his methods, yet could do nothing but pay reverence to his sincerity. Even when he permitted himself to use the wisdom of the serpent in his relations with certain rich men, his object was to enrich others, not himself. He refused gifts for himself again and again. He ordered his whole family into the firing-line, and gave those whom he most loved and cherished into the arms of poverty and suffering. He converted his home into "a railway-station," made his children the outcasts of religion, and used every scrap of his wife's vanishing strength for the furtherance of God's Kingdom. And himself a dyspeptic, between fifty and sixty years of age, no one was more full of energy than he, no one more impatient of excuses and laziness, no one more ready to go where the fight was hardest. He loved his life, and he believed with all his heart that God had given into his hands the key of salvation.

His sense of humour helped to keep him going. He was hotly indignant when persecutions were cruel and malicious, but for the ordinary attacks and criticisms of the world he was always ready with the defence of good-humoured laughter. "They only help to advertise us," he would say. Any man who wanted to bang his drum for him was welcome to do so. The great thing with him in those days was to keep the drum beating, to be for ever in the public eye, to be for ever a vital and striking part of national existence. His wisdom told him that a great spiritual offensive must never degenerate into or wear the appearance of a truce. One may say that he spent some hours of every day in watching for strings to which he might attach his kite of Salvation.

And this oldish man, fighting his great battle with the whole world, hiding the terrible tragedy of his heart from mankind, and going doggedly, stubbornly forward on his own way, would now and then look at himself in the glass and smile grimly at his tattered state, his woeful poverty. "I do hope the man will bring my trousers," he wrote to

Bramwell, 1883, from a hydropathic establishment in Bushey Park. "I am *disgraceful*. Also post me a set of studs for shirt front, and a collar-stud — a fair size. This is short and punishes my fingers. My coat is disgraceful, but I am not building a reputation on clothes — otherwise, what a fall there would be." Throughout his letters of this period we find constantly the phrases: "I am well, but *very tired*"; "I am awfully *tired*"; "this has been a heavy lift"; "I must have a little rest somehow. *Where and how?*"

In one of his letters (1884) he gives an amusing account of a provincial meeting:

> For crowds and friendliness among the very poor and among the shopkeepers it was a long way ahead of the last one I had, which was certainly a superb affair. The roughs wanted to take the horses out when we started, to draw the carriage, which of course I refused to allow, thinking they might not draw us smoothly, and not quite certain where they would land us — chiefly because of the occasion it would give our pious friends for cavil! Mamma did the ride well until the last, when, after the march past, which was the worst managed thing of the lot, as the carriage was trotting fast away a lot of fellows *would* cling to the carriage; one fell and the wheels went over him, and Mamma saw him picked up and carried off. On enquiries at the Infirmary the doctors report he was too drunk to tell the extent of his injuries!

For the rest, his letters are almost entirely concerned with business. Wherever he went at this time telegrams, messengers, and communications from Headquarters pursued him. No one there, not even the loved and trusted Bramwell, ventured on any important departure without his orders. And when he returned from his triumphant tours it was to find a congestion of business awaiting him at Headquarters, visitors at home, attacks to be answered, an offended follower to be mollified, and the woman whom he loved beyond everything else on earth sinking more and more visibly into the shadows of death.

We might almost say that he fashioned the Salvation Army — for these were the years that witnessed the determination of its international character — at the open grave of his wife.

His one exhilaration in his home-life was music. In his bedroom conferences with Bramwell he talked nothing but business; at table, conversation usually turned on the lighter side of business, or else some discussion would take place about hydropathy or vegetarianism; but occasionally the autocrat of this household would call for music, and his children, nearly all of whom could play by ear, would run with excitement to the piano. Then an hour passed with joy and pleasure. This music was always evangelical music, and when a new tune had been discovered or composed by Herbert, the eagerness to hear it, the enthusiasm to learn it, and the freedom with which criticism was expressed gave vigour and vivacity to the party.

Music was still the chief pleasure of William Booth. He might not now run whistling upstairs or sing as he dressed, but when he was able to throw off the burden of his work, and his wife was able to bear the sound, he would call his children about him at the piano, and they would sing till it was time for bed.

# CHAPTER VI

## IN THE CHARACTER OF PILGRIM FATHER

### 1886–1887

At the age of fifty-seven William Booth made his first visit to foreign countries.

Quite simply and naturally, by the emigration to the United States of a Salvationist family, in the year 1879, the Army had planted itself on American soil. Letters from the man arrived at Headquarters in London describing the conditions of his new environment and pleading for support. After some persuasion William Booth had agreed to send an experienced Officer to report upon the situation, and the report being favourable he had pushed the fortunes of the Army in America with energy and affection.

When, in 1886, he paid his first visit to the United States he found "238 Corps in the Union, under the leadership of 569 Officers, mostly Americans." His letters home during this period are chiefly concerned with Army news — accounts of triumphal processions, large meetings, public receptions, and extraordinary conversions. But every now and then the General gives way to the Man, and we find him writing to his wife with the old passionate love, telling her how deeply he longs for and how sadly he misses her, or uttering to Bramwell some characteristic complaint about his circumstances or his wardrobe. The main note of these letters, however, is one of almost unbounded enthusiasm for the American continent. He writes to Bramwell from Columbus, Ohio:

> Good-bye! I shall soon love this country. I am not sure that if there were to be a quarrel between your herdmen and my herdmen, as with Abraham and Lot, and you were to have the choice of countries and you chose the Old One — I am not sure — whether I should not *very thankfully* take this, but we must have them *both*, anyhow we must have *this!*
>
> I am delighted with the country and with the work and the people.

The New York papers had a report in the day before I landed that Miss Charlesworth's fortune was to be squandered to pay the debts of the Army, etc., etc.

This I rectified, and garbled reports of the rectification have gone all over the Continent. It is astonishing what an interest is felt in us at every turn and at every corner of the farthest parts of this vast Continent.

What a magnificent Continent this Canada is. With territory capable of maintaining, some say, 500 millions of people, there are only about 5 millions in the whole land, and yet our poor people are starving at home. I intend to do something in the way of emigration yet worth naming.

. . . Here is a nation being made. The people are beautiful; so simple, so thorough, so intelligent, and so full of zeal. We have more uniform than in the Old Country, and every way I am much encouraged.

. . . This has been a trying week, having to get into the way of things and to meet so much expectation.

. . . We must pay attention to this country. We shall get a lot of splendid Officers out of it. There is, I think, much more simplicity among the people than in the Old Country, and consequently more steady piety among the Officers.

Oh how I did tremble again yesterday on the point that haunts me day and night: "How to be equal to the opportunity?"

We must have some more Divisional Officers[1] here. Push it on, *Bramwell*. Look them up. Let them get here before I leave the States. You are the General of the Old Country for the time being. Push it on, Railton. Four *good* common-sense young fellows should come away at once.

As Boston and New York come nearer, I must say I begin to have some few fears. I must nurse up my energies a little. My staff is unfortunately nowhere.

I was mortified no little to get the 30th October *Cry* to find nothing in it but a piece of twaddle about Quebec and two silly pictures. What a ridiculous appearance to the world of a really national tour to which thousands of all classes flock.

If it had not been too late, and could I possibly have done it, I would have taken the reporting into my own hands. And then I asked Railton to read and select. And —— not being able to put a descriptive title under a "cut." Altogether it shows the value set upon this work on which I am lavishing every item of strength I possess.

Never was a big undertaking supported by such a staff.

[1] Army overseers of areas containing a number of Corps or Societies.

Willing enough — but childish — and the arrangements — well, the less said the better about a good deal of it.

However, nothing alters my impression of the reality of the work and the possible future of it.

He writes to Bramwell from Chicago:

My visit so far has been beyond my most sanguine expectations. It has really affected the religious mind of the City and much of other sorts of mind as well. I shall have had in the three days and a quarter nine meetings, eight of them public — they say 10,000 men turned away the first meeting.

Moody's people *refused us their place*. We had the Rink and Music Hall.

. . . Moody's people, some of them (Farwell among them) are very *grieved!* to put it mildly, at our going so near them. It is the same Avenue, a stone's throw off on the opposite side of the way. But we could not help it. . . .

*It is proper!* And this is a proper City for us. So intelligent and yet so devilish, and yet so appreciative of red-hot truth. I never gave them such red-hot things the same day in my life as Sunday.

Oh what a future there is for us in this country, and oh what a country it is!

. . . The papers have been awfully down upon our meetings, but very respectful, as a rule, to *me*. One of them compares me favourably to Moody and others!

Give my love to R. and all. I have been dreadfully done up for a few days, but have rallied again. Ma will give you some of her letters to read. I trust you to care for her — you must forgive if you think I am unmindful of you. Do remember the whirl I am in. To-day I had Officers two hours and a half to plan the building of our Temple with architects. We only bought it at 12.30 yesterday, and we had stone ready but could not get foundation in till this morning. This afternoon I had to speak to a great crowd on the laying of it in the open air. To-night, Tuesday, I have been interviewing people; then big meeting; and at 10.30 same night go off for 500 miles to Kansas City. Meeting there to-morrow, and come out next morning 675 miles, again travelling till Friday to Dayton, and Columbus Saturday, Sunday, and Monday.

Good-bye. I am well and in good spirits.

. . . Oh for some Officers for this Country.

If these [undecipherable] have done this work what might not be done?

Staff! Staff! Staff! Staff! is wanted!!!

His letters to Mrs. Booth express the same enthusiasm

for the people of the country, and at the same time furnish us with some idea of his activity:

You need not have any anxiety respecting my health and strength. I watch carefully any indication and am as anxious to come back well and strong as you can be. I see my value to the work of God and your happiness just now and shall not knowingly throw myself away. In my humble opinion, it does not matter how much I do, so that I do not go really beyond my strength. No doubt the climate at this time of the year, cool and yet not too cold, and the change, brace and keep me up. Then I am really very careful, get enough sleep one way and another, and being unable to write in the train gives my brain a good deal of rest, and altogether I am careful.

In the afternoon it was awfully *stiff*. Seven ministers sitting in a row on the platform looking solemn as death, not helping to loosen either my feelings or those of the meeting. Then there had been no topic advertised, and so I was driven to a general talk. Hard and cold as I was at the start, God helped me before I got far in, and I finished in a tornado. I took the three things God wanted to do with a man. 1. To pardon. 2. To cleanse and rectify. 3. To employ for the accomplishment of His purposes. Oh these parsons did look solemn as I closed in with them and all present on the importance of being consistent with the mighty truths we profess to believe. I pushed home, as I have done several times the last few days, the taunts of the infidels that we Christians do not believe our own doctrines, saying it was the weapon that pierced my soul the deepest, etc. To a man they shook hands with me at the close, introducing each other, and thanked me for my words — some of them in the *heartiest* way. It is a strange peculiarity of the American people, that they will sit and stare at you, looking as solemn as death, not letting you see by the movement of a muscle that they are affected in the slightest degree by what you are saying, altho' your own heart is in an agony and your words are burning and scathing or otherwise affecting them; and then, when you have done, they will gather round you and in the *politest, kindest, and most genial manner,* bid you welcome, and say how glad they are to see and hear you. To look at that people yesterday afternoon you would not have thought they cared *much,* but yet I heard afterwards that they were much impressed.

One thing against me is these *odd,* that is *single,* Services (only one in a town) and the immense curiosity. I shall learn a good deal on this tour as to future plans and tours.

. . . I was through Boston yesterday. I go there Monday and Tuesday. It is considered the most critical and educated

city of the Union. I find that the Evangelical Alliance at their last meeting have invited me to address them on the "Army" on Monday afternoon at 2. There were 350 *ministers present* and the *invitation was unanimous.* One Congregational Minister saying that they not only owed it to General Booth but to *themselves* that they should hear me.

This will be perhaps the most important meeting I have held, as there may be some 400 or 500 ministers and big people present. I cannot ask you to pray for me, because the meeting will be over before you get this. I may send you a wire to say how I get on at Boston; if I do, you will better understand it after this.

I want an hour this morning to pull myself together for that meeting. If it goes off well it will powerfully influence New York.

I am sure we are right. "Practical Godliness" is our theme. Let us push it with *pen and tongue and example.*

Ah, how a minister assured me yesterday that he had been blessed by your *Aggressive.*[1] The ministers must be a better sort here as it relates to personal religion. They seem so much more free, and yet the state of much of the professing world must be very awful.

. . . . . .

I have had a good night's sleep. Am not doing the afternoon meeting at Augusta where we are bound next. Dowdle goes on to do it early this morning, and I go on at noon. Is not that *good* of me?

. . . . . .

I came here, Washington, Saturday night. It is, as you know, the Capital City of the States. The seat of Government, a great centre of learning, wealth, fashion, and influence. We have only a young Corps here, twelve months old. Still they gave me a good reception on Saturday night, and we marched through the principal part of the City. A crowded meeting followed, at which I spoke with only little liberty; could not get away. How mysterious these hard times are. I was sorry afterwards, as I learned that influential people were there. You cannot judge your audiences in this country from appearances. For instance, you cannot tell which are ministers from their dress. Yesterday afternoon there sat opposite me three of the leading ministers of the City, two of them D.D.'s, and but for their close attention and a certain refinement of feature I should not have supposed them to be ministers. Indeed, in the Old Country I should have said it was not so. They dress just as ordinary business men and often very shabby and slouchy.

[1] *Aggressive Christianity,* by Catherine Booth.

However, I have since Saturday had good times and wonderful afternoon meetings. On Sunday we had the penitent-form full each meeting. Last night the Hall was crowded and they had to go away. . . . I spoke an hour and a half with unabated interest to the audience. The shaking hands afterwards was immense.

I like the "South" so far better than the North. They told me I should, and the farther South I go the warmer-hearted they say the people are. Any way, I like these Washington people.

Oh what a splendid City this is and is going to be. I have no doubt but they will make it the finest City in the world.

There are repeated references to his son Ballington in a letter from Washington, dated November 30, 1886. He asks Catherine Booth to see Bramwell about Ballington's transference to America, saying that it is "*the* thing," and that he has seen it for two years. At the same time he wishes that he himself could mention it to Ballington, adding: "You know his danger; I don't want him to suppose that I am driven up to this." Then he says: "The temptation to linger will be awful . . . it must be an appointment for a time, say five years. . . ."

When he is in Canada he writes of Ballington's popularity when passing through:

Ballington made a tremendous impression here; the press men speak of this when they interview me, and the people themselves mention his name with enthusiasm. He must come again next year, if spared, with *Maudie*. God bless them; tell them of my love for them when you write.

These references to Ballington Booth, and this conviction that he and Mrs. Ballington Booth should take command of the Salvation Army in the United States, are interesting in the light of what followed ten years later.

Such exclamations as the following occur throughout his long letters to his wife, interrupting his account of meetings, and descriptions of the people he meets:

Love me as in the days of old. Why not? I am sure my heart feels just the same as when I wrote you from Lincolnshire or came rushing up Brixton Road to hold you in my arms and embrace you with my young love.

Or he asks for domestic gossip:

Send me love-letters and particulars about yourself. Tell me how you are; how you get up and go about, and what you do and what time you retire, and whether you read in bed when you feel sad. Tell me about yourself. To know what you wear and eat and how you go out, indeed, anything about *yourself,* your dear self, will be interesting to me.

. . . You must go on thinking about me; I reckon on this.

He always finds encouraging news to send to his wife. "Oh, what love these girls send to 'the Mother.' She is *beloved.* She would have a welcome here." And from Toronto:

In every direction people speak in the highest terms of your books and ask most affectionately after you. Mr. G——, my host, said last night that he came back from England thinking forty times as much of the Army as when he left . . . and that among other things with which his visit had delighted him had been the delight and profit with which he had heard Mrs. Booth; that you were the most eloquent speaker he had ever listened to; that to see you "shake your little fist" and hear you speak at Exeter Hall was worth going 16,000 miles.

A Wesleyan Minister, the Chairman of the Toronto District, has just been in to see me, and has been telling me how he has read your books with profit, that they are the primitive Methodism of John Wesley and John Fletcher.

An old man from the interior of the City grasped my hand in the carriage yesterday and bade me tell you what a blessing your books had been to him and that he read them first himself and then lent them to his neighbours. Continually these testimonies are coming up.

. . . I had letters from Bramwell and a short note from Railton. Railton was kind, Bramwell was OFFICIAL, I suppose he had no time for more. But I have been away from you all for 15 days, and I certainly longed for a few *special* words.

With more emotion he writes to her from Halifax:

Before starting on anything else, and I have plenty before me, I must scribble a few lines to my beloved. My thoughts have been with you through the night. When I awake I can safely say my heart comes over to you, and I embrace you in my arms and clasp you to my heart and bless you with my lips and pray God to keep you from *all* harm and bring me safely to meet you again on earth.

The time is flying. The third week has passed since I gave you that *hurried farewell,* for truly there was no time for a deliberate farewell kiss or time thoughtfully to say "Good-bye."

That was a remarkable day. How dark things looked at the beginning and how different at the end. So has it not been with us, my darling, all the way through life. Go back to the very outset of our acquaintance. Had we not all manner of difficulties to cloud our first acquaintance and to damp our earliest joys? Did not the first prospects and controversies concerning all that was dearest to us outside each other becloud our first acquaintance and threaten our path with thorns and difficulty — and yet has not God cleared the way? Has He not led us onwards, and oh what a position is this! The most popular Methodist Minister in St. Johns, New Brunswick, greeted me on Friday night on leaving for Halifax in the most respectful and affectionate manner, saying that next to John Wesley he hailed me benefactor to the world! He had relapsed from his simplicity, given himself up to popularity-hunting, lecturing, etc. He has come to our Army Meetings, gone out for a new and full surrender and got a clean heart, brought his people, and is now a leader in the Christian world of that City and neighbourhood.

. . . The Reception was immense. The Mayor and the City Marshall (the latter a Catholic, one-third of the population is Catholic) met me at the station. The Mayor rode with me in my carriage. We had torch lights and red lights and crowds and music and volleys and a wind up on the parade, where an electric light had been fixed over where my carriage halted. Here I addressed for a short time the assembled multitude. There was a little hubbub at the start, but the police soon settled that, and all was still and quiet as a church, while I showed them that only righteousness could exalt their City or themselves personally. I only regret I did not go on longer.

There are brief references to his spiritual condition, and he encourages his wife to fight against despair:

I am feeling well in spiritual matters.

Now, my dearest love, do be encouraged. Don't give way to any single gloomy thought or fear. Rise to the thought of all the good that is being done and remember that the Devil may well tempt you and *us* considering the inroads being made on his kingdom.

About my own dear children I feel unutterable things. Oh we have none of us the most remote idea of the extent to

which we are blessing the race. The whole human family are being laid under obligation to us more and more day by day.

He tells her about his health:

*I am well this morning.* The weather has been charming but is a little cooler this morning. But yesterday I could only wear the same things I wore in the summer in England. It is so far all a hoax about the cold. They say there is seldom snow till the middle of December of any account.

I have taken such an extra delight in fresh air and fresh water that I could, if I had time, bath with pleasure two or three times a day. I surprise all my hosts by my pertinacious cold-water operations in the morning. They are all for *hot water* and *hot rooms,* etc., etc.

I don't sleep quite as much perhaps. The climate stimulates me I think. . . . Altogether I am really well. Never better, and altho' working hard am looking, I think, quite as well as for months.

Bramwell Booth, the delicate Chief of the Staff, almost killing himself with overwork, comes in for an occasional wigging. The General encounters a Canadian Officer whose accounts have been overlooked:

. . . He makes the remarkable statement *that there has never been an audit of his a/c as yet.* Now that is abominable. I have been supposing that the D.O.'s[1] accounts were regularly audited every 6 months, and here at least are accounts run on for several years without being overhauled. Do get some systematic attention to these things. Make some one man *Auditor-General,* and let him be responsible direct to you, and thro' you to me, for the correctness of the whole accounts. . . . Let him report to *me* thro' you. That will save a great deal of trouble, and we can then stop a lot of wasteful extravagance.

Then to the same Chief of the Staff he writes in a more chastened mood as the day of departure draws near, humbly suggesting that he would like two days' rest when he returns:

Have you any proposal to make with respect to *my return?* I should like a day or two's rest before Christmas with Mamma, and I am afraid I shall require a week after. Then I must attend to Headquarters and pass through the Country.

[1] Divisional Officers.

Then I reckon a visit to Switzerland, Sweden, and France. Then home again, and then — we will wait and see.

. . . These dear Montreal Soldiers — you would love them. I think the Soldiers and Officers here are *more* simple and devoted than in the Old Country. And oh the possibilities of this immense Country are practically *limitless!*

In his last letter of the tour to Catherine Booth, he comforts her concerning the voyage home, and expresses his longing to be back:

You must not be anxious about me on the water. *I have not a fear.* You cannot judge the weather at sea from what it will be on shore. So do not lie awake one hour on my account if you hear *the wind blow. God will take care of me.*

*Good-bye* . . . take a little care of yourself so as to be able to sit at the table and welcome me when I return. I long for your smile and voice and to lay my head on your bosom once more.

I am just the same, your husband, lover, and friend, as in the earliest days. My heart can know no change.

This visit of the General to America, although it cannot compare in enthusiasm with the later visits of 1894, 1903, and 1907, gave a valuable impulse to the work, and William Booth returned to England not only convinced of the Salvation Army's future, but with a new opinion concerning emigration which was to influence his mind two years later towards a fresh and adventurous channel.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE BEGINNING OF A NEW ADVENTURE

### 1888–1889

LATE one night — it was in the early morning hours — in the year 1888 William Booth returned to London from a campaign in the south of England, and slept exceedingly ill when he arrived at his home.

Bramwell Booth, living near by, was early in attendance next morning, and scarcely had he entered the dressing-room, quick, alert, and cheerful, when his father, who was walking to and fro with hanging braces and stormy hair, burst out at him, "Here, Bramwell! do you know that fellows are sleeping out at night on the bridges? — sleeping out all night on the stone?"

Bramwell, thus checked in his greeting, exclaimed, "Yes, General; why, didn't you know that?"

The General appeared to be thunderstruck. He had seen those tragic huddled forms benched on stone for the first time on the previous night, and his own sleep in a warm bed had been robbed in consequence. "You knew that," he said, "and you haven't done anything!"

To this attack the Chief of the Staff made answer — first, that the Salvation Army could not at present undertake to do everything that ought to be done in the world; and, second — he admits now that he spoke like a copy-book — that one must be careful about the dangers of indiscriminate charity.

The General broke in angrily on this exordium. "Oh, I don't care about all that stuff," he said; "I've heard it before. But go and *do something! Do something,* Bramwell, *do* something!" And he walked about the room, running his fingers through his long beard and speaking with a loving rage and pity of the homeless wretches forced to sleep in the recesses of the London bridges.

"Get a shed for them," he ordered; "anything will be better than nothing; a roof over their heads, walls round

their bodies"; and then he added, with characteristic caution, "you needn't pamper them."

This was the beginning of the great social scheme which was announced to the world two years later by means of the book *In Darkest England and the Way Out.* Twenty years before, William Booth had published his pamphlet *How to Reach the Masses with the Gospel.* He now began to see, after this twenty years of ceaseless labour, that he must first take arms against the worst of social conditions before he could carry the saving health of religion, even with the great force he had raised up in the meantime, to these ultimate masses.

His first impression of London, as the reader will remember, had been one of horror at the godless condition of the multitudes. His compassion for these multitudes had been moved by their spiritual neglect. All his anxiety and all his extraordinary activity for the past twenty years had been directed by this compassion, and it was purely evangelical in its nature. "Let any man," said Cardinal Manning, "stand on the high northern ridge which commands London from West to East and ask himself how many in this teeming, seething whirlpool of men have never been baptized? have never been taught the Christian Faith? never set foot in a Church? How many are living ignorantly in sin, how many with full knowledge are breaking the laws of God, what multitudes are blinded or besotted or maddened with drink, what sins of every kind and dye and beyond all count are committed day and night? It would surely be within the truth to say that half the population in London are practically without Christ and without God in the world. If this be so, then at once we can see how and why the Salvation Army exists." This, for twenty years, was the spirit of William Booth. He mourned over "the spiritual desolation of London."

He asked himself how many were baptized? how many were taught the Christian Faith? how many set foot in a Church? But he began now to ask himself questions of another kind. He asked himself how many were hungry and thirsty? how many were naked? how many were homeless and cold?

To most of us it would be a platitude to assert that these questions were an expression of the Christ spirit; we should be impatient with a person who pointed out to us, as Drummond in a famous pamphlet pointed out to a former generation, that the very essence of Christianity lies not in doctrinal exactitude but in service, and service of the most simple and human character. But to William Booth, although his impulsive nature drove him at all costs to *do something* (Herbert Spencer would not have liked that exclamation), this venture in social reform sometimes appeared a step aside from his real path, and to the end of his life he never perhaps perfectly apprehended the entirely spiritual and religious character of his own social service.

This troubled and divided spirit which manifested itself in his life from 1888 onwards, is one of the most valuable clues to his personality. His love for men made him a social reformer, almost against his will. His faith in conversion, bound up with his faith in his mission as a preacher, haunted him like a ghost, almost rebuking him, as he fed the hungry and housed the homeless. He never understood Theism; he never realized the profoundest meaning of Immanence. The soul of the man was saturated with the dogmatism of evangelical Deism. If his heart had not been as greatly saturated with as simple and emotional love for humanity as ever illuminated our sad and tragic history, he would never have glanced at social reform. But his pity tortured him, and he was torn between Martha and Mary. The better part manifestly was to hold up before a perishing world the Cross of Christ; to build a shelter for the homeless, and to carry meat to the hungry, this was obviously to be busied with temporal things.

From the beginning of this new venture the Salvation Army differentiated with the greatest care between its social and spiritual work. The division was symptomatic of William Booth's theology. Professor Huxley, who knew as little of modern theology as Booth, attacked the Army for using social work as a mask for its spiritual work. William Booth defended himself against this attack without asking his critic to indicate to the world precisely where social work ended and religious work began. He never

once quoted in his controversies on this subject the words of Christ Himself —"Depart from me . . . for I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat."

It is possible, we think, that William Booth might have been the very greatest force in history since St. Paul if he had seen vividly the spiritual character of social service — that is to say, if he had thrown himself with undivided will and undistracted religious enthusiasm into the work of righting men's social wrongs. But in that case his revolution would certainly have been a violent one, and the world's politics would by now have suffered a vast change. For if this man could win the affection of the saddest and most abandoned classes in the community, addressing them with a Mosaic authority on their duty towards God, what must have been his effect in the abyss, among the hungry and the embittered, if he had addressed them on their wrongs, not as a political agitator, but as the prophet of God? He was, however, at the very centre of his nature, a convinced Deist, a convinced conservative, and a convinced individualist. I am not sure that he had much faith in democracy's rightful use of political freedom. If he missed absolute greatness, it was because his will was divided and because his spirit, even in its most emotional moments, was controlled by one fixed and unshakable idea in religion. He came to greatness, not by the force and power of this religious notion, which he deemed the star of stars which would burn on the front of his crown of glory, but by the suspected force and the distrusted power of that simple and impulsive human sympathy which, inspired by it, transfigured his religiousness and saved him both from fanaticism and sectarian narrowness. "No one," says Sainte-Beuve, "ever went through more mental vicissitudes than I have done." Of William Booth it might be said that no one ever went through more *emotional* vicissitudes than he did. And it was the purity, the sincerity, and the intensity of this emotion which, in all its vicissitudes, drove the man onward and forced its way into everything he attempted.

In the Preface to his book, *In Darkest England and the Way Out,* there is one bold moment in which he seems to realize the essentially religious character of his social prop-

osition: ". . . my humanity and my Christianity, if I may speak of them in any way as separate one from the other," he says, "have cried out for some more comprehensive method of reaching and saving the perishing crowds." But this sentence, we think, slipped in unawares; for the whole Preface might seem to some people as an anxious apologia for interrupting "religious" work. He speaks of the souls already saved in the slums, and acknowledges that "these results have been mainly attained by spiritual means." The individualist shows himself immediately: "No doubt it is good for men to climb unaided out of the whirlpool on to the rock of deliverance in the very presence of temptations which have hitherto mastered them, and to maintain a footing there with the same billows of temptation washing over them." And then: "I propose to go straight for these sinking classes, and in doing so shall continue to aim at the heart." Further on: ". . . in this or in any other development that may follow, I have no intention to depart in the smallest degree from the main principle on which I have acted in the past. My only hope for the permanent deliverance of mankind from misery, either in this world or the next, is the regeneration or remaking of the individual by the power of the Holy Ghost through Jesus Christ." "In proposing to add one more to the methods I have already put in operation," he says, ". . . do not let it be supposed that I am the less dependent upon my old plans, or that I seek anything short of the old conquest."

To many pious people, as well as to atheists and agnostics, this social campaign of the Salvation Army was more than a dangerous experiment, it was a positive rock of offence; and I have met apparently intelligent people at the present time who protest that the Salvation Army is merely a philanthropic and humanitarian agency in which religion is entirely subservient to social organization. Moreover, there still exists in the Salvation Army, at any rate in some countries, the sharp division between religious and social work, so far as the mechanism is concerned, which William Booth was most careful to make from the very beginning of his new venture.

In one sense, obviously, William Booth was right. It is

easier to feed the hungry man than to turn the heart of the hardened man. Moreover, one may feed a hungry man with no impulse of religion in one's own heart and without producing the smallest change of any kind in his heart. Further still, and this was probably General Booth's most haunting thought as he struggled with his compassion, neither good wages nor comfortable circumstances can give to a man the energy of the spiritual life. He says in his book: "Some of the worst men and women in the world, whose names are chronicled by history with a shudder of horror, were those who had all the advantages that wealth, education, and station could confer or ambition could attain."

We are disposed to think that in missing the greatness of a revolutionist whose glory would have been that he changed the conditions of civilization, William Booth, by the very means which missed him this greatness, taught to his generation a lesson of infinite significance and incalculable value. For with all the nations of the earth hurling themselves through the gates of legislation and seeking in materialism for the Utopia of their dreams, here at any rate was a man who descended to the social abyss and told the most brutal and the most violent and the most abandoned and the most despairing that unless a man be born again he cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. He changed the men, and the men themselves changed their conditions. Legislation, which knows nothing of individuals and regards the heart as a mere expression in the language of sentimentalism, seeks to change multitudes and masses of men by the most pompously announced and the most laboriously debated, but the most trivial, alterations in their conditions. William Booth saw the folly, the futility, and the awful danger of this method. He was right to insist that the individual man must be changed at the heart. And in changing some of the very worst men that ever lived, and in making those same men the self-sacrificing and rejoicing savers of other men as bad as they themselves had once been, he taught to all the nations of the earth a lesson whose value, as we have said without exaggeration, is incalculable.

That he did at certain moments very nearly throw him-

self whole-heartedly into the work of social reformation, recognizing its religious character and hating with all the vigour of his nature the miserable cant which railed against his undogmatic philanthropy, may be seen in many places throughout his book:

If this were the first time that this wail of hopeless misery had sounded in our ears the matter would have been less serious. It is because we have heard it so often that the case is so desperate. The exceeding bitter cry of the disinherited has become to be as the moaning of the wind thro' the trees. And so it rises unceasing, year in year out, and we are too busy or too idle, too indifferent or too selfish, to spare it a thought. Only now and then, on rare occasions, when some clear voice is heard giving more articulate utterance to the miseries of the miserable men, do we pause in the regular routine of our daily duties, and shudder as we realise for one brief moment what life means to the inmates of the Slums.

What a satire it is upon our Christianity and our civilization, that the existence of these colonies of heathens and savages in the heart of our capital should attract so little attention! It is no better than a ghastly mockery — theologians might use a stronger word — to call by the name of One who came to seek and to save that which was lost those Churches which in the midst of lost multitudes either sleep in apathy or display a fitful interest in a chasuble. Why all this apparatus of temples and meeting-houses to save men from perdition in a world which is to come, while never a helping hand is stretched out to save them from the inferno of their present life? Is it not time that, forgetting for a moment their wranglings about the infinitely little or infinitely obscure, they should concentrate all their energies on a united effort to break this terrible perpetuity of perdition, and to rescue some at least of those for whom they profess to believe their Founder came to die?

"I leave to others," he says, "the formulation of ambitious programmes for the reconstruction of our entire social system. . . . In taking this course I am aware that I cut myself off from a wide and attractive field." He goes so far, looking the problem of England's submerged millions full in the face, to declare, even while he passes by "those who propose to bring in a new heaven and a new earth by a more scientific distribution of the pieces of gold and silver in the trouser-pockets of mankind":

It may be that nothing will be put permanently right until everything has been turned upside down. There are certainly so many things that need transforming, beginning with the heart of each individual man and woman, that I do not quarrel with any visionary. . . .

But he raps out angrily, in declaring that the problem is urgent and cannot be postponed: "This religious cant, which rids itself of all the importunity of suffering humanity by drawing unnegotiable bills payable on the other side of the grave, is not more impracticable than the Socialistic clap-trap which postpones all redress of human suffering until after the general overturn." And to his son Bramwell he wrote on the 18th May, 1888: "Heaven and earth and, if necessary, the other place must be moved to get something done."

But in spite of his burning desire to get something done, and in spite of his almost boundless enthusiasm for his "Way Out," the central pull of his nature drew him back again and again from the political implications of this tremendous adventure; and after many years of incredible labour in the social work of the Army he came to wonder — but this, we must be careful to remember, was in his lonely and extreme old age, and even then only in certain moods — whether he ought ever to have diverted any of the energies of the Army from the strictly evangelical responsibilities of the preacher's vocation.

Before we summarize his proposals for cutting a way out from Darkest England, it must be told how the book itself was written, and in what circumstances William Booth led the way to this new endeavour.

In 1889 the Booths moved from Clapton to a small villa at Hadley Wood. Mrs. Booth's health had not improved; and the appearance of a small tumour drove her to consult a specialist — Sir James Paget, father of two bishops — and from the lips of this eminent man she learned the true character of her disease. An operation was suggested after the examination, but Mrs. Booth decided to consider, though she ultimately rejected, the proposal. She asked how long she had to live, and was told reluctantly that perhaps the end would come in eighteen months or two years.

After this interview she drove back alone to her home. General Booth was setting off that night for Holland, and he was at home when the cab drove up to the door. He has left on record an account of that meeting with his wife:

After hearing the verdict of the doctors, she drove home alone. That journey can better be imagined than described. She afterwards told me how, as she looked upon the various scenes through the cab window, it seemed that the sentence of death had been passed upon everything: how she knelt upon the cab floor and wrestled in prayer with God; of the unutterable yearnings over me and the children that filled her heart; how the realization of our grief swept over her, and the uncertainties of the near future, when she would be no longer with us.

I shall never forget in this world, or the next, that meeting. I had been watching for the cab and had run out to meet her and help her up the steps. She tried to smile upon me through her tears; but, drawing me into the room, she unfolded gradually to me the result of the interviews. I sat down speechless. She rose from her seat and came and knelt down beside me, saying, "Do you know what was my first thought? That I should not be there to nurse you in your last hour."

I was stunned. I felt as if the whole world were coming to a standstill. Opposite me, on the wall was a picture of Christ on the cross. I thought I could understand it then as never before. She talked like a heroine, like an angel, to me; she talked as she had never talked before. I could say little or nothing. It seemed as though a hand were laid upon my very heart-strings. I could only kneel with her and try to pray.

I was due in Holland for some large meetings. I had arranged to travel that very night. She would not hear of my remaining at home for her sake. Never shall I forget starting out that evening, with the mournful tidings weighing like lead upon my heart. Oh! the conflict of that night journey! I faced two large congregations [that day] and did my best, although it seemed I spoke as one in a dream. Leaving the meetings to be continued by others, I returned to London the following evening.

Then followed conferences and controversies interminable as to the course of treatment which it might be wisest to pursue. Her objections to an operation finally triumphed.

And then followed for me the most painful experience of my life. To go home was anguish. To be away was worse. Life became a burden almost too heavy to be borne, until God in a very definite manner visited me and in a measure comforted my heart.

Mrs. Booth continued for a few months more to preach and to speak, and for a still longer period to dictate letters and addresses; but she was doomed, and an atmosphere of death fell upon the Booth household. She tried a remedy called the Mattei treatment, and for some time her pain was alleviated; but the progress of the disease was unmistakable. Then she was prevailed upon to submit to an operation. "The return to consciousness from the anaesthetics used," says Commissioner Booth-Tucker, "was followed by a period of intense suffering."

It was decided in 1889 to move her to Clacton, so that she might be near the sea, for which she had expressed a desire. Thither the General transferred so much of home-life as was left to him, and there, after prolonged suffering, she breathed her last on the 4th October, 1890.

During the period, William Booth laboured with his idea for social reformation. It is quite impossible to exaggerate the torture endured by this profoundly loving and most sensitive man during those two years. He was a strong man, but of those strong men who most desperately cling to the love of their heart. He loved Bramwell as a son on whom he could lean and whose perfect loyalty and unquestioning affection he knew would never fail him in the work of his life; he loved his daughter Emma with a depth of affection intensified by his admiration for her remarkable abilities and her very beautiful nature; he loved Eva as a daughter quivering with emotion and having something of his own courage and audacity, and bright with a quick intelligence and a smiling wit; he loved all his other children for their sound qualities and because they were his children. Nevertheless, there was one infinitely nearer, so near that she was almost one with him; and for two years he was doomed to watch the agonizing death of this other self, the agonizing death of one whom he had loved with the romantic passion of youth, with the deepening affection of manhood, and with the increasing tenderness of age; one who waited for him in poverty, had shared poverty and contumely with him in married life, and had encouraged him in every fight he had ever waged against clerical narrowness, professional calumny, and the apathy of the world;

not only encouraged him, but actually fought at his side and in many contests with even greater power than his own.

Whatever may be urged against William Booth's methods of propaganda, and whatever defects may be pointed out in his character or his intellect, this at least is a fact beyond question and cavil, that his love story is one of the noblest documents in human history. The perfectly pure and the perfectly faithful love of this despotic man, with its infinite tenderness as its supreme beauty, and with its proudful delight in the object of its worship and devotion as its most charming characteristic, shines through his fierce, tempestuous, and plangent life of action, like an unflickering light upon a quiet altar. When we remember the pressing poverty of their early life, the indifferent health of the man, and the tremendous and exhausting labours which consumed him; when we consider, too, that with the breaking of Catherine Booth's health the home lost much of its restfulness, everything sacrificed to the bitterly opposed and cruelly libelled Army, it is impossible not to pay homage to this exquisite devotion which only gathered more beauty and tenderness as the years advanced.

To write a book, amidst all his other labours, during the two years of watching at his wife's death-bed was at once the burden and the blessing of William Booth. For some hours it distracted his thoughts from the fixed centre of their distress, and for some hours, reading his pages to his wife, and telling her about his manifold schemes, he was almost unconscious of the dark angel in the room. But there were days when to work out difficult schemes, to frame sentences, and to argue his thesis on paper, seemed to him in the presence of the dark angel so callous as to be almost a treason to the beloved. On these occasions he flung his work aside and refused even to think about it.

The papers became chaotic. In the meantime the Shelter and Food Depots which he had set up in 1888 were besieged by crowds of the homeless whom he could not house and of the hungry whom he could not feed. During the 1889 experiments the Salvation Army sold, among other things, to these miserable human beings in London alone 192½ tons of bread and 140 tons of potatoes. The work

was already on a great scale; it was solving at least a fraction of the vaster problem; and money was essential.

In these circumstances William Booth was prevailed upon to call in Mr. W. T. Stead, and that brilliant journalist, whose admiration for Mrs. Booth was one of the truest and steadiest facts of his life, after listening to the scheme and examining the manuscript, gave himself with enthusiasm to the task, taking away the disordered papers of William Booth, and converting them into a broad-margined manuscript which Booth himself could work upon with a feeling of comfort. To Mr. Stead, whose anonymous services are acknowledged in the Preface,[1] the world owes, then, no small part of the debt for this epoch-making book — a book which has powerfully influenced legislative and religious activity ever since. At the same time it is permissible to say that the book as a piece of literature would have been surer of immortality had it been written from the first page to the last in the vigorous, direct, unpolished, but wonderfully dynamic vernacular of William Booth. It is quite possible to see where Booth breaks in upon the well-ordered and elaborate sentences with a stroke of his own, and excellent as Mr. Stead's work may be, those strokes in the midst of it are like a door blowing suddenly open, or like a human voice shouting great news above the murmur of bees. It is as if a sermon by Bossuet contained every now and then an exclamation by Bunyan.

In these trying circumstances, then, and by this not very well-matched conjunction, the book came to be written. We shall now proceed to summarize its argument.

[1] "I have also to acknowledge valuable literary help from a friend of the poor, who, though not in any way connected with the Salvation Army, has the deepest sympathy with its aims and is to a large extent in harmony with its principles. Without such assistance I should probably have found it — overwhelmed as I already am with the affairs of a world-wide enterprise — extremely difficult, if not impossible, to have presented these proposals, for which I am alone responsible, in so complete a form, at any rate at this time. I have no doubt that if any substantial part of my plan is successfully carried out he will consider himself more than repaid for the services so ably rendered."

# PART II

*They shall walk, and not faint*

# CHAPTER VIII

## "IN DARKEST ENGLAND AND THE WAY OUT"

### 1889–1890

"THE denizens in Darkest England for whom I appeal," wrote William Booth, "are (1) those who, having no capital or income of their own, would in a month be dead from sheer starvation were they exclusively dependent upon the money earned by their own work; and (2) those who by their utmost exertions are unable to obtain the regulation allowance of food which the law prescribes as indispensable even for the worst criminals in our gaols."

He sorrowfully admitted that it would be Utopian "to dream of attaining for every honest Englishman a gaol standard of all the necessaries of life." "Some day," perhaps, he adds sardonically, "we may venture to hope that every honest worker on English soil will always be as warmly clad, as healthily housed, and as regularly fed as our criminal convicts — but that is not yet." The standard he sought to establish for these unhappy people was "the standard of the London Cab-Horse":

> When in the streets of London a Cab-Horse, weary or careless or stupid, trips and falls and lies stretched out in the midst of the traffic, there is no question of debating how he came to stumble before we try to get him on his legs again. The Cab-Horse is a very real illustration of poor broken-down humanity; he usually falls down because of overwork and underfeeding. . . . It may have been through overwork or underfeeding, or it may have been all his own fault that he has broken his knees and smashed the shafts, but that does not matter. If not for his own sake, then merely in order to prevent an obstruction of the traffic, all attention is concentrated upon the question of how we are to get him on his legs again. . . . Every Cab-Horse in London has three things — a shelter for the night, food for its stomach, and work allotted to it by which it can earn its corn.
>
> These are the two points of the Cab-Horse's Charter. When he is down he is helped up, and while he lives he has food, shelter, and work.

How many people in England, he asked, lived worse than the London Cab-Horse? Mr. Joseph Chamberlain said that between four and five millions "remained constantly in a state of abject misery and destitution." William Booth declared, "I am content to take three millions as representing the total strength of the destitute army." Darkest England, then, he announced, had a population almost equal to that of Scotland.

Three million men, women, and children, a vast despairing multitude in a condition nominally free, but really enslaved — these it is whom we have to save.

It is a large order. England emancipated her negroes sixty years ago, at a cost of £40,000,000, and has never ceased boasting about it since. But at our doors, from "Plymouth to Peterhead," stretches this waste Continent of humanity — three million human beings who are enslaved — some of them to taskmasters as merciless as any West India overseer, all of them to destitution and despair. . . . This submerged Tenth — is it, then, beyond the reach of the nine-tenths in the midst of whom they live, and around whose houses they rot and die?

He spoke of the Homeless, the Out-of-Works, of those on the Verge of the Abyss, of the Vicious, of the Criminals, and of the Children of the Lost.

Thousands upon thousands of these poor wretches are, as Bishop South truly said, "not so much born into this world as damned into it." The bastard of a harlot, born in a brothel, suckled on gin, and familiar from earliest infancy with all the bestialities of debauch, violated before she is twelve, and driven out into the streets by her mother a year or two later, what chance is there for such a girl in this world — I say nothing about the next? . . . There are thousands who were begotten when both parents were besotted with drink, whose mothers satiated themselves with alcohol every day of their pregnancy, who may be said to have sucked in a taste for strong drink with their mother's milk, and who were surrounded from childhood with opportunities and incitements to drink. Such poor creatures as these are to be found in thousands among the out-of-works, the homeless, the vicious, and the criminal. Many may be among the Submerged Tenth whose childhood was innocent and whose early life was bright with opportunity, but the vast majority of these three millions is composed of men

and women "not so much born into this world as damned into it."

The case stated, he proceeds to enumerate "the essentials to success" in any plan which aims to save these three millions of destitution and despair:

*The first essential . . . is that it must change the man when it is his character and conduct which constitute the reasons for his failure in the battle of life. No change* in circumstances, no revolution in social conditions, can possibly transform the nature of man. . . .

Secondly: *The remedy, to be effectual, must change the circumstances of the individual when they are the cause of his wretched condition, and lie beyond his control.* . . .

Thirdly: *Any remedy worthy of consideration must be on a scale commensurate with the evil with which it proposes to deal.* It is no use trying to bail out the ocean with a pint pot. . . .

Fourthly: *Not only must the Scheme be large enough, but it must be permanent.* . . .

Fifthly: *But while it must be permanent,* it must also be *immediately practicable.* . . .

Sixthly: *The indirect features of the Scheme must not be such as to produce injury to the persons whom we seek to benefit.* . . . It is no use conferring sixpennyworth of benefit on a man if, at the same time, we do him a shilling's worth of harm. . . .

Seventhly: *While assisting one class of the community, it must not seriously interfere with the interests of another.* In raising one section of the fallen, we must not thereby endanger the safety of those who with difficulty are keeping on their feet.

These essentials to success having been carefully propounded, he announces his scheme, which "divides itself into three sections, each of which is indispensable for the success of the whole." And he says, "In this threefold organization lies the open secret of the solution of the Social Problem."

This scheme I have to offer consists in the formation of these people into self-helping and self-sustaining communities, each being a kind of co-operative society, or patriarchal family, governed and disciplined on the principles which have already proved so effective in the Salvation Army.

These communities he calls, for want of a better word, Colonies, and styles them:

(1) The City Colony.
(2) The Farm Colony.
(3) The Over-Sea Colony.

The City Colony was to stand "in the very centre of the ocean of misery . . . to act as Harbours of Refuge for all and any who have been shipwrecked in life, character, or circumstances. These Harbours will gather up the poor destitute creatures, supply their immediate pressing necessities, furnish temporary employment, inspire them with hope for the future, and commence at once a course of regeneration by moral and religious influences."

The Farm Colony was to be an agricultural estate in the provinces, to which men improved by the City Colony were to be drafted; and "here the process of reformation of character would be carried forward by the same industrial, moral, and religious methods."

The Over-Sea Colony was to be a tract of land in "South Africa, Canada, Western Australia, and elsewhere," which the Salvation Army would prepare for settlement, "establish in it authority, govern it by equitable laws, assist it in times of necessity, settling it gradually with a prepared people, and so create a home for the destitute multitudes."

The scheme, in its entirety, may aptly be compared to a Great Machine, foundationed in the lowest slums and purlieus of our great towns and cities, drawing up into its embrace the depraved and destitute of all classes; receiving thieves, harlots, paupers, drunkards, prodigals, all alike on the simple conditions of their being willing to work and to conform to discipline. Drawing up these poor outcasts, reforming them, and creating in them habits of industry, honesty, and truth; teaching them methods by which alike the bread that perishes and that which endures to Everlasting Life can be won. Forwarding them from the City to the Country, and there continuing the process of regeneration, and then pouring forth on to the virgin soils that await their coming in other lands, keeping hold of them with a strong government, and yet making them free men and women; and so laying the foundations, perchance, of another Empire to swell to vast proportion in later times. Why not?

Such was the scheme of William Booth, the first sensible notion contributed to blundering Parliaments, and remaining to this day the most efficient remedy for the social problem. It was a scheme, in its essence, of paternal emigration. To William Booth, looking into "the sea of misery," it was manifest enough that the first thing to do was to pull out the drowning man; having pulled out the drowning man, as manifestly the next thing to do was to restore him to life; and having restored him to life, as manifestly the next thing to do was to put him where he could use that life with no more fear of returning to the sea of misery. He had travelled through Canada, with what enthusiasm and dreaming what dreams we have already seen; his Officers had reported to him from other dominions, and he knew that enormous continents across the sea lay waiting with domestic rewards for honest labour. To ship miserable wretches out of congestion, pauperism, and crime to these distant lands would have been a short-cut from our own calamitous condition, but it would have been something more than dangerous for those who went, for those whom his compassion sought to save. The genius of his scheme, then, lay in establishing authority, ruling with equitable laws, and employing in every process government and discipline "on the principles which have already proved so effective in the Salvation Army." He would pour forth saved and restored humanity to virgin lands, but "keeping hold of them with a strong government." It was this Booth touch which gave force to his idea, and which attracted at once the enthusiasm and the opposition of the world.

But before the book was published, and before he found himself involved in another battle with scepticism and enmity, his long and agonizing vigil at the death-bed of Catherine Booth was brought to an end. For the first time, and in the greatest struggle of his career, he fought without her love to cheer him and her heroism to inspire him.

# CHAPTER IX

## THE DEATH-BED OF CATHERINE BOOTH

### 1890

So tragic and so agonizing was the last year of Catherine Booth's life, that we should not make any further reference than has already been made to those sufferings did not the diary of William Booth at this period furnish us with exceptional material for a more intimate understanding of his character.

There are two things which the reader must keep constantly in his mind if he is not to be greatly shocked or entirely baffled by the history of this tragic episode. He must remember, first of all, that Catherine Booth was two years dying; that this was no swift and beatific approach of Death; that she suffered from time to time excruciating pain, and for the last year of her life was stretched on a veritable rack of agony. Next, he must remember that not only William Booth and his children, but the dying Catherine Booth herself, were by this time so absorbed into the Salvation Army that many of the ordinary reticences and restraints which govern conventional existence exercised little influence on their minds, but were voluntarily, and indeed of set purpose, set aside as they pressed forward, always thinking of eternity, to the conversion of the people.

"The sick-bed proved for Mrs. Booth," says her historian, "a world-wide platform from which her very sufferings enabled her to preach the most eloquent and heart-appealing sermon of her life."

If we are honest with ourselves we must confess that it is beyond the power of the human mind to support a prolonged strain of this dreadful character without violent reaction. Men have longed for the death of those they love after witnessing only a few days of their agony. Doctors have been implored to end such sufferings. The

first hours of heart-broken longing for recovery, the first days of devoted watching at the bedside, the first days of anxious and fearful listening for the footfall of Death, give way to a dull and aching ennui and an almost mechanical visitation heavy with despair, finally to a longing for the end.

A few extracts from the diary of William Booth will put the reader into the position of realizing something of the ordeal which he was called upon to face in these difficult years. We purposely refrain from quoting the most terrible descriptions given in this diary of Mrs. Booth's sufferings, descriptions more harrowing than anything we have read in Tolstoy or Dostöevsky.

A large part of the breast has fallen off, and Carr has cut it away and left the gaping wound which is simply one mass of cancer.

She exclaimed again and again as she started with the stabbing pains, which like lightning flashes started in her poor bosom, "Oh these fiery scorpions! these fiery scorpions!"

Two nurses are required, seeing that she is so very helpless, and the breast has to be repeatedly dressed to keep the fiery flame that burns night and day anything like down.

. . . . . .

My darling had a night of agony. When I went into her room at 2 a. m. she had not closed her eyes. The breast was in an awful condition. They were endeavouring to staunch a fresh hæmorrhage. Everything was saturated with the blood.

He speaks frequently of the scorpions writhing and stinging in that ghastly "gaping wound," and of the agony she struggled to endure without crying out when what she called "the fiery darts" rained in upon her burning flesh.

Again and again the family was hastily summoned to the bedside, nine and ten months before death actually came to end these sufferings. Days of great pain, heroically borne and in part employed by the dying saint for preaching faith and exhorting to service, culminated in unspeakable distress, and in unconsciousness so like to death that over and over again the watchers thought — they must have hoped — the end had come.

After they had gone we settled down for a sleep. Then I got up and found that she had started from her slumber in great anguish. We did not know what was the matter. Her eyes at times were transfixed, and with violent spasms she struggled for breath. It was the heart. We did not comprehend it at the moment. Once or twice it was terrible to behold. The agony expressed [itself] in her countenance and especially in her eyes; but amidst it all she managed to gasp out "Don't be alarmed, this is only physical. He has got me. He has got me."

It is not to be wondered at that William Booth, being an honest man, cried out to Heaven for an explanation of this trial. His faith never once deserted him; but again and again his theology seemed to break in his hands. God, who had the power, refused to act. God, who bids us pray, refused to answer. God, who promises joy to the believer, "sent" to this holy and beautiful saint agony as intolerable as it was hideous.

Mrs. Booth refused morphia, largely on religious grounds; and William Booth, who implored her to relent, was therefore forced to witness her quite conscious struggles with this indescribable anguish. Again and again, Bramwell Booth tells me, his father broke down utterly when he came from his wife's room to take up the accumulating burden of his work. "I don't understand it! I don't understand it!" he would cry out, and covering his face with his hands, he would walk to and fro in an excess of grief, or throw himself upon his knees and implore the Almighty for help.

Even in his diary we find mention of these dark hours:

I am 60 years old, and for the first time during all these long years, so far as memory serves me, has God, in infinite mercy, allowed me to have any sorrow that I could not cast on Him.

He grows tired of the inscrutable mystery.

It seems incredible that she should die. Like many good people, to this moment I have very strong feelings about it, and there are many good people at the present moment who are strongly believing that this sickness after all is not unto death. My mind grows bewildered when I think of the subject, so once more I dismiss it with perhaps the laziest feeling of, "The Lord must do what seemeth Him good in His sight."

He feels that he is assailed by temptation:

I was very weary. A great part of the night I had had a strong conflict myself with the enemy and great darkness and heaviness in my soul.

At one moment he is at her bedside, holding her hand and singing with her:

On this my steadfast soul relies:
Father, Thy mercy never dies;

at the next he is on his knees in his study agonizing in spiritual darkness for strength to find, with hands groping through the gloom, the Hands of God's Fatherhood.

He interrupts his history of these appalling days to get down what he calls:

My Reflections by the River.

I. The reality of the existence, personality, and power of the Devil.

II. Of the utter insignificance of all other props and helps apart from God.

III. That God's mercy displayed in Jesus Christ is the only ground on which a man can appear before God.

IV. How the delusions and coverings, hiding-places and refuges of lies are torn away by the skeleton hand of Death.

And yet there came to this tempted, half-doubting, bewildered, and heart-broken man hours of such wonderful beauty as cannot be depicted, cannot even be remembered:

By this time she was completely worn out, and I sent them all out, resolving to have the remainder of the night alone with her. What passed that night can never be revealed. It will never be half remembered by myself until the day of Eternity dawns. It was a renewal, in all its tenderness and sweetness and a part of its very ecstasy, of our first love. It seemed, I believe to us both, in spite of all the painful circumstances of the hour, a repetition of some of those blissful hours we spent together in the days of our betrothal. Oh the wonderful things! . . .

I wept, prayed, and believed and exulted. We were in Jordan as it were together. Evidently she could not bear to let me go from her bedside or loose my hand. She had come back, she said, to her first love. I saw how exhausted she was, and again and again entreated her to consider her poor body

and try and get a little sleep; and when I made as though I would leave her she upbraided me in the gentlest, most expressive, and most effectual manner, by saying, "Can you not watch with me one night? It will soon be over, and what matters a few hours shorter or longer now? I have done with the body. I shall soon leave it for ever."

And so we watched and counselled and prayed and believed together through that long night.

In another entry we read:

She took hold of my hand almost at the very beginning, and took the ring off her finger, and slipping it on to mine, said: "By this token we were united for time, and by it now we are united for eternity." I kissed her, and promised that I would be faithful to the vow and be hers and hers alone for ever and ever.

That ring became William Booth's most cherished possession. One may say that it was his only "personal property."

There are references in the diary to a young doctor, an agnostic, who attended the dying woman, and whose soul, even in her agonies, she endeavoured to influence. It is striking to think of the spirit of Catherine Booth, labouring on her death-bed to save the soul of a man whose science was unable to save her body:

She said to him when he came out that she really did not see what was the use of her staying here any longer as she could not do any good. "Indeed you do," he answered; "you are benefitting all about you." She said she could not see it. He said, "You have done me good; you see your courage and anxiety for my welfare are so beautiful."

She spoke to him beautifully, saying that she would like to hear when she got on the other side that the Dr. who had attended her had been brought to Christ through her words. I had a few words with him further about spiritual matters downstairs, and he went away in a very subdued manner. In fact, again and again the tears came into his eyes. We must pray for him.

Mrs. Booth had a nice talk with the Dr. and discovered that he had some patients in great poverty, whereupon she asked him if he would distribute a sovereign amongst them for her, to which he readily assented. And then she tacked on to it a commission to distribute a *War Cry* to each as well. To this he assented in a most ready manner. It was curious to

see this young Scotch agnostic Doctor go off to his conveyance with a bundle of *War Crys* for personal distribution.

In the midst of his vigil at the dying-bed the machinery of the Army had to go on. William Booth was not only attempting to compose an epoch-making book, but was directing the international activities of his yearly expanding forces. We find in the diary of this period continual references to a new enterprise, a difficulty with Officers, lawsuits, purchase of properties, trouble with some subscriber who has believed the lies and calumnies of a wretched backslider, and the growing work of the Army in foreign countries:

Had a great sorrow on top of all the other sorrows with one of the most devoted and, as we thought, and I think still, one of the most godly Officers we have, married to a lovely wife. It is too painful almost to write here. Through some marvellous moral blindness he committed himself before his conversion and, as far as that goes, since his conversion. He has continued in the wrong, and now it has all come out and I see nothing for him but to go away into obscurity. It was pitiful to behold the fellow's anguish.

Oh these grumbling, dissatisfied, selfish, ambitious souls, who vow one day and break their vows the next without compunction. What a curse they are to the Army, what a hindrance they are to the Kingdom. There is a needs be that offences come, but woe to them through whom they come. Woe! Woe!! Woe!!!

It is very mysterious how all the way through life I have noticed that men who marry rich wives, for some reason or other, mostly from good reasons in their own estimation, drop out of the fight.

Some gifts arrive for the dying woman of fruit and flowers, and he says of the givers:

These are ex-Officers . . . and not so very long ago they went out in a dreadful passion and said some very unkind things about us, and now they are at every turn expressing their sorrow that ever they left, and pleading that they may be taken back. Such is the course of things.

He goes away to address meetings, and overhears what people in the crowds he passes through have to say about him.

As I passed through them one said, "There goes their God." Another said, "General, cannot you let us go in?" And another, as I neared the door, said, "There goes a grander old man than Gladstone."

World-wide attention, of course, was aroused by the bulletins from Clacton, and the diary contains records of some of the strange visitors who besieged the Booths with importunate beseechings to see the Mother of the Army:

Two women have just been announced as having come all the way from Manchester to see her. I cannot imagine what it is for, except it is on some Faith-Healing Mission. I shall have to see them. She will be too ill. There is some mystery about them. They appear poor, belonging to the working-classes. They say they are Soldiers, and yet are dressed in tawdry fashionable finery. Several of the girls tried to show them how ill Mrs. Booth was, but they said they had come all the way to see her, and they just wanted to look at her face. They were in no hurry — they would wait.

Eva supplied them with refreshment, and when Mamma was informed of them, although very ill, she said, "Let them come in." She was touched with their interest in her, proved by coming so long a journey.

Mrs. O——'s two daughters have just come to look if that were possible. Mrs. Booth saw them — the same train brought a poor demented man from London. He said he wanted to see her. Said Jesus Christ had sent him, but he was evidently insane! He stayed at Clacton for some days, after calling up every day saying he wanted to see one or the other of us, and it was with difficulty after several days that we got him to take the train for London, for which journey we paid his fare.

Mrs. —— has been for a long time in a very excitable condition with nerves highly strung and kept at a very considerable tension. I was always afraid of the consequences. To my amazement on Friday night after the Staff-meeting she announced that she had embraced the Agapemone Doctrine. I reasoned with her for half an hour, then had to leave her to catch my train. Sent for her to see me the next day. Found that she was hopelessly involved, talking in the wildest and most random fashion and doing several things that had the appearance of cunning and deception so unlike her that I feared her reason was giving way. On Sunday she was down at Clacton, talking the strangest rubbish, and on Tuesday night, as I have said, I found her here. I sent Secretary Fry up with her, and she wanted me to promise at parting that I would

send Mamma's dead body to her and that she would raise it from the dead!

The dramatic element in the Booth character, fostered by a public life so devoted to eternal and invisible realities that the conventions of this world appeared not merely insignificant but ridiculous and grotesque, seized upon the tragedy of this long dying and used it in a heart-moving appeal addressed to the whole world of perishing sinners. Mrs. Booth was not dying, but preaching. Her bed of death was a "world-wide platform." The eloquent sermon of her sufferings was to be given to mankind.

No curtain is drawn across those windows, no screen is set round the death-bed, no silence is posted at the door to keep guard over those struggles and prayers. The bed is draped with the Army flag. Photographs of the absent children are arranged where she can see them. The family assemble in uniform. The chief Officers of the Army are summoned for a last farewell. The faithful servants are called from the kitchen. And the company pray together, and sing together.

"With streaming eyes and faltering voices," says Commissioner Booth-Tucker, "the gathered family sang again and again her favourite choruses, watching with inexpressible emotion as the loved lips moved in the effort to take part:

> We shall walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death,
> We shall walk through the Valley in peace!
> For Jesus Himself shall be our Leader,
> As we walk through the Valley in peace.

Although her voice could not be heard, and the breathing was hard and difficult, each time the word peace was repeated her hand was raised as a signal that such was indeed her experience."

The interest of the world flowed into that Clacton villa, and claimed the dying woman. Everything she said must be recorded, and even her very smile must be given to the world. We read in the diary:

The Chief [Bramwell] would have one more attempt to get a portrait of darling Mamma. The Stereoscopic Company

were equally anxious, and sent down their manager and two of their best men and a sort of artist to endeavour to get a group in order to get a portrait. They made an attempt this evening with the lime-light. I don't know whether it will be a success.

Death came to her on the 4th of October, 1890, after a night of thunder, lightning, and torrential rain. She called William Booth by an endearing name, drew him down for her last kiss, and passed away, as Commissioner Booth-Tucker records, to "the singing of the larks and the dull murmur of the waves beating on the shore."

So passed away from this earth one of the most remarkable women of the nineteenth century, whose beautiful spirit impressed itself alike upon the most exacting of her intellectual contemporaries and upon vast masses of the poor. The development of her personality in conjunction with that of her husband is a most interesting study in psychology, and the growth of her spiritual power seems to me like one of the miracles of religious history. In her frail body the spirit of womanhood manifested its power and the Spirit of God its beauty. It is a tribute to the age in which she lived that this power and beauty were acknowledged by the world during her lifetime. She exercised a spell over many nations.

Her body lay in state; immense crowds flocked to pay their last tribute to the Army Mother, and in the procession through the City of London to the cemetery, which was a Salvation Army Pageant, William Booth, we are told, "followed alone in an open carriage, standing and bowing his acknowledgments to the sympathetic greetings with which he was continually met." [1]

[1] In his diary, October 14, 1890, William Booth anticipates the natural criticism of this action as follows: "I was weary myself. I had stood, balancing myself with the jerking of the carriage in its stops and starts, 4 hours. I couldn't see the people craning their necks trying to see me without endeavouring to gratify them. Some may find fault with me, and say I made an exhibition of myself. That is what I have been doing with myself for my Master's sake all my life, and what I shall continue to do as long as it lasts, and what I shall do through eternity for my Master's sake and the people's sake. And now I am restarted on the same path, the same work. A large part of my company has gone before, and I must travel the journey, in a sense that only those can understand who have been through it, alone."

CATHERINE BOOTH (1889)
("The Mother of the Salvation Army")

At her grave, in Abney Park Cemetery, he delivered a remarkable and most characteristic address, mastering his emotion, frankly rejoicing in the multitudes who had paid tribute to his wife in the streets, and declaring his determination to use her death for religious ends.

*The Daily Telegraph* said of this scene at the graveside:

It was a most touching sight when the tall, upright General came forward in the gathering darkness to tell his comrades of the loss he, their chief, had sustained. He spoke manfully, resolutely, and without the slightest trace of affectation. Not a suspicion of clap-trap marred the dignity of the address. He spoke as a soldier should who had disciplined his emotion, without effort and straight from the heart. Few wives who have comforted their husbands for forty years have received such a glowing tribute of honest praise. It is clear enough where the strength of the Salvation Army is to be found, where its courage, its indomitable energy, where its unswervingness of purpose. To hear General Booth speak, and to see the man, is to understand a great deal of the success of the Salvation Army.

Here follows the address:

You will readily understand that I find it a difficulty to talk to you this afternoon. To begin with, I could not be willing to talk without an attempt to make you hear, and sorrow doesn't feel like shouting.

Yet I cannot resist the opportunity of looking you in the face and blessing you in the name of the Lord, and in the name of our beloved one who is looking down upon us, if she is not actually with us in this throng to-day.

As I have come riding through these, I suppose, hundreds of thousands of people this afternoon, who have bared their heads and have blessed me in the name of the Lord at almost every revolution of the carriage-wheels, my mind had been full of two feelings, which alternate — one is uppermost one moment, and the other the next — and yet which blend and amalgamate with each other; and these are the feeling of sorrow and the feeling of gratitude.

Those who know me — and I don't think I am very difficult to understand — and those who knew my darling, my beloved, will, I am sure, understand how it is that my heart should be rent with sorrow.

If you had had a tree that had grown up in your garden, under your window, which for forty years had been your shadow from the burning sun, whose flowers had been the

adornment and beauty of your life, whose fruit had been almost the stay of your existence, and the gardener had come along and swung his glittering axe and cut it down before your eyes, I think you would feel as though you had a blank — it might not be a big one — but a little blank in your life!

If you had had a servant who, for all this long time, had served you without fee or reward, who had administered, for very love, to your health and comfort, and who had passed suddenly away, you would miss that servant!

If you had had a counsellor who, in hours — continually recurring — of perplexity and amazement, had ever advised you, and seldom advised wrong, whose advice you had followed and seldom had reason to regret it; and the counsellor, while you are in the same intricate mazes of your existence, had passed away, you would miss that counsellor!

If you had had a friend who had understood your very nature, the rise and fall of your feelings, the bent of your thoughts, and the purpose of your existence; a friend whose communion had always been pleasant — the most pleasant of all other friends — to whom you had ever turned with satisfaction, and your friend had been taken away, you would feel some sorrow at the loss.

If you had had a mother for your children, who had cradled and nursed and trained them for the service of the Living God, in which you most delighted — a mother, indeed, who had never ceased to bear their sorrows on her heart, and who had been ever willing to pour forth that heart's blood in order to nourish them, and that darling mother had been taken from your side, you would feel it a sorrow!

If you had had a wife, a sweet love of a wife, who for forty years had never given you real cause for grief; a wife who had stood with you side by side in the battle's front, who had been a comrade to you, ever willing to interpose herself between you and the enemy, and ever the strongest when the battle was fiercest, and your beloved one had fallen before your eyes, I am sure there would be some excuse for your sorrow!

Well, my comrades, you can roll all these qualities into one personality, and what would be lost in each I have lost all in one. There has been taken away from me the delight of my eyes, the inspiration of my soul, and we are about to lay all that remains of her in the grave. I have been looking right at the bottom of it here, and calculating how soon they may bring and lay me alongside of her, and my cry to God has been that every remaining hour of my life may make me readier to come and join her in death, to go and embrace her in life in the Eternal City.

And yet, my comrades (for I won't detain you), my heart

is full of gratitude, too, that swells and makes me forget my sorrow, that the long Valley of the Shadow of Death has been trodden, and that out of the dark tunnel she has emerged into the light of day. Death came to her in all his terrors, brandishing his dart before her for two long years and nine months. Again and again she went down to the river's edge to receive his last thrust, as she thought, but ever coming back to life again. Thank God, she will see him no more — she is more than conqueror over the last enemy!

Death came to take her away from her loved employment. She loved the fight! Her great sorrow to the last moment was: "I cannot be with you when the clouds lower, when friends turn and leave you, and sorrows come sweeping over you: I shall no longer be there to put my arms round you and cheer you on."

But she went away to help us! She promised me many a time that what she could do for us in the Eternal City should be done! The Valley to her was a dark one in having to tear her heart away from so many whom she loved so well. Again and again she said, "The roots of my affection are very deep!" But they had to be torn up. One after another she gave us up; she made the surrender with many loving words of counsel, and left us to the Lord.

This afternoon my heart has been full of gratitude because her soul is now with Jesus. She had a great capacity for suffering and a great capacity for joy, and her heart is full of joy this afternoon.

My heart has also been full of gratitude because God lent me for so long a season such a treasure. I have been thinking, if I had to point out her three great qualities to you here, they would be: First, she was *good*. She was washed in the Blood of the Lamb. To the last moment her cry was, "A sinner saved by grace." She was a thorough hater of shams, hypocrisies, and make-believes.

Second, she was *love*. Her whole soul was full of tender, deep compassion. I was thinking this morning that she suffered more in her lifetime through her compassion for poor dumb animals than some doctors of divinity suffer for the wide, wide world of sinning, sorrowing mortals! Oh, how she loved, how she compassioned, how she pitied the suffering poor! how she longed to put her arms round the sorrowful and help them!

Lastly, she was a *warrior*. She liked the fight. She was not one who said to others "Go," but, "Here, let *me* go," and when there was the necessity she cried, "I *will* go." I never knew her flinch until her poor body compelled her to lie aside.

Another thought fills my soul with praise — that she has inspired so many to follow in her track.

My comrades, I am going to meet her again. I have never turned from her these forty years for any journeyings on my mission of mercy, but I have longed to get back, and have counted the weeks, days, and hours which should take me again to her side. When she has gone away from me it had been just the same. And now she has gone away for the last time. What then is there left for me to do? Not to count the weeks, the days, and the hours which shall bring me again into her sweet company, seeing that I know not what will be on the morrow, nor what an hour may bring forth. My work plainly is to fill up the weeks, the days, and the hours, and cheer my poor heart as I go along with the thought that when I have served my Christ and my generation according to the will of God, which I vow this afternoon I will to the last drop of my blood — then I trust that she will bid me welcome to the Skies, as He bade her.

God bless you all. Amen!

William Booth, we may say without exaggeration, rose up from the death-bed of his beloved and noble wife to offer the very first hours of his widowerhood as a sacrifice to the Salvation Army. There was no touch of perverted Byronism in this spontaneous and emotional action; it came from a temperament naturally impulsive, naturally dramatic, and naturally philanthropic; and it flowed also from the reaction of a heart which, given long since to the public service of mankind, had borne for two intolerable years the burden, the desolation, of this inscrutable bereavement.

# CHAPTER X

## THE CONFLICTING RECEPTION GIVEN TO THE DARKEST ENGLAND SCHEME

### 1890

WILLIAM BOOTH'S offer to grapple with the social problem was greeted on the whole with generous enthusiasm, but some particularly bitter and significant criticism was not lacking. Since he saw fit to publish *In Darkest England and the Way Out* immediately after Catherine Booth's funeral he could not complain, we suppose, of the spirit in which he was treated by those who disapproved of his scheme. But it must strike the least reflective as curious and interesting that men who never tired of attacking his Salvationism for its want of dignity were the first to discharge at him, in the grey and friendless dawn of his widowerhood, arrows of outrageous criticism which were feathered with scorn and tipped with acrimony.

We will not thrust upon the reader at the outset the ferocious and malignant attack by Professor Huxley; it will afford a truer idea of the criticism directed towards this scheme if we quote from the more sober and respectable leading article which appeared in *The Times* on the 20th of October, 1900. It is somewhat disturbing, however, to find that pity for a man just risen from his wife's grave, a man whose honesty and zeal the writer of this article did not question, failed to check the employment in his criticism of those veiled sneers and masked derisions which have always rendered the controversial method of political journalism so odious and so contemptible in the eyes of liberal men.

The writer of the article begins in the following manner:

"General" Booth has been long enough before the world as the founder of an eccentric religious organization. His remarkable success in that character forbids us to doubt his capacity for making a certain class of mankind believe in him. He has even displayed talent in disciplining and governing

those who acknowledge him as their pontiff, and are thoroughly imbued with his peculiar ideas as to what constitutes dignity in divine worship. If there were any doubt as to the influence he and his family exert over his followers it would have been dissipated by the spectacle that London witnessed some six days ago on the occasion of Mrs. Booth's funeral. But when Mr. Booth steps outside this groove of governing those of his own religious feeling, and making religious converts to pose as the general regenerator of society, the world may be excused for feeling shy of his proposals. . . .

He goes on to say:

The modesty with which Mr. Booth approaches his self-imposed task of curing poverty and vice may be sufficiently gauged by his extraordinary declaration that "the moment you attempt to answer this question (*i. e.* as to numbers of the residuum) you are confronted with the fact that the social problem has scarcely been studied at all scientifically."

The chief point of the critic, so far as we can gather, lies in the fact that the opinions of General Booth "differ irreconcilably from those of all the cautious statesmen and economists who have moulded our Poor Laws into their present form." While the most "serious consideration for those who are asked to subscribe the million Mr. Booth asks for is that Mr. Booth himself appears to be the tortoise upon which the great system is to be ultimately poised."

This criticism, we think, fairly expressed the opinion of many moderate and cautious men. General Booth's scheme promised too much; it depended entirely upon his autocracy; there was no apparent guarantee that the money would be wisely, even honestly, expended. Moreover, we must remember that many good people in those days were antipathetic to the entire spirit of Salvation Army propaganda, particularly in its earliest manifestations. Lord Shaftesbury, for instance, never got over his first disapproval. Temperament, not intellectual conviction, decides these matters, as it decides the form our religion takes. No intellectual bar prevented men like Matthew Arnold and Henry James from becoming Liberals or Dissenters.[1] Our tem-

[1] ". . . Conservatism here has all the charm and leaves dissent and democracy and other vulgar variations nothing but their bald logic. Conservatism has the cathedrals, the colleges, the castles, the goodness,

peraments employ our intellects and remain master of them even when we most change our opinions. Therefore, while I criticise Professor Huxley's attack as unfair, and while I set against it the generous support of men like Cardinal Manning, I confess that there were many who stood aside from William Booth, lending him no aid, and perhaps speaking unkindly of him, only because they were temperamentally out of sympathy with the Army. All criticism was not malignant, if very little of it was helpful and formative.

But among moderate and cautious men there were many with more generosity than the writer of the leading article in *The Times,* who hailed with gratitude the courage of William Booth, who were not satisfied with "our Poor Laws in their present form," and who paid homage to the man's long and unsparing labour in the service of humanity.

Archdeacon Farrar, whose earlier opinion of the Salvation Army we have already noticed, not only addressed the following letter to General Booth, but preached a sermon on the scheme in Westminster Abbey:

I have read with deep interest your suggestion of a systematic effort to deal with the mass of misery which exists in our great cities. So far as I am aware no scheme of the same magnitude has ever been proposed. I heartily wish that such an effort had originated in my own Church, but, in the absence of any other plan, I think it a duty to help to the utmost of my power. Early next year I hope to be able to send you £50.

I trust that courage and wisdom may be given you and that you may be enabled to grapple effectually with the immense and terrible problem.

Cardinal Manning wrote as follows:

The gift of your book and your letter has just reached me, and I lose no time in thanking you for it. I have already sufficient knowledge of its contents to say at once how fully it commands my sympathy. Your comments on modern po-

the traditions, the associations, the fine names, the better manners, the poetry: Dissent has the dusky brick chapels in provincial by-streets, the names out of Dickens, the uncertain tenure of the *h;* and the poor *mens sibi conscia recti.*" (Henry James, *English Hours.*)

litical economy, Poor Law administration, Government statistics, and official inquiries are to the letter what I have said in private and in public for years. This is both superficial and unreal. You have gone down into the depths. Every living soul costs the most precious blood, and we ought to save it, even the worthless and the worst.

After the Trafalgar Square miseries I wrote a "Pleading for the worthless," which probably you never saw. It would show you how completely my heart is in your book. No doubt you remember that the Poor Law of Queen Elizabeth compelled Parishes to find work for the able-bodied unemployed, and to lay in stores of raw material for work. The modern political economists denounce the giving of work, even in winter and to honest and true men out of work, as alms and as demoralizing.

I hold that every man has a right to bread and to work. Those modern economists say that society must adjust the demand to the supply of labour until all are employed.

I have asked how many years are required for this absorption, and how many weeks or days will starve honest men and their children? To this I have never got an answer.

Sir Squire Bancroft, the actor, sent a letter to *The Times:*

I know nothing of General Booth's scheme in detail, but it seems to me to be so noble in its object that something really serious and thorough should be done to aid it.

I read that the large sum of £100,000 will be necessary to insure an actual trial, and without the smallest pretence to hang on to even the skirts of philanthropy, I beg to say that, if 99 other men will do the same for the cause, I will give General Booth £1,000 towards it.

Sir Edward Clarke, a devout Anglican, but a brave friend of the Salvation Army, wrote as follows:

Your book *In Darkest England* has greatly interested me, and points out, in my belief, the best means of dealing with the misery and crime which defile and disgrace the civilization of our land.

I have entire confidence in your wise and faithful stewardship of any Fund that may be subscribed, and I enclose a cheque for £50 as my contribution to the good work.

The Bishop of Durham (Dr. Westcott) sent his best wishes for the scheme in a letter which expressed kind and dignified sympathy with General Booth in his domestic sorrow:

My thoughts have been with the poor all my life, and at last I am brought face to face with the problems of social life as objects of direct practical labour. Terrible as they are, I can re-echo your words in faith and hope. Life is very different in the North and in the South. Here there is no scarcity of work, nor are the hours long, but there is grievous wretchedness. There can be no permanent improvement, I feel sure, except by the action of spiritual forces. I need not say with how much sympathy I have followed the record of your loss, but God gives — may we not trust? — more than He takes. All Saints' Day is a great reality. We can, I think, feel the fellowship which is beyond time and space. No friend is more present to me than my predecessor. May God bless every endeavour to hasten His Kingdom on earth.

The Bishop of Manchester — Dr. Moorhouse — wrote with equal approval:

I am struck with the practical wisdom of your plan, which has in it, I believe, many of the elements of success. My experience in the Colonies enables me to commend especially your determination, on the one hand, to prepare the emigrant for his new home and, on the other, to prepare the home for the new emigrant.

The latter is especially important, and it is too often neglected by our emigration societies.

I am afraid that you will find the development of the national resources for a new country more difficult and costly than you have anticipated, and that it will be well, therefore, for you to secure as far as possible the co-operation of the Colonial authorities in your proposed emigration arrangements.

I trust, therefore, to the practical wisdom which you have displayed in all the details of your scheme. Very few men could hope to carry it out successfully, but I think that you may for the following reasons:

(1) You have proved that you can teach the waifs and strays to work.

(2) You can surround them with the authority, the sympathy, and help of men of their own class on firm Christian principles.

(3) You make a radical change of their character an essential condition of your scheme, and have again proved that in many cases religious means which I confess I could not use myself, are effective to that end.

(4) You have the assistance of a large and enthusiastic staff of Officers stationed in various parts of the world and working for Christ's sake with little more than a mere subsistence provided from your funds.

Having this belief, I feel myself called upon to help you, and though it is not convenient for me to do so just now, you may count on receiving £100 from me during the next year.

May God bless you for the wise and noble effort you are making, and spare you long enough to the poor waifs whom for Christ's sake you love to rescue, many, if not all of them, from their terrible physical and spiritual destitution.

Queen Victoria, most careful in such matters, expressed cordial good wishes for the scheme:

The Queen cannot of course express any opinion upon the details of a scheme with which she is not yet acquainted; but understanding that your object is to alleviate misery and suffering Her Majesty cordially wishes you success in the undertaking you have originated.

An amusing example of the official opposition which met General Booth at the threshold of his experiment is to be found in the following letter of Lt.-Col. Henry Smith, Commissioner of Police, addressed to the Lord Mayor of London on January 21, 1891:

In a letter addressed to your Lordship, and published in *The Times* of yesterday, "General" Booth asserts that one night last week his "Officers found on one of the Thames' bridges no less than one hundred and sixty-four persons of various ages without any sort of shelter or protection from the weather than that provided by the parapets surrounding the recesses of the footpaths"; and that "most of these poor creatures remained all night" . . . and, as your Lordship has seen in this morning's *Times,* Blackfriars is the bridge indicated.

Having been instructed to report upon the accuracy of this statement, I can only confirm what I said last night, that there is not a word of truth in "General" Booth's allegations.

Strict orders are always in force that no one is to be allowed to remain all night on any of the bridges within the jurisdiction of the City Police, and during the recent inclement weather special instructions have been issued on the subject to prevent people — apparently homeless — from loitering or falling asleep.

I need hardly point out to your Lordship that had such a state of things been allowed to exist on Blackfriars Bridge, numerous cases of sudden and severe illness and possibly of death would have been the inevitable result. No one case, that even by a stretch of the most vivid imagination could be attributed to exposure on the Bridge, has been taken to Bride-

well Place Station since the beginning of Dec. — I have not had time to search further back.

The whole story is absolutely untrue from beginning to end.

Fortunately for General Booth's reputation, although the particular crowd in question was said afterwards to be gathered together to receive relief, this pompous denial of a fact tragically well known to every observant Londoner was too humorous for serious consideration. We give it place here only as an amusing example of that denying, denouncing, and pooh-poohing spirit with which the official in every age meets the least criticism of the *status quo*. Thus did men meet the criticism of the first Factory Acts, the first efforts to save children of tender years from the rapacity of the manufacturer and the brutal tyranny of the farmer; thus did they oppose any change in those laws which allowed lunatics to be chained up and flogged; thus did they meet the crusade to save young girls from the pimps and the seducer; thus have they met, and always will meet, the struggles of the good to drag humanity out of its rut. But in this particular instance the letter of the Police Commissioner admirably illustrates the indifferent and almost callous attitude of the public at that period to the frightful sufferings of the destitute. His "strict order" that "people — *apparently* homeless" — should be prevented from loitering deserves to remain on record in the singularly disagreeable language in which he records them for the Lord Mayor of London's approval.[1]

It was Professor Huxley, the most formidable controversialist of the period, an able exponent of the rather limited and dogmatic physical science of that day, an indifferent philosopher, and a person of somewhat violent antipathies, but a great friend and a very amiable man in private life, who led the fighting opposition against this Darkest England Scheme. Professor Huxley detested the Salvation Army. He seldom penetrated beneath the surface of anything religious, and of a certainty he never got behind what

[1] It is worthy of notice that soon after the outbreak of war in August, 1914, the shelters of the Salvation Army and of the philanthropic societies who had followed its example, as well as the casual wards of great cities, became almost entirely empty — the old men going gladly to work and the younger men into the army.

we may describe as the shop-window of Salvationism. The garish flag, the brass band, and the jingling tambourines; the laughing Hallelujah Lass, the loud-voiced Adjutant; the strange hymns and the catch-penny phrases on bills and posters; these things, staring him in the face and beating upon his ears in the pleasant and respectable solemnity of Eastbourne, drove him into a fury and blinded him to things of more moment which, he might have surmised, lay obviously behind these distracting phenomena. He spoke with loathing and contempt of "corybantic Christianity." He regarded William Booth with a genuine horror, with a real indignation. He believed the whole thing to be, if not a gross and palpable hypocrisy, then a very perilous and fanatical conspiracy. And he came to believe at the last, with the most stubborn obstinacy and the most vehement tenacity, that the Booths were liars and rogues. One may fairly say that he sprang at the Darkest England Scheme ("Oh that mine enemy would write a book!") in the hope of destroying the Booths and scattering the Salvation Army to the four winds of Physical Geography.

In a volume of his essays the reader will find for himself these fierce and petulant criticisms of the Darkest England Scheme, which appeared in *The Times,* preserved in book form as a monument of the Professor's wisdom and good manners. We shall only attempt in this place a summary of the indictment.

At the outset William Booth is exhibited as a despot and a fanatic:

> Undoubtedly, harlotry and intemperance are sore evils, and starvation is hard to bear, or even to know of; but the prostitution of the mind, the soddening of the conscience, the dwarfing of manhood are worse calamities. It is a greater evil to have the intellect of the nation put down by organized fanaticism, to see its political and industrial affairs at the mercy of a despot whose chief thought is to make that fanaticism prevail. . . .

As he goes on his indignation increases, and William Booth is charged with crimes of a terrible nature:

> Society, says Mr. Booth, needs "mothering" . . . the mother has already proved herself a most unscrupulous

muddler, even if she has not fallen within reach of the arm of the law.

He speaks of *chantage* — "in plain English, blackmailing"— and asks "how far does the Salvation Army . . . differ from a Sicilian Mafia." Later on General Booth adds to his abominable crimes that of the Sweater. "While he and his family of high officials live in comfort, if not in luxury, the pledged slaves whose devotion is the foundation of any true success the Army has met with," have scarcely food enough to sustain life:

> At this point it is proper that I should interpose an apology for having hastily spoken of such men as Francis of Assisi, even for the purpose of warning, in connection with Mr. Booth.

Mr. Booth, as printer and publisher, "utilizes the Officers of the Army as agents for advertising and selling his publications; and some of them are so strongly impressed with the belief that active pushing of Mr. Booth's business is the best road to their master's favour, that when the public obstinately refuse to purchase his papers they buy them themselves and send the proceeds to Headquarters." He rakes up the "Eagle" case to make out that William Booth had deceived the judge as to his purpose in getting hold of that very foul and evil tavern. He goes back to the Armstrong trial to suggest that Bramwell Booth had told a lie in court. And then he speaks of the money for this Darkest England Scheme passing into "the absolute control of a person about the character of whose administration this concurrence of damnatory evidence was already extant."

Of a correspondent who had ventured to furnish him with reasonable arguments for at least a modification of these Hooligan charges he observes, in conclusion of the whole matter:

> He would obviously be surprised to learn the extent of the support, encouragement, and information which I have received from active and sincere members of the Salvation Army — but of which I can make no use, because of the terroristic discipline and systematic espionage which my correspondents tell me is enforced by its chief. . . .

It will be noticed by the reader with amusement that the "corybantic" Christians, the "noisy squadrons," the "fanatics" with prostituted minds and sodden consciences, immediately they write grumbling, confidential, and traitorous letters to Professor Huxley become "active and sincere members of the Salvation Army." It will also be observed that the poor sweated victims of William Booth's unconscionable greed, so penniless that they cannot buy themselves food enough for the body's wants, are yet able to purchase the books and pamphlets of their despotic lord in such quantities as to curry favour with that most inhuman monster!

But these are small matters; and the calumnies of Mr. Huxley, charging one of the most unselfish, unsparing, and large-hearted of men — in the first days of his widowerhood — with shameful dishonour and most wicked crime may safely at this hour of the day be dismissed with the displeasure which they gave to all decent people at the time of their promulgation. "I have not had patience," wrote Cardinal Manning, "to read Professor Huxley's letters."

A number of intelligent and comfortable people, however, were undoubtedly influenced by a certain part of this criticism. Mr. Huxley's criticisms were built upon inaccurate or insufficient information concerning two legal actions in the past, and some letters and papers sent to him by men who had served in the Army and had either deserted from it or been dismissed for very good reasons. But out of the depths of his own nature he drew up the main criticism of the Darkest England Scheme, and that criticism, which did influence people against the Army, is so singular and interesting that we propose to deal with it, albeit as briefly as possible, in the following chapter.

William Booth, of course, foresaw the attack that would be made upon him, and in the last chapter of his book he endeavoured to forestall it:

> If among my readers there be any who have the least conception that this scheme is put forward by me from any interested motives, by all means let them refuse to contribute even by a single penny to what would be, at least, one of the most shameless of shams. There may be those who are able

to imagine that men who have been literally martyred in this cause have faced their death for the sake of the paltry coppers they collected to keep body and soul together. Such may possibly find no difficulty in persuading themselves that this is but another attempt to raise money to augment that mythical fortune which I, who never yet drew a penny beyond mere out-of-pocket expenses from the Salvation Army funds, am supposed to be accumulating. From all such I ask only the tribute of their abuse, assured that the worst they say of me is too mild to describe the infamy of my conduct if they are correct in this interpretation of my motives.

And in the midst of the storm which immediately broke upon his head, when not only Professors Huxley and Tyndall, but Mr. C. S. Loch [1] of the Charity Organization Society and Dr. Plumptre, Dean of Wells, were warning the public against him, and when every conceivable rumour was afloat concerning his honesty, he kept his course with a proud silence, writing to a friend, "God and time will fight for me; I must wait, and my comrades must wait with me."

[1] Later Mr. Loch became a warm friend.

## CHAPTER XI

### TROUBLES OF AN OVERWORKED AND SUFFERING AUTOCRAT

### 1891

Obsessed by the idea of William Booth's autocracy, and seeing in the Army, "a strong, far-reaching, centralized organization, the disposal of the physical, moral, and financial strength of which rests with an irresponsible chief, who, according to his own account, is assured of the blind obedience of nearly 10,000 subordinates," Mr. Huxley asked, "prudent men and good citizens," whether they ought "to aid in the establishment of an organization which, under sundry, by no means improbable, contingencies, may easily become a worse and more dangerous nuisance than the mendicant friars of the Middle Ages."

Respectable people were asked to pause before they gave money to William Booth for saving 3,000,000 miserable and suffering fellow-creatures, lest they should be endowing "a new Ranter-Socialist sect." He actually brought himself to speak of General Booth's "socialistic autocracy." Carlyle's writings on social miseries, he tells us in one place, made upon his mind "an ineffaceable impression forty years ago"; but the appeal of William Booth, who cried out, not rhetorically from a student's library, but with authentic piteousness from the very abyss itself, only produced in the mind of the middle-aged comfortable Professor in his Eastbourne villa a feeling of terror for the safety of society. Who could guarantee, he asked, the character of the Salvation Army in 1920, under the autocracy of a General who "controls the action, say, of 100,000 Officers pledged to blind obedience, distributed through the whole length and breadth of the poorer classes, and each with his finger on the trigger of a mine charged with discontent and religious fanaticism"? The nation's "political and industrial affairs" would be "at the mercy of a despot." He

prophesies "ruthless intimidation." No member of Parliament would be safe. He warns the people against "the great social danger of the spread of Boothism," and against "despotic socialism in all its forms, and more particularly in its Boothian disguise."

Now, this criticism, however exaggerated, had the merit of being intelligent and reasonable. William Booth happened to be one of the stiffest Conservatives and one of the most unbending Individualists of the Victoria era, but under the autocratic system of the Salvation Army no one could guarantee the character of the organization *in future,* or say decisively what colour the politics of its General would assume in 1920. We may point out that shareholders in *The Times* newspaper, where Professor Huxley's indictment appeared, could not have foreseen that a dozen years later that moderate and dignified organ of public opinion would be valiantly supporting an ex-Republican in his gospel of Protection; nor can they be guaranteed at the present day that next week or next year the fortunes of the paper will not be directed by a Radical millionaire in favour of the single tax. Men undoubtedly change their minds. Things do unquestionably happen. The devout Roman Catholic of five or six hundred years ago, in bestowing his goods to build a church, could not be certain that the voice of Heresy would not one day slightly distress his branching roof and pillared aisles, or that a powerful nobleman would not enrich himself out of the endowments.

Nevertheless, Mr. Huxley's criticism had real point, and it certainly succeeded so far in its purpose as to prejudice considerable numbers of people against William Booth and the Salvation Army.

Two years before Mr. Huxley's attack, that is to say in March, 1888, William Booth had made a gift of £500 to the Army in the manner indicated by the following letter from a firm of chartered accountants:

2 GRESHAM BUILDINGS, BASINGHALL STREET, E.C.
LONDON, *March 22,* 1888.

General Booth.

DEAR SIR — Referring to our conversation with you last Tuesday, in which you informed us of your desire to make a

gift to the funds of the Army of the sum of £500 — being about the amount of the payments made in respect of your life policies by direction of your then Committee (1869 to 1880), we have pleasure in confirming what we then stated to you that the above-named sum will about cover the amounts paid.

We have also to acknowledge the receipt of your cheque for £500, which amount we have paid over to the Cashier at Headquarters as from, "A Friend per J. Beddow & Son."— Yours faithfully, (Signed) JOSIAH BEDDOW & SON.

During the years of his extreme poverty, when he was struggling to bring up his family, the committee of the Christian Mission, a body of friends interested in its work, had taken the burden of his insurance premiums off his shoulders; and one of his first acts, when his head was above water, and when he could count with fair confidence on a modest income, was to make over to the Salvation Army, quite privately, the whole sum which had been paid during those eleven years by his committee.

He lived for a number of years, as we have already seen, by the slender profits of his books; and he had refused to possess himself, as he had a perfect right to do, of the very valuable copyright of *The War Cry*. He received nothing from the Salvation Army at the time of Mr. Huxley's attack, and he never drew one farthing from its funds or from the profits of his book *In Darkest England* during the whole of his life, except for expenses. When he was in the United States, and warmer clothing than he possessed became necessary in winter, he refused to let the Army in America charge itself with this expenditure, "although his work there was bringing us in thousands of dollars." And at every one of his meetings in whatever country he might be, he always contributed to the offertory out of his own purse. No man controlling enormous funds was ever more nice and scrupulous in his handling of public money. No man, we think, ever thought less of himself and more of the work for which he had sacrificed health and comfort.

We are bound at the same time to confess that the obvious dangers of autocracy were no doubt present in the Salvation Army organization from the first days of its existence. Our purpose here, since we are concerned only with the life of William Booth and not with the history of the

Army, is only to express as accurately as possible his personal attitude towards this important matter.

He learned from experience, as we have already shown, that to get anything done well and swiftly, autocracy was essential. He could not suffer his work to be hindered by committees and councils. He could not stop on his road to discuss matters of casuistry or questions of finance. He was always inveighing, as we have seen, against "government by talk." He had upon his hands a work of gigantic magnitude, and after a long and grievous experience of committees, he determined in middle age — encouraged by the most able and devoted of his followers — to make himself an autocrat. His autocracy, then, was not for personal aggrandisement, certainly not for villainy or despotic socialism, but was established solely and publicly for the sake of the righteous work to which he had set his hand. Moreover, it was an autocracy which depended absolutely on the loyalty of his followers — an autocracy which guarded itself by rules laid down for its own limitation. He never concealed his faith in the principle of autocracy. At a crowded meeting of business men in Edinburgh, after he had explained his scheme and his methods, a small, fussy, and somewhat aggressive member of the audience tackled him on the subject of his despotic control of the Army, talking till everybody was wearied, and demanding as he went along, "Don't you think two heads are better than one?" Before he could go on, the General rapped out, "It depends on the heads!" At which the audience laughed with a good understanding. "I am determined," he wrote to a correspondent in 1877, "that Evangelists in this Mission *must hold my views and work on my lines.*" This was his position from the beginning to the end.

There are risks in every great undertaking, and William Booth confronted the public with the avowal that he and he alone was in this sense master of the Salvation Army, thus stating without apology or equivocation the risk incurred by the public in contributing to his funds. Moreover he believed that he could so select and so train his successor that the same character which had founded the Army would be transmitted to future generations, and the

risk of malversation in 1920 or 1999 be no greater than it was in 1890.

A man so enormously employed, and struggling to impress his will upon thousands of Soldiers, some of whom, many of whom, had been but lately rescued from suffering and sin, would have been a god if he had not made mistakes. William Booth was occasionally impatient, irritable, masterful; but he was never really irascible. He sometimes blurted out his feelings of the moment without weighing his words and without looking ahead. He trusted some of his followers too frankly. He censured others, perhaps, too hastily. But, on the whole, his wise handling of this most difficult force is abundantly proved — it cannot possibly need to be argued — by the affectionate devotion, extraordinary in its character, which inspired the lives of thousands of intelligent men and women who obeyed his orders in nearly every country of the world.

Is it to be supposed that the Salvation Army was free of domestic troubles? Is it to be assumed that because most of its Soldiers were satisfied and happy some were not mutinous and discontented? From the beginning of his career to the end, William Booth was constantly embroiled in troubles of this domestic nature. One Officer was jealous, another was lazy, another was stupid, another was conceited and insolent; occasionally, an Officer either confessed to, or was discovered in, some act which compromised the honour of the Flag. William Booth, we make bold to claim, handled these besetting difficulties with great humaneness and with considerable wisdom. His mistakes caused him infinitely more suffering and sorrow than they caused other people. He was always on the side of mercy, and would forgive and forgive again a disloyal, even a traitorous, follower, until it was scandal to retain his services. "My father used to say to me," says Bramwell Booth, who at that time, conscious of the Army's watchful enemies, was perhaps a stricter disciplinarian than William Booth, "whenever, for the good name of the Army, I wanted summarily to dismiss a bad Officer, 'Bramwell, you must not judge a man in that out-of-hand fashion. How do you know the force of the temptation to which he

succumbed? Don't you see, some men are more tempted by a woman or by money than others? The temptation is greater, fiercer. It sweeps them off their feet. It draws them down like a whirlpool. And perhaps they repent afterwards, as the less-tempted man never repents.'" He forgave one or two Officers over and over again. He never once dismissed the least of his Soldiers without sorrow and regret.

There is no doubt that at times he was rough in manner, and on occasions could be rude and harsh; but a kindly and assuaging humour was never far behind the most vigorous of his upbraidings. Commissioner Kitching, on one occasion, at that time a newly-appointed Major, made a mistake of some kind in the business of the Army, and went to report this matter to his General. "What fool made you a Major?" demanded the old man. The answer was given with a smile, "Your son, General." And in a moment William Booth was laughing with a rich pleasure.

We shall have to say something in another chapter about the family defections which in after years came as the crown of his sorrows. But we would observe at this point that while the autocracy of William Booth might be swayed, somewhat unduly perhaps, by family affection, love for his children could not bend it against the interests of the Army. He did undoubtedly appoint his children to important offices at an age when some of them had not given adequate proof of administrative ability; but when they questioned an order he dealt firmly with them, and when they refused to obey an order he let them go. I can discover no single instance in which he used his autocracy to favour himself or his children against the rules and regulations laid down by himself for the welfare of the Army.

A few pages from his diary afford an idea of one class of difficulty which confronted him:

> Talked to Herbert and Bramwell about the troubles that seem to be coming on us thick and fast. Majors —— and —— have both resigned. Their pretext is that Herbert's government is too autocratic. The real reason is that —— feels we have not received him with the same confidence and affection since he came back from —— where he proved himself to

be totally incompetent for his post. And I think that ——'s reason for going is because he thinks we have lost confidence in him by changing his position to that of an Evangelist to visit the Corps. And moreover, it turns out now that both of them had been engaged by Mr. —— to go to —— and push his paper and do some sort of Revival Work amongst the Reformed Episcopal Churches, for which they have both been ordained in this country by some "shoddy" Bishop.

—— and —— are neither of them quite happy yet. Two or three more Officers also are not right. The new régime is rather too exacting.

The appointment of Herbert a few months ago as Commissioner of Great Britain and bringing in of his Staff has been a difficulty with some of the older Officers.

Major ——, a young man of considerable energy and a very objectionable abruptness, has made himself a reputation for harshness, which is, I think, very unjustified; still it is there. And this, together with two or three mistakes, have certainly created some prejudice in the minds of worthy Officers against Herbert's management. . . .

Then the vile falsehoods that have been so industriously circulated by —— concerning him, have produced some sort of effect even where they have not been believed, so that the notion that the government was going to be one of a hard, machine-like character, has got abroad and been fastened upon, especially by some who have not wanted to work by order and regulation.

Concerning the dissatisfaction which necessarily existed at certain times, and which is to be found, we suppose, in all organizations, clerical or commercial, where numbers of men are struggling to distinguish themselves, the General is perfectly frank and open, perfectly honest and straightforward. He never hid these things. His printed and published addresses are now and again full of references to domestic concerns of this character. He was for ever teaching his Soldiers to lose themselves, with every trivial or tragical feeling of self, in the work of love and charity. Not only this, his diaries show that he confronted every Officer with a grievance, real or imaginary, and offered to do everything lawful and just within his power to secure a perfect understanding:

. . . Much harassed by rumours of dissatisfaction amongst Staff Officers. All manner of things in the air.

Suspicion seems to reign. No Officer seems to know

whether his next door Officer is not going to bolt, and yet no one can give me any intelligent reason for dissatisfaction! Some mysterious cause for it.

. . . I cleared the atmosphere a little by referring to the recent desertions, and saying that if any one knew of any case of injustice or hardship of any serious character, if they would bring it to my notice I would have it investigated; or if any one had suffered any hardship or injustice, no matter where it was, how long ago, or where they had gone to, I would seek them out on the Prairies of Canada or anywhere else, acknowledge the wrong and rectify it as far as I could. . . . Nobody answered. I said also, if any one had anything of this kind let them write to me. I keep on saying this, but nobody writes.

If this man was an autocrat, clearly he did not use his autocracy like a tyrant. He may not have been a complaisant and obliging autocrat, but there is no evidence that he ever once acted as a despot, harassed and exasperated as he was at times by these rather petty grievances of some of his followers:

Things still very perplexing. Major —— is gone out like a "roaring bull," threatening what he will do, although it will be difficult for him to assign any cause for his separation from us except his own violent, ungoverned temper.

There is still the appearance of a considerable amount of dissatisfaction in some of the Staff Officers, any real cause for which we are just as puzzled as ever to define. It expresses itself, so far as it says anything intelligibly, as dissatisfaction with the Executive in the management of the Field Officers. Major ——, Major —— and two or three other Officers, who have to do with the Intelligence Department and the Commandant are the main objects of attack. They are said to be hard, wanting to reduce the whole concern to a sort of machine in order to grind all the labour that is possible out of them. . . . When they talk about injustice, and we ask for instances, they have none to give, or if they do adduce any and we enquire into the facts all appearance of even severity vanishes. Then they fall back upon some mere vague generalities.

We cannot fail to observe in these extracts, and in all the letters we have published above, a spirit of genuine kindness and reasonable consideration. William Booth hated mutiny because it hampered the work, because it fed the hostile minds of his enemies with exaggerated rumours, and because he was eminently a practical and kind-hearted

man. Irritated by having to stop for such petty business in the midst of his tremendous activities, he did nevertheless stop again and again, and, with patience and sympathy in the majority of cases, seek to smooth the ruffled feathers of self-esteem. The worship, amounting almost to adoration, with which thousands of his followers regarded him, and which particularly distinguished the loyalty of his most able and efficient Officers, this and the standing fact of the Army's coherent growth and corporate prosperity, make it impossible for any intelligent person to believe either that William Booth was a despot or that the Army groaned under his autocracy.

A letter, typical of many which came to me unsolicited during the writing of this biography, expresses, we believe, the normal feeling of Salvation Army Officers for their General. The writer says: "If you think any of the incidents will help you to illustrate why his Officers loved him and were willing to carry out his instructions, you are welcome to use what you like."

The infidel rowdies of Bradlaugh's town (Northampton) in 1887 vowed they would kill the General. A public welcome and a procession from the Railway Station had been arranged by our Leaders.

I was a Cadet (in training for Officership) and playing in the Band just behind the carriage. Outside the station we were set upon, our instruments smashed by sticks, belts, etc. Along the whole march we were assaulted with sticks, belts, fists, knives (shoemakers' paring knives). They flung soot, flour, eggs (*ancient* and *modern*), the old General being the centre of these attacks.

It was his undaunted *courage* that won my admiration. In the midst of that storm he would persist in standing up in the carriage, shouting out (as Salvationists got knocked down) "Help that man up"; "Get that woman into a shop," etc. Had he sat down, few of the missiles would have touched him. There was no driving down a side street or putting up the hood. He was a *Leader*. I was delighted.

I heard some of the Officers urge him to sit down. He would not.

His thoughtfulness for his Officers endeared him to us. I was a young Staff Officer and had been made responsible to meet him at Basingstoke and take him and his Staff to a billet. When they arrived it was pouring with rain. The General and

three Staff Officers got into the carriage. He then said to me, "Where is your overcoat?" I replied, "At Brighton, General." He then said, "What's the good of that? you will get wet through if you ride outside; get in and sit on Lawley's knees, he is big enough to hold you." I might mention many others, but those little thoughtful acts are remembered.

I had a carriage waiting outside his billet to run him to the Station. He heard my voice in the Hall and said, "Come upstairs and bring a light, I have lost my *Wedding Ring,* and I will not leave the house until I find it, if I miss a dozen trains." It had slipped off while wiping his hands. Shall never forget his pleasure when I found it and handed it back to him.

He had a keen sense of humour and he took a little "rise" out of me once when riding with him from his billet to Portsmouth Town Hall.

He had not been very well overnight and I asked him "if he had had a good night." He said, "No! They gave me one of those wretched India-rubber Water-bottles and the thing leaked. I had to call my Secretary to come and remake my bed." I replied, "I am very sorry, General." With a twinkle in his eye he replied, "No, you are not! *that is only a saying.*" I turned my head to have a grin, and when I looked round again I saw the old General was enjoying the fun at my expense.

I do not know if you are aware the old General had quite a habit of sending a "tip" to the drivers of the engines when travelling. He thought "The man who had the care of your life was more worthy of a 'tip' than the man who only cared for your luggage."

The following noble letter addressed in February, 1891, to the Editor of *The Times* by Sir Squire Bancroft shows that there were those whose instinctive faith in William Booth's honesty could not be shaken by criticism, however able, of Salvation Army methods:

As it was by your leave that in November last — prompted by no other feeling but pity for the very poor, and quite on the spur of the moment — I made an offer to help "General" Booth's scheme; and as the sum of £100,000, which was required to start it, has either been promised or subscribed — although not in the way I ventured to suggest — I ask you to let me further say, that those who have communicated with me, and whom I have consulted upon the subject, have, with myself, withdrawn their condition as to 99 others giving the same amount, and have either sent, or now will send, the money they promised to the fund.

Whether the scheme is Utopian, or whether it is destined to achieve part of its great object, I would I had skill enough to decide; but I can at least meet those alike who most harshly judge it and those who look most hopefully towards it on what I trust must still be common ground, and wish it all success.—Yours, etc. S. B. BANCROFT.

William Booth had asked for £100,000. His book was published in October, 1890, and by February in the following year he had received £108,000. In spite of this, criticism continued, and the General was denounced either as a merciless autocrat or an autocrat none too nice in his conduct of public money.

But Mr. Huxley's mind, influenced temperamentally against the emotionalism and the noisiness of the Salvation Army in its early days, was prepared and fertile soil for any seeds of criticism or calumny which might be sown there by the deserter's hand. We do not mean that he was intentionally unjust, or that his wits went wool-gathering when the "backslider" wrote him a letter or the deserter sent him a pamphlet; nor do we mean that some of the strictures which came to him in the course of his crusade were not without truth and justice; but we hold that his mind was decisively prejudiced, and that he gave to every fragment of secret tattle which reached him in this way a magnitude of importance which not one of them deserved, even the most sincere and just, and all of which, when weighed in truthful scales against the character and devotion of William Booth and against the world-wide progress of the Salvation Army, become utterly unworthy of a moment's doubt or anxiety.

Mr. Huxley was typical of many Englishmen, and his vituperative attacks hardened the hearts of a considerable body of people, who not only withheld their support from the Darkest England Scheme, but went about spreading the very wicked and evil rumour which Mr. Huxley more than any other man had fostered, that the Booths were unscrupulous rogues and impudent impostors.

General Booth's autocracy, which was essential to his work, cost him dear. For the greater part of his life he was a suspected man, and even to this day there are people

who shake their heads over his management of the Salvation Army finances. "Half a word, ladies and gents," said a park orator, jumping on a wooden box to collect an audience from the dispersion of another orator's crowd; "half a word about that ole 'umbug, General Booth." And he got an audience. In his extreme old age William Booth enjoyed, but if the truth must be told with a rather ironical amusement, a world-wide popularity, never, we think, earned by any other man. But he passed, it may truthfully be said, the greater part of his life, a life of amazing labour and selfless devotion, in an atmosphere of mistrust. Hostility and malevolence always confronted him. Is it any wonder that out of the anguish of his heart he said of his wife, standing at her grave, "She suffered more in her lifetime through her compassion for poor dumb animals than some doctors of divinity suffer for the wide, wide world of sinning, sorrowing mortals"?

We do not assert that this unfortunate and oppressive situation was no fault of his; we can see very clearly that he conducted his propaganda and his business in a fashion likely enough, however necessary for his purpose, to create in some minds suspicion and dislike; but our point is that William Booth regarded autocracy as an essential of work, and that in spite of some mistakes he used that despotic power throughout his career in the best interests of the people he sought to serve. There certainly could not have been a world-wide Salvation Army if the machinery set up by William Booth had been controlled by conferences and committees. There certainly could not have been in 1914 a successful organization of the British peoples in the great struggle with the Central Powers if autocracy had not taken the place of "government by talk."

# CHAPTER XII

## AT THE THRESHOLD OF A NEW PHASE

### 1891–1892

With the death of Catherine Booth and the publication of *In Darkest England,* William Booth entered upon a new phase of his career. His autocracy was sensibly modified, and his interest in social reform as sensibly increased. Accustomed to lean upon Mrs. Booth, whose influence was exercised almost entirely in the spiritual sphere, William Booth had never deeply felt the need of counsellors and captains to share his burden of supremacy. But with the death of Mrs. Booth, and the sudden opening of a new door on the frontiers of social service, William Booth was inclined to call others to his side, and was disposed to consider an entirely new policy. He had arrived at " four roads and no signpost."

From 1890 to 1898, that is to say from his sixty-first to his sixty-ninth year, this astonishing man was at the height of his powers. Till 1890 he had been a fervent and passionate preacher of the changed heart, but a preacher harassed by poverty, opposed by enemies, and often involved in doubts and uncertainties. After 1907 or 1908 he was a beautiful and patriarchal figure, a genial, gracious, amiable, and endearing old man, only on occasion a mighty captain of salvation, or a vigorous legislator in the modern struggle of social reform. We shall see that after 1898, before, that is, he had reached the patriarchal stage, he began, if not to lose faith in the efficacy of social reforms, at least to question whether he had done wisely in throwing so much of his energy into this tremendous struggle. But from 1891 to 1898, although insisting from time to time upon the first importance of purely spiritual work, he was unquestionably heart and soul in the Salvation Army's magnificent effort to solve the social riddles of modern industrialism — that effort which is perhaps the most strik-

A POPULAR PORTRAIT (1890)

ing monument to his life. Mrs. Booth's death, after so long and trying an illness, released his energies from a sad restraint even while he was momentarily stunned by her loss. He threw himself into the agitation concerning *In Darkest England,* threw himself still more energetically into the work of establishing his scheme, and in a few months had so overworked and exhausted himself that it was imperative to send him away from England on a long journey.

Thus began, early in 1891, those wider world-travels of William Booth, which were to make so picturesque an effect in almost every country under the sun, which were to endear him to so many nations, and which were to continue to the end of his life, in 1912. But these earlier travels were not by any means chiefly picturesque. William Booth set out on his travels with a compulsive desire in his mind to fire the enthusiasm of the world for his new adventure. He visited Germany, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and India. In the following year he visited Germany, Denmark, and Switzerland. With the one exception of 1905, he travelled every year of his life, visiting nearly every country in the world; and the immense enthusiasm, the extraordinary pageants which marked the later and more spectacular travels, were the fruit of the earlier journeys, particularly the journeys of 1891–1898, when he was consumed with a burning sympathy for the poor and suffering, and was on fire with enthusiasm for his social theme.

We shall not attempt to follow him in any of his travels, but the reader will perhaps be able to form some idea of the toil and success of those many journeys from the following extracts taken either from his letters or his diaries — extracts chosen, of course, not to furnish an account of his travels, but to show the mind and character of the traveller:

We must have some more spiritual work up and down the country.

We stayed at Hamburg at an Hotel — had precious little comfort — could not get enough to eat — yet they managed to make a good bill!

It seems a long time not to have a sign or a sound from you. You might have raised a wire yesterday to say how

you were. I cannot help feeling anxious about Eva's teeth, and as to whether there have been any more earthquakes, or blizzards, or waterspouts, or typhoons, or cyclones from *The Times* or any other quarter. . . . I long after you continually and mourn that I am away from England just now. Surely God will take care of you all, and continue unto us the blessings we have so largely enjoyed up to now. . . . I would have liked *one* line from you. You need not say much but just a word or two of love. I have felt much and tenderly about you — and still feel as though I must come to you all right away.

I am only *very down to-day*. I don't improve; and feel terribly under my work, altho' when I get at it, I have remarkable freedom and power. But nothing seems to cheer me as in the past. . . . I feel as though I must come away home to-night, and yet if I was in London I don't suppose I should feel any better. This accommodation is wretched. Think of a Training Home with only wood partitions. . . . They will make getting on for £100 out of me, and yet could not take me a couple of rooms where I could get a little quiet and sleep. Oh dear! ! !

Do stop —— sending out foolish instructions about my food. Here everybody has raisins and I know not what — I never touch them. Why can't he ask me before he sends messages about my eating and drinking — as if I was so fanciful.

I must feel very different in my spirits before I can write any more books. The intervals of my meetings are often awful. I must get something for my nerves, if possible.

The papers, so far, have been most friendly here (Copenhagen), none more so than the Socialist Organ. . . . To-night I am on "Darkest England" . . . every ticket has been sold already. This afternoon I am with Count Moltke to dine and drawing-room [meeting]. My visit has made an enormous advance for our people in Norway and Sweden, but I think here the benefit will be far greater.

Going to Australia in my present state of mind seems simply impossible. . . . I *want* to get home *now*. Why Brussels? or even Paris?

If I succeed after the same fashion or anything approaching it at Berlin, I shall certainly think I ought to do the other capitals of Europe, whether I am able or not.

His successful meetings in Berlin, where numbers were turned away every night from the doors, were interrupted by the bad news that his daughter Emma, Mrs. Booth-Tucker, was returning from India very seriously ill. He writes to Bramwell, on the eve of an all-night railway

journey which must be made, "with this dreadful sorrow tugging at my heart-strings." He insists that he must go to Emma at Cannes, and exclaims: "Surely God will spare us the horror of losing her." This letter concludes:

I shall blame myself for trusting her to India. No rest — poor thing, after all that struggle and heart agony over Mamma. Oh, God help us!

He comes home and is taken ill — an illness which developed into dysentery. He writes to Bramwell:

Metcalfe is here. He says I am very low — I must have great care — which they always do — mustn't do any mental work — which I shall. He orders me fish — can you bring a bit? — they say it is cheap. Eva might like a bit to-morrow.

Cured of dysentery he is struck down a little later with influenza, caught, he says, by sleeping in damp beds and fireless rooms while campaigning. He insists that he *must* have proper rooms, and says that he will pay for them out of his own pocket, "altho' there is not much in it."

He makes a long journey to comfort his sick daughter in Cannes, and on one occasion writes in an inexcusably bad mood of foreign vexations:

—— brought us some chicken that stunk, so we had to throw it out of the window — some stale bread and butter I could not eat — some dry raisins two seasons old, and some rotten oranges.

But his letters are chiefly full of schemes for the future, and when he goes back to his meetings in Germany next month he sends Bramwell all manner of ideas; such, for instance, as a method for the manufacture of cheap, non-phosphorous matches, and the possibility of establishing a tea plantation in Ceylon.

But ever and anon everything on earth sinks into insignificance before the urgent necessity of spiritual surrender:

I have been telling the Officers that without the heart right and possessed of the Holy Spirit all is vain. It came with great power. It went to *my own heart*. The rest of my days,

*many or few,* I will spend teaching and by His grace exemplifying the truth.

But he has moments when he is overwhelmed by his solitude: "I feel awfully alone."

In a letter to Bramwell, writen from South Africa, he sends this affectionate son and Chief of the Staff a child's kiss, marked by a cross. Always behind the fault-finding and truth-dealing public hero there is the heart of the old man almost pathetic in its hunger for love and its thirst for sympathy.

We find an interesting reference in one of these South African letters to a psychological experience:

I am trying to send something for *All the World,*[1] and have outlined it, but cannot make it fit, and have not *darling Mamma* to help me round the corner, nor *you,* so I have stuck.

. . . I think the Tour will do me good *nervously.* . . . I had a *shadowy, strange* feeling for months gone — as tho' I were not myself — as tho' my real self had gone out of me. I cannot describe, but I think I am coming back again to my old self.

From Australia he writes approvingly of a member of his staff:

—— looks after me personally, and would, I believe, eat anybody he thought likely to incommode me. The way he looks at the babies that squall in the meetings is something to be remembered!

Rumours reach him that a rich and most friendly supporter of the Army is criticising his scheme, and he sends Bramwell this humorous letter from Colombo:

If Mr. Richard Cory is not satisfied, tell him that on good information I hold him to be an arrant humbug! Put it a bit milder than that.

The following letter written from Bombay at this time will give the reader some idea of the immensity of the General's labours when on his world tours, as well as of the welcomes with which he was acclaimed:

[1] One of the Salvation Army's magazines.

BOMBAY,
*January* 16, 1892.

I broke off at the beginning of my Calcutta Campaign as above, not having had a moment's space to resume. Never had I such a crush of engagements before, and it was really all I could possibly do to keep pace with them, and that I only did to some extent in a poorish way.

The detail of them I must leave to another day.

I may say, however, that Calcutta in interest exceeded anything I have seen since I left England. From the rush of welcome at the railway-station at six in the morning, to the pack who came to say farewell (in which the papers say there were 3,000 people), it was one series of surprises. Although the Town Hall Meeting was stiff, and the Europeans were conspicuous by their absence, still there was sufficient indication of the high esteem in which the Army was held in general, and myself in particular, to make it a matter of great interest and encouragement.

Of the welcomes that followed from individuals of note, such as Mr. Bannerjee and Mr. Bhose (representing the Brahmo Samaj); and the successor to Chunder Sen, Mr. Chuckervetty, the lay reader of the Yogal Samaj, His Highness the Maharajah Sir Joteendro Mohun, of Tanjore, one of the most princely men of the city; the Nawab Abdool Luteef, the most distinguished leader of the Mohammedans, etc.; and of the several missionaries who came up, all was really complimentary and respectful — nay, affectionate.

Then there were the crowds, perhaps the greatest in the Emerald Theatre, in which there must have been nearly 3,000 people, inside and out, listening through the doorways. It was certainly the most remarkable audience I ever addressed. Exclusively native. I only saw one white face in the crowd beyond our own people. Nothing more hearty could have been conceived. Then came Meeting upon Meeting; but the Circus on Sunday night outdid almost anything, in some respects, that I have ever witnessed in my life. It came upon me quite by surprise. The hour fixed was the same as the churches, and it had been predicted that we should not get an audience. It was right away outside the city, in a park in the swellest part of the suburbs. Consequently, it was not at all attractive to the native, who doesn't like to get outside his own quarter.

The Emerald Theatre had been a great success because it was in the midst of his quarter; the Europeans would not come there, and now it was fair to assume that the native would not come to the European centre.

As to any attendance of English people, that was hardly to be expected. They had cold-shouldered me at the Town Hall, the Lieutenant-Governor had even refused to see one of our

Officers when she called, although he had the reputation of being a Christian man. The Viceroy had been civil to me — he could not have been otherwise; in fact, he verged on friendliness before we parted — but that was all. His Military Secretary had been as stiff as military etiquette could possibly make him. There seemed to be, therefore, nothing much to expect as to audience from them.

Then I was tired out — a more wearying morning and afternoon I had seldom experienced — and I bargained in my own mind, and even mentioned it to Ajeet Singh, that if there was not much of an audience I should leave them to bear the brunt of the burden.

As we drove up the appearance of things seemed to confirm my anticipations. Everything was silent. They had been afraid of the roaring of the wild beasts disturbing the Meetings, but there was not a growl to be heard, nor a carriage to be seen, not even a pedestrian. It is true we were at the back part of the Circus.

Hoe came to meet us, however, at the gates, and when asked about the audience very coolly announced, to our amazement, that they were *full*. Without any delay, therefore, I mounted the platform, and the sight that met me certainly was sufficiently surprising to be actually bewildering. They say the place seated 3,500; it appeared to be full. It was a simple circle, with a ring set in the centre. At one end was a little platform seating myself and my Staff, opposite me was the entrance for the horses, which was packed by the crowd, while on the remaining space, circle upon circle, tier upon tier, the audience was to be seen. On the right hand we had row after row of Queen's soldiers in their red jackets, lower down the Eurasian and middle-class Europeans, with a few natives. In the centre we had a very fair proportion of the *élite* of Calcutta: there was the Lieut.-Governor, the Chief Commissioner of Police, the Consuls of America and two or three other countries, some great native swells, ladies bespangled with jewellery and finery, while on the left was one mass of dark faces reaching up to the canvas sky. It was the most picturesque audience I ever addressed, to say the least of it.

Our singing of "Grace is flowing like a river" was very weak; still everybody listened, nobody more so than the swell Europeans.

The solo, "On Calvary," was sung with good effect, and then I rose to do my best. The opportunity put new life into me. I was announced to speak on "The Religion of Humanity," but this did not seem to me to be the hour for argument of any description; there was no time for dissertation. I felt I must have something that went straight to the point. I had been talking to these Brahmo Samaj and other people upon

Social Work, alluring them on afterwards by indirect arguments long enough. Now I felt that I must go as straight to the point as it was possible to do. So I took "What must I do with Jesus?" and made it fit into "The Religion of Humanity" as best I could.

I never hit out straighter in my life, and was never listened to with more breathless attention — except for a few natives in the top seats, who would go, I guessed, because they did not know the language, and came perhaps expecting I should be translated, and after sitting an hour felt that was enough. However, they soon cleared out, the audience taking no notice of the process.

Once done, however, a general movement took place; a Prayer-Meeting was impossible. We retired feeling that a victory had been gained so far.

I cannot stop here to speak of the Meeting at which the Brahmo Samaj presented me with an Address of Welcome the next day.

All I know is, that nothing surprised me more than to hear some of the priests and laymen declare that they had gone with me in every word I had said the night before.

Other Meetings followed, interviews, visits to the houses of the leading natives, and with blessings without stint poured upon my head, and hand-shaking that almost threatened to lame me, the train tore me away from the packed platform, and I left Calcutta with unfeigned regret.

I stayed a night at Benares, and had the Town Hall crowded, with a leading Hindu in the chair. Quiet Meeting. Landed here (Bombay) six this morning with a hearty welcome, and, I think, with the promise of good Meetings, although anything equal to Calcutta is not to be expected; and the news of the death of the Prince has come in our way, the news of which we have only just received.

Many of the letters are full of social work. He announces that he is negotiating for land for immigrants into South Africa and Australia, and sends Bramwell suggestions for the manufacture of a certain kind of bricks, of coffee, and non-alcoholic beer. Mixed up with these schemes are references to Lucy, Emma, and Eva, who are ill. He sends very tender and anxious messages concerning Eva. Lucy, he says, is to go to South Africa to recuperate; but his orders are not obeyed, and he threatens the Chief of the Staff, telling him that he must produce very good reasons when the General returns.

He speaks of his magnificent receptions, his enthusiastic

meetings, and the friendliness of the various Governments.

One of Bramwell Booth's letters to his father, written on September 21, 1891, contains an interesting prophecy by William Stead concerning Mrs. Annie Besant:

I had a nice talk with him (Stead) yesterday. He is deeply interested in the reports of your movements. He hopes you were able to make a good impression on Rhodes, about whom he is very anxious. The present attitude of Mrs. Besant towards Buddhism, etc., and towards what are called "Spiritual Phenomena" is interesting Stead very much. He thinks she will become a Christian. Anyway, she now says man has a soul, and unless you change it from bad to good you do nothing for him whatever else you do.

The journal of the General for this year is not very illuminating, but every now and then one comes across an entry which shows the state of his mind, or is characteristic of his temperament:

. . . at the close of the meeting (Frankfort) I was rushed off in a cab by some young fellow to see his mother, who wished me to introduce some kind of coffee which is used in a limited way in Germany, and which she thought would be a great boon to the poor people of England. She received me in her own chamber — she suffered from some kind of head complaint, and in the most friendly manner at once proceeded to unfold the great advantages of this beverage — simple, cheap, refreshing, almost as tasty as the ordinary coffee, without any of its injurious properties. They gave me a cup to taste, and I certainly was very pleased with its resemblance to the genuine stuff, and brought away a pound or two as a sample, and probably will enquire into it.

At 9 we were on board a magnificent boat steaming up the Rhine. I have often heard that people talk in raptures, and have read poetic and no small amount of prose rhapsody on the picturesque scenery of this world-famed river. I suppose it is very beautiful, but I cannot say that I was particularly carried away with it. I don't know whether anything of the kind, however striking, would have impressed me, seeing that my head was full of other things.

. . . . . .

I understood that the Army in N. Wales was in a low condition — dying out. However, these people looked not only alive but shouted like it also — they were a noisy crew. The wife of a Wesleyan Minister said to me next morning that she did

enjoy herself at the meeting, *it was like being near a red-hot furnace.*

Of his daughter, who is suffering from a bad abscess in the shoulder, threatened with "something like Mamma's," he writes:

What a mystery this depression is that creeps over one whether or no. As a family we are all terrible sufferers in this direction. What a martyr dear Mamma was to it, and some of the children, perhaps all, suffer in the same direction, and I have thought I have done more so than any of them. John Wesley boasts, as well he may, of his equable disposition in this respect. What a boon it must have been to him. . . : We are indeed fearfully and wonderfully made. The greatest earthly mystery is the human heart. Mine is past finding out — that is, by me. I am glad there is *One* who knows its every thought and every feeling — and who loves it too. I must trust Him with it — with dear, darling Lucy too. Oh, God help me!

However is it that I cannot shake the terrible lowness from my heart? I think, nay, I am sure, I am feeling my loss, my loneliness more to-day than 6 months ago, a great deal. Darling, darling Mamma, what would I give to have you with me to-night; and yet I could not, would not, had I the power to do so, fetch you back from your blessed home to share my lot in this world of sorrow and strife. No! my Lord, Thy will be done. My heart says so altho' it bleeds to say it.

Dear Bramwell is very tender to me — so are all my precious children, but alas! their tenderness and sympathy cannot comfort my poor solitary heart.

After an extraordinary hard week he is conscious of elation and good health:

I could only explain it on the theory of the terrible spiritual conflict and temptation and harassment with which nearly every great effort I make is preceded, and the nervous rebound which is the result of the consciousness that the work is done, and done fairly well.

There is an entry on July 16, when in Canada, which, besides offering amusement, shows that the Salvation Army was making friends among the powerful classes:

The Earl of Aberdeen had written me, saying that the Countess would like to call and say good-bye before I left, and

this afternoon it was arranged. He brought her and left her, having to go to some other appointment. She is very tall, and what would be termed a fine-looking woman, I suppose. She was exceedingly kind, quite affectionate, manifested considerable interest in the work, which we talked over, in some of its aspects. On my making the remark to her that it was impossible to understand our Social Operations without a personal knowledge of the Army, she said that some of them knew more about it than we thought; that she had often been to our meetings, and mixed with our people.

His journal for 1892 is still full of his great schemes, and only now and then do we find personal references or meditative asides which help us to understand his character or to obtain glimpses of his private life:

Only a little dinner, but suffered out of all proportion. Oh this eating is bound to kill me; and yet I must eat, I suppose.

All who are interested in helping the poor, and they are very, very few, are concerned to do it in some other way.

Lord Radstock has seen, I expect, a statement I made to the representative of Dalziel in an interview that I was in a corner for money, etc. He wired me yesterday that he was in deep sympathy with me and had a plan to help me of which he was writing. A letter has arrived to-day from him repeating his expressions of sympathy; with respect to assistance, he simply says that he and other Xtians would be willing to help me on two conditions:

1. The recognition by me of other Xtians in their service, and the recognition that there is one common cause, the cause of Christ, that He is the Head and His own Word the guide.

2. That if there is to be co-operation of Xtians, there must necessarily be consultation and agreement for the conduct of our Commonwealth.

If there is agreement on these views as the basis of a conference, he proposes one. The first, I am not aware but that I have adhered to and acted upon all through my career — the latter I am foggy about. I am willing to have God for my Head and His Word for my guide, but I should certainly object to Lord Radstock and his word in the same relations.

Referring to the custom of inviting people to meet him at his billets:

Oh how I hate this fashionable usage of Society, and oh how weak and useless is the chatter that goes on generally. I cannot think why people come to meet me. In many cases they

don't appear to be desirous in the slightest degree to receive information, to say nothing about instruction, from me, neither do they seem to have any to impart — but they just sit and eat and chatter, and then, with a few empty compliments, depart.

To-morrow commences Self-Denial week. It looks very much like a sad one to me — but indeed a large number of my weeks are sad ones indeed. If my heart is not depressed with disappointment in men and measures, if I am not cast down with the innumerable cares of these enterprises, I am perplexed as to which course should be taken on questions that appear to be of insuperable importance to the Kingdom of God and the well-being of mankind. However, I must struggle on.

Worked, or tried to work, till very near morning. Brain stupid or weary or something. Perhaps it is on the principle that all work and no play, *et cetera*. I certainly do seem to be very nearly always doing or attempting it — and I am sure I am dull enough.

. . . it is only too evident that there is some truth in the remark of a Critic in one of the Reviews, that "The Country is tired of Mr. Booth"; so I must let the Country rest, and go on as well as I can without it.

On Christmas Day, 1892, at the end of this the second year of his widowerhood, he writes:

All[1] coming in to dine at 5 and spend the evening. Even this jars on my feelings; I would rather be alone, but I think that *she* would like me to have them together. We have been wonderfully together as a family for many, many years — only one or two absent on Christmas Day, and now we are very much scattered. Darling Emma and Lucy in India, Katie in France, and Ballington in the States. I have no doubt they will be thinking very tenderly about me. Sympathy is very precious. But after all there are some sorrows that it cannot very well get at.

During part of 1892–93, leaving the organization of the Darkest England Scheme very largely in the hands of his Chief of Staff, William Booth visited India, Germany, Denmark, and Switzerland, and held a number of very important meetings up and down the British Isles. He was now a world figure, and though a certain section of the public might be "tired of Mr. Booth," it is quite certain that

[1] The Chief, Mrs. Bramwell Booth, and their children.

throughout the world he was becoming recognized as a man who had discovered one of the greatest secrets of life. He was no longer the outcast revivalist of Whitechapel, but the head of an international organization which had set itself to handle some of the most painful and troublesome difficulties which beset the path of the legislator. In this way, we find him not only welcomed, and rapturously welcomed, by masses of people in every city he entered, but everywhere cordially and respectfully entertained by men seriously attentive to the social dangers which were threatening civilization.

# CHAPTER XIII

## POPULARITY OF THE GENERAL, AND THE SPIRIT OF THE ARMY

### 1892

Popularity in its widest sense came to William Booth early in the 'nineties, and it came, unquestionably, from the instinctive feeling of the public that here was a man — whatever the expression of his religion might mean — who deeply felt for the outcasts of society and seriously sought to save them from misery.

Other men laboured at that time as earnestly in this heart-breaking region of human service as William Booth; but no one so dramatically caught the attention of the public or so convinced multitudes of people, usually indifferent to religion, that he possessed the secret which would change a condition of things everywhere acknowledged to be a scandal and disgrace to civilization.

It will be worth our while to consider what was the quality in William Booth which distinguished him from other reformers of the time; and in making this attempt we need not interrupt our narrative to any violent extent, since the quotations we intend to make from his writings were mainly inspired by his Darkest England Scheme, and are particularly characteristic of his work as a social reformer. We shall find from these quotations that the foundation of his popularity was the intense and profound earnestness of his love for unhappy people — a love which came home to the dullest man in the street and to the most selfish man of the world, because William Booth sacrificed every convention of society and every restraint common among average people in order to make this love, this "cosmic patriotism" a planetary power in the affairs of men. He cared nothing what men might say of him. He was indifferent to custom and usage. In comparison with the work of saving souls every canon of society appeared in

his eyes as the trivial and pitiful etiquette of a child's doll's house. He wore a red jersey; he called himself a General; he marched through the streets behind a brass band, waving an umbrella; and at every conceivable point he sacrificed his own comfort, his own peace of mind, his own domestic happiness, in order to make this centre of his life, love for humanity, the pivot of social existence.

At its outset the Salvation Army was the triumph of a personality; and that personality made its impression upon a formal, mechanical, and materialistic generation by the force of the love which inspired its existence. William Booth not only loved mankind, but he believed in love as the sole energy of progress. The late Professor William James seized upon this fact as the centre of Salvation Army activity. "General Booth," he says, ". . . considers that the vital step in saving outcasts consists in making them feel that some decent human being cares enough for them to take an interest in the question whether they are to rise or sink." Goethe long ago had said that if we would improve a man we should make him believe that we already think him that which we desire to make him. But William Booth went deeper when he demanded not merely the affectation of sympathy, but a real love, and that for the lowest and most abandoned.

It will be seen from the quotations which follow how the emphasis of William Booth, in his instructions to his Officers, was always on this necessity for love. And it will be further seen that the love of which he was so vigorously mindful and heartful was neither the sentimental love of religious rhetoric, nor the impersonal, wistful, and praying love of the religious mystic, but the practical, active, seeking, and individual love which goes not only into the highways and by-ways of human existence, but into the swamps, the morasses, and the uttermost depths of depravity and suffering in its "passion for souls."

We think that nothing written by William Booth, except his letters, is so true a key to his character as the book from which the following quotations are made, a book not known outside the official circles of the Salvation Army, but over which he spent himself with infinitely more care

and enthusiasm than marked his work *In Darkest England.* This book is entitled *Orders and Regulations for Field Officers,* and it expresses the mind of the General on almost every conceivable question of conduct, discipline, and belief concerning the Salvation Army. "My father," says Bramwell Booth, "was really less an organizer than a legislator; he was a whole legislature in himself. He laid down the law in every detail, thinking of everything, and left others to organize the machine. I think he gave more attention to the *Orders and Regulations for Field Officers* than to anything else he wrote. His anxiety was to compile in that book a set of regulations which would perpetuate the Salvation Army, and preserve it from the mistakes and confusions which have befallen so many other societies in the religious sphere. In that book you have the General's spirit, and the spirit which animates the Salvation Army."

Our quotations are taken from various parts of this informing book, and while our main object has been to choose such passages as reveal William Booth's insistence on the need of affection and sympathy in religious ministration, we have also chosen passages which seem to us characteristic of his practical nature and his extreme care for the most trivial details:

It must always be remembered by the F.O.[1] and by every one who is desirous of producing any great moral or spiritual changes in men, that the example of the individuals attempting this task will be much more powerful than the doctrines they set forth, or any particular methods they adopt for teaching those doctrines, however impressive they may be.

The same shot, with the same charge of gunpowder, from a rifled cannon will produce ten times a greater effect than from one with a smooth bore. The make of the gun gives the extra force to the shot. Just in the same way, the truth from the lips of one man whom his hearers believe to be holy and true, will strike with a hundred-fold more force than the same message will from another who has not so commended himself. The character of the man gives the extra force to the truth.

The F.O. must have been converted or changed by the power of the Holy Spirit from the old, worldly, selfish, sinful nature; and not only must he thus have received a new heart, but he

[1] Field Officer.

must have the Holy Spirit living in that heart, possessing it, and working through it, to will and to do the good pleasure of God.

The F.O. who does not feel the perilous condition of the men and women about him, will not impress them with the tremendous meaning of his message. They will measure the extent of their danger by his anxiety. If he does not care, neither will they. If he is moved, they will be moved. If he weeps over them, they will be very likely to weep over themselves. There is nothing more certain than that the F.O. who is not concerned whether men are saved or damned, will accomplish little or nothing. Nowhere, perhaps, in the universe is a heart of stone — that is, a heart that is not tender and full of feeling — more out of place than in the breast of an F.O. in the Salvation Army. If he is earnest about success, the shortest way to win it will be to get the stony heart taken away, and to obtain a heart of flesh in its place. This done, he and everybody about him will soon see the change — and feel it too.

We have been talking to men about their souls for upwards of forty years, and we have had some opportunities of observing others who have been similarly engaged. Of nothing has our experience made us more certain than of the comparative uselessness of all soul-saving talk or effort which is not the outcome of a compassionate heart.

No matter how an Officer may exert himself in public or private, no matter how he may plead or weep, if his tears and words are not the expression of feelings which exist in his soul, their real character will be perceived by those who listen to him, and they will be of little or no avail.

If an Officer shuts himself up in his house, reading a few dried-up books or committing Mr. Somebody's speeches and anecdotes to memory to spout to the people his heart will grow colder and colder, and no wonder.

Instead of this, let him go out into the streets and lanes and slums, and listen to the tramp of the multitudes as they march down to the gates of Hell. Let him hear them cursing and swearing, and calling upon Jehovah to damn their bodies and souls and families and comrades. Let him listen as they jibe and sneer and flout the very name of God, and defy Him with uplifted eyes and hands. Then let him consider how miserably small is the minority of those who are on the side of the King — and how powerless, humanly speaking, the latter are in comparison. He will then be likely to consider the condition of the world — at the very headquarters of Christianity — to be awful. His soul will be moved whether he will or no; and he will go to work in dead earnest to alter things.

Success, however, as a rule, has a tendency to damage

Officers by making them proud, and so injuring their usefulness. We have known Officers who, while fighting against great difficulties, with few friends, little money, and not many souls, have kept a simple and beautiful character and grown in grace and in favour with God and men. And we have known the same Officers, when suddenly launched on a tide of success, with money, souls, and the good wishes and approbation of the multitude, lose their humility, their love for sinners, and their power with God, and so, shorn of their spiritual strength, we have seen them become as weak and powerless for good as other men.

The F.O. in his general demeanour, both in private and in public, should have an earnest yet cheerful manner. He should be himself and not some one else; he must not imitate or mimic the manner of any one. Let him be natural, neither better nor worse than he is. To appear worse would be a pity and a shame. To appear better would be a pretence and a deception. Let him be himself.

At the same time the F.O. must beware of buffoonery and silly laughing, joking, giggling, flirting, and the like, such things being a huge folly and an outrage on his office and profession, and a standing impediment to the souls about him in the way which leads to the Kingdom of Heaven.

The F.O. should be himself influenced by his work. If the War, with all its solemnity, importance, and consequences, has its influence upon his heart, it will make its mark upon his countenance and upon his every movement; this influence will be on him when he walks abroad, when he visits the people, when he sings and prays and talks, when he is alone or in company, wherever he may be, or whatever he may be doing.

There are elaborate instructions concerning health, diet, and clothing. We give a few characteristic illustrations of the General's Orders concerning cleanliness and modesty in apparel. The Field Officer, he says, should

Keep himself clean, with hands and face frequently washed, teeth brushed, finger nails pared, and hair tidily cut, so presenting altogether a neat and decent appearance. If cleanliness is not next to godliness it is not very far away.

Worldly ornaments, such as light gloves, frillings, fur on collars, capes or jackets, rings (except the wedding ring) must be abandoned.

Ear-rings or hoops of every description are prohibited. The popular belief that they are beneficial to the eyes is a delusion. There is no possible connection betwixt rings in the ears and the condition of the eyes. Anyway, whatever view is held, Officers must not wear them. Gold and silver chains, or chains

having the appearance of gold and silver, lockets, or ornaments of the same class, are strictly forbidden for either male or female Officers. The same applies to worldly ornaments or ornaments of every kind, even including articles such as brooches made of silver or fancy material, and bearing the name of the Army, or some good motto. If the F.O.s trick themselves out in any degree, however trifling, the vanity will be observed by the Soldiers, who will feel that when Officers, subject to regulations, thus indulge in finery to a small extent, they show that they would indulge in it wholesale if they were free. This applies also to ornamental ways of doing the hair, such as frizzings, crimpings, fringes, or tufts let down over the forehead. Female Officers must not cut their hair, or part it, so as to resemble men; and men must not part their hair so as to resemble women.

The following passages are significant of the General's theology:

Nothing is more clearly revealed in the Bible, or better known by Salvationists, than that the world is in rebellion against God; that the majority of men defy His authority, have little or no regard for His laws, and do not in any form attempt to order their conduct according to His wishes; in short, that they neither love nor fear Him. Of the truth of this painful indictment the F.O. can find ample evidence in almost every street in which he moves, and in almost every house that he enters.

The F.O. must see that men, as rebels, are condemned to die by the law they have broken. Every intelligent transgressor of the Divine law is of necessity under its condemnation, the decree of Heaven being that, unless forgiven, "The soul that sinneth it shall die."

As a consequence of this rebellion, the F.O. sees misery everywhere. Sin means poverty, toil, suffering, affliction, cruelty, blasphemy, murder, war, death, and damnation. God has joined sin and suffering together in this world, as well as in the world to come.

The F.O. should realize that men are perpetually perishing; that every moment of his life, when he wakes and when he sleeps, some soul somewhere passes into eternity.

He should see that those who reject God's mercy are driven away in their wickedness — driven down to Hell. At death probation ends, the day of mercy closes, and there is no hope for evermore.

The F.O. must perceive that in all this misery men apart from God are totally unable to help themselves, that they get

worse rather than better; that, unless deliverance is obtained from without, they must perish.

The F.O. should set apart a fixed time to read and think and pray about this state of things. He should do this, until he realizes it vividly in his soul, and until all his nature is possessed of the true conception of the awful condition, suffering, and danger of these millions of never-dying souls. The world will then appear to him to be full of people living in red-handed rebellion against their Maker; who are, in consequence, condemned criminals before Him: and that, as a result, multitudes of men are living in indescribable sufferings, are dying every moment without hope, and passing away to still further wretchedness and wrath in the world to come.

There must be no bitterness in his heart, in his words, or in his manner. He must not scold. If the people think he is angry with them, they will feel like answering him back, or justifying themselves: whereas, if they can see that while knowing how wrong they are, and feeling it, he is full of pitying tenderness towards them, they will melt down before him, condemn themselves, acknowledge their sin, and seek mercy.

. . . His condemnation will be modified, and his heart will rise up and plead on their behalf, if he remembers

(*a*) That sinners only act out their depraved nature; they are what their dispositions make them.

(*b*) That multitudes follow the example set before them from their babyhood; they have seen nothing else around them — father, mother, brothers, sisters, companions, all bad and devilish, and always so.

(*c*) That many of them have been not only actually born in iniquity, but bred up and trained in it as their natural condition of life.

(*d*) That many are totally ignorant of the evil nature of sin and of the love of God.

(*e*) That all are more or less possessed of the Devil, who drives them about at his good pleasure.

The recollection of these things will make the F.O. pity sinners, and impel him to do all he can to rescue them.

Compassion will prevent that stuck-up-ism and professionalism and unnatural, canting, way of talking, which is so abominated by sinners in general. While sinners hate the whining talk which only comes from the tongue, they respect anything like conviction and reality in religion, and as a rule will be prepared to give it a favourable hearing; and when they can see that people are really concerned about them, there are very few people who will not listen and be moved, if nothing more. Love is a wonderful conqueror — compas-

sion is eloquence. Words without it, no matter how clever or numerous, are only words; they may scratch the skin, but it is very seldom they prick the heart.

The first and most important duty of the F.O. with regard to his Soldiers is to love them. No matter what other qualifications he may possess, unless he has this one he will be comparatively powerless in dealing with his Corps. He may give his goods to feed them, if he has any to give; he might allow his body to be burned for their benefit, if that were possible; he might talk like Gabriel, so as to charm them in spite of themselves; he might work miracles before their eyes; he might heal their sick and do many wonderful things on their behalf; but unless he loves them, and makes them feel that he does so, he will be in their estimation as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. They will regard him as a mere hireling, and will look upon all his efforts as only so much work done to gain a livelihood or a position, and in consequence will have as little communication with him as they can help.

The royal and only way for the F.O. to make his Soldiers love others is for him to love them. The living waters of love that flow from him to his Soldiers will flow from them to others. Here is a stream — a life-giving stream — that neither men nor devils can dry up.

This invincible method of securing victory is possible to every Officer alike. All cannot equally solo, or speak eloquently, or invent new plans; but all can love. Love is a gift that grows with its exercise. The more an Officer loves, the more ability he has to love. Let every Officer prove the truth of this sentiment by putting it to practise.

The F.O. must love the unfaithful and wayward Soldiers of his Corps in order to get them put right. He must love them for Christ's sake. The Spirit of the Master within him will make him pity them, and strive to remove what is wrong in them, and to bring them up to that level of devotion and service on which he himself stands.

Under the heading "Roughs, Toughs, or Larrikins" we find the following instructions which reveal, with the rich humanity of William Booth, his sense of humour:

In all the large towns and cities of Great Britain, and even in the smaller places and villages, there are large numbers of young men belonging to the lowest orders of Society who are known by the general terms of "roughs." In Australia they have named the same class "larrikins" and in the United States they pass by the name of "hoodlums" or "toughs."

A large portion of this class have no regular employment; they don't work if they can help it, and are therefore ever

ready for fighting, riot, or any other mischief, and should there come, as any day there may, some great revolutionary upheaval of Society, these and multitudes of others equally godless and profane, whom they would drag along with them, will be ready and able to make serious trouble to Society.

Over this class, in the Protestant nations, at least, the ministers of religion exercise little or no control or influence.

From this set has come nearly all the mob persecution. The Army has had to suffer in Great Britain and in other countries. They haunt the low public-houses or saloons and brothels and gambling dens, and consequently are very much under the influence of those parties who are interested in the maintenance of vice, and who, perceiving readily how antagonistic the principles of the Army are to their vicious and devilish purposes, burn with hatred against it, and find in this demoralized part of the community the ready tools and agents to carry out their designs.

Now an F.O. will see at a glance that the only hope for these roughs is in the Army. If they are not saved by its agency, there is no other that pretends in any shape or form to be able to touch them. Everywhere they are willing, as a rule, to come to our Halls, and every Sabbath tens of thousands of them are there. They listen to our message, sing our songs, accompany our processions, and in many cases are guardians of order for us in the open air: and, better still, numbers of them have become converted and become Soldiers in the Army, some of whom are now highly valued and very useful Officers.

Still, our success among this class has come far short of what it ought to have been. In many cases they have been driven from the Army in the most foolish, we might say wicked, manner: and where they might have been in our ranks in thousands, they now stand aloof, and if they don't persecute they secretly despise us, putting us down as being no more in sympathy with them than other Christians who, with a few professions of regret, pass them by on the other side.

Now, if these heathens, who are anyway as worthy of our notice as the Hindoos or the Africans, are not to be left to perish, our F.O.s must seriously turn their attention to them, and learn to adapt themselves and their measures to the important task of saving them. We have not to cross the seas at great expense, and go to the trouble of learning another language, to get at them. There they are, speaking our mother tongue, in any numbers close to our doors. We have only to cross the streets to lay our hands upon them. They have hearts; they can be won, and once saved, they make splendid Soldiers, full of spirit and daring, ready to face any danger and endure any hardship.

### How Not To Reach Them

To Officers who do not want to reach and save these roughs, we give the following counsels:

1. Don't go where they are; keep out of those neighbourhoods where they live. Act as though there were no such people. Leave them to harden in sin, sink lower in vice and crime, and to go to Hell without being disturbed on the way thither. You will then in time, perhaps, come to lose sight of them and to question their very existence, as some other people do.

2. Don't let them come where you are, if you can help it. Have Door-keepers who will keep them out of your Halls, or throw them down the stairs if they do come in, because they don't behave like ladies and gentlemen.

3. If they do come near you, don't talk to them in a language they can understand. Adapt your praying and singing and talking to the Church and Chapel and nice people; and there being nothing the roughs can understand or that interests them, they will soon cease to trouble you with their vulgar presence.

4. Make it evident that you look down upon them as an inferior class of people. Dress and talk and pray all above their notions, as though you belonged to a superior class. There is nothing they hate like stuck-up lady-and-gentlemanism.

5. Treat them as people who are never likely to become religious.

6. Scold them plenty. Be like the Judgment Day to them. Let them only see one side of the character of God, and that the angry side. In short, be just the reverse of what Jesus Christ was, who came not to condemn, but to save.

7. Be impatient with any little irregularities they may manifest. That is, if they keep their hats on, or speak to one another in the meeting, as they do at their places of amusement, lose your temper over it. Or, still worse, let a Door-keeper strike them, or use violence in keeping them out, or patronize and encourage Sergeants who do all this, and the roughs will never trouble over much, indeed they will soon find out that you do not love them, and then they will most certainly trouble you no more.

8. Threaten them a great deal and fail to perform your threats, and they will mark it down and reckon you up as not being true to your word, and despise and trifle with you ever after. Or if you don't do this, have plenty of law against them. Always be running for the police, getting out summonses, making them pay fines, or sending them to prison — in short, hate them where you should love them, drive them

where you should draw them, and make their damnation more certain and terrible because of your appearing on the scenes, rather than be the means of making their calling and Salvation sure.

If you want to save the roughs, just go and do the opposite of all this.

These various quotations, we think, are helpful, among other and greater things, in explaining the popularity of William Booth. They manifest the hunger and thirst of his soul for the two great principles of human conduct — sincerity and love. His methods, which were spontaneous and entirely natural, although they attracted in the first instance, were in truth hindrances to his subsequent progress; but in spite of the grave impediments they created in his way, causing many just people to regard him as a fanatic, and many careless to dismiss him as a mountebank, he won, as no other man of his time succeeded in winning, the confidence of the world and the love of the poor. It is a curious and very remarkable fact of the Salvation Army that among its most liberal subscribers have been men who made no religious profession at all, or men of quite different religions. William Booth certainly succeeded in convincing the world, and a section of the world most difficult to convince about anything, that he was an honest man, doing with considerable success a work that entitled him not only to public assistance but to national gratitude.

# CHAPTER XIV

## SOCIAL REFORMS AND FAMILY DIFFERENCES

## 1892–1893

Professor Huxley's attack upon William Booth, the Salvation Army, and the Darkest England Scheme made but a small impression upon the General, who had, it seems, less compassion and sympathy for an infidel than for any other creature. His pronunciation of this term was in itself a whole volume. "Huxley's an infidel," he would say; and then, lifting his eyebrows, "how can he possibly understand us?" On opening *The Times* during this period, he would ask, "Well, what is there this morning? I'm a culprit! What have I done now? What's the latest crime and felony I've committed?" And at his ever-growing Meetings, for the interest in him and his work was now enormous, if any one suggested that he should reply to Huxley, his invariable response was —"Don't answer criticisms. Let's have a good Meeting." It was a saying with him —"The *thing* you are doing is the great thing — not the commotion: never mind the commotion, go on with the work." We find in *Orders and Regulations for Field Officers* the following instructions regarding contact with agnostics:

> In dealing with infidels, or any other unbelievers, the F.O. should not argue. . . . It is his business to convert him, and not to refute him. . . . In dealing with infidels the F.O. should find out the points wherein they agree with him . . . and should push these points home. For instance, he can dwell on the consciousness of sin existing in the heart of every unsaved man . . . the awful power which sinful habit has over men . . . the miseries which sin produces in this life.

"My father," says Bramwell Booth, "had by this time become almost callously indifferent to outside criticism, but he was, on the other hand, very sensitive to the criticism of those whom he took into his inner council. He welcomed that criticism. A constant phrase of his in asking

my own opinion of his schemes and proposals was, '*Don't be partial.*' He used to say that the Salvation Army was not a mutual admiration society, but rather a school for self-criticism. He never heedlessly rushed anything forward, but always thought, and thought hard, before he acted. I don't say his cogitations always appeared to me to prove successful. For instance, as compared with his scheme for Colonies Overseas, I preferred paternal emigration on a large scale, and this has become a successful part of our work; but the General, while approving the emigration, stuck tenaciously to his idea, and never ceased to regret its disappearance from the Darkest England Scheme. To the end of his life he was worried by the loss of the projected Colonies Overseas."

At the side of the General in the early years of his widowerhood were three of his children, Bramwell, Emma, and Herbert, and these three surrounding their father were ready to die for him. They faced the world with the utmost enthusiasm for the Salvation Army. They were part of the General's inner council; they were privy to all his schemes; they were in their own measure his critics and guardians as well as his devoted children and his loyal followers. Ballington Booth was in the United States, Catherine with her husband on the Continent, Eva in Canada, and Lucy in India. These children were as dear to the General as the others, but they did not so intimately share the higher responsibilities of the Army.

Troubles developed in the year 1892. The first of these was in the sphere of doctrine. One of his children was caught by an extreme view of Faith-Healing. The General was by no means unsympathetic to this interesting question, as may be seen in *Orders and Regulations,* but he had neither time nor disposition for mystical speculations. Moreover, he was expending every ounce of his energy on a world-wide effort on behalf of the submerged. "I can't bother with spasms," he used to say; "I want things that can be done again, that can be fitted in with what's going on already." Thus there was trouble behind the scenes, serious difference of opinion, though the family presented one front to the world.

Later on these troubles widened, and were intensified by graver difficulties in the sphere of discipline. "I can't have doctrinal differences interfering with the *work*," said the General; "go and keep the Regulations, and save the people; keep your difficulties to yourselves." But when serious divergence from Orders supervened on these differences of opinion, the General was adamant. "There are worse things than suffering," he said; "one must go on; at all costs one must go on." In his journal for 1893 he writes of one of his daughters and her husband:

> We parted very affectionately. They appear very sorry for the previous misunderstandings and promise very fairly for the future. I have made them understand that they must conform to Orders and Regulations as other Officers, that I am *General* first and Father afterwards.

But as the years went on, these promises were not realized; and between 1898 and 1901 three of his children left him and went their own way. He suffered acutely and hoped for reconciliation, but reconciliation never came. No doubt much might be said on both sides of this subject; but the main position of William Booth seems to me unassailable, since it was the position of one rooted in loyalty at every cost to what he conceived to be the highest duty of his life. His children had of their own free choice become Officers in the Army. He was now the "General first and Father afterwards."

In this sad and regrettable incident of his life, there is at least one aspect which helps the outsider to respect all parties. The children of William Booth who left the Salvation Army — not one of them, we may be sure, without pain and sorrow — remained, and still remain, workers in the cause of religion. Such was the training and influence of their father's life that they could not desert the person of Him whose service he and their mother had laid upon them in childhood; and such were their dispositions that no difference of opinion, no rupture of affectionate relationship, could cast them out of the field of self-sacrifice and service for others. William Booth lost three of his children; but in reality they were still his followers.

We do not propose to refer to this domestic difficulty again, and we have purposely only glanced at it in this place because we feel, first, that the matter did not prove to be of great importance; and, second, because those chiefly concerned are still alive. But before leaving the subject we must say that, while we admire William Booth for his loyalty to his faith and to the discipline of the Salvation Army, we cannot fail to regret that he did not succeed in his efforts to discover a path to reconciliation.

On the other hand, a man between sixty and seventy years of age, engaged in a work of universal and eternal importance, may perhaps be pardoned if he did not turn aside from his labours to seek middle-aged children who had departed from his spirit, and in one way or another disputed his authority. And the more we consider the prodigious labours of this man, carrying as he was the sorrows and sufferings of an immense host of humanity, the more readily we shall be disposed, if not to forgive him for any apparent lack of tenderness, at least to understand his impatience with anything which appeared to him likely to hinder the work of his life on the part of those for whom he had, as he conceived, and as they acknowledged, given so many proofs of a boundless confidence and affection. We will, therefore, turn away from these domestic disturbances and return to the social labours which occupied William Booth in the 'nineties.

A sufficient sum of money was subscribed to the Darkest England Scheme within four months of its promulgation.[1] Bramwell Booth and his Staff immediately set to work on the labour of materializing his father's schemes. Food Depots and Shelters, Rescue Homes and Labour Bureaux, were set up in the great industrial centres, a farm was purchased in Essex, and the entire Social Wing of the Army, with Shelters for Women and Prison-gate Brigade, and a Slum Sisterhood, was re-organized. But a sum of £30,000 a year was necessary to sustain this immense activity, and the criticisms of Professor Huxley, the persistent attacks of *The Times* newspaper, and the scurrilous pamphlets is-

[1] By September, 1902, £129,288: 12: 6 was subscribed to the Fund. (Report of the Committee of Inquiry, p. 6.)

sued by "backsliders" and others, checked the flow of *annual* subscriptions.

It was very generally believed, as the Salvation Army itself expressed the matter, that "part of the money has been expended on his (William Booth's) personal aggrandisement or advantage, and that, in particular, money contributed for the Darkest England Fund has been used to defray the cost of demonstrations at home or in the Colonies." Further, there was doubt as to "the accuracy and completeness of the published Accounts and Balance-Sheets." And finally, there was question "as to whether the whole of the Darkest England Fund has been expended upon the objects of the scheme . . . as distinguished from the ordinary operations of the Salvation Army."

In order "to satisfy all sincere persons, and in the hope of removing these doubts and of correcting misrepresentations, General Booth has invited an examination by a Committee of Inquiry on the points referred to."

This Committee, of which Sir Henry James (afterwards Lord James of Hereford) was chairman, consisted of Lord Onslow, Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P. (who resigned on account of a domestic bereavement), Mr. Walter Long, Mr. Edwin Waterhouse, President of the Institute of Chartered Accountants, and Mr. C. Hobhouse, M.P., who acted as Hon. Secretary of the Committee. Eighteen meetings of the Committee were held, twenty-nine witnesses were examined, and the Committee "received the fullest assistance from and the complete co-operation of the Officers of the Salvation Army." Further, we are told in the Report, "The Committee have afforded full opportunity to those who have preferred charges against, or have adversely criticised, the administration of the Darkest England' funds and institutions, to appear and give evidence before the Committee."

The matters investigated were summarized by the Committee in the following form:

1. Have the moneys collected by means of the Appeal made to the public in *In Darkest England and the Way Out* been devoted to the objects and expended in the methods set out in that Appeal, and to and in no other?

2. Have the methods employed in the expenditure of such moneys been, and are they, of a business-like, economical, and prudent character, and have the accounts of such expenditure been kept in a proper and clear manner?

3. Is the property, both real and personal, and are the moneys resulting from the above Appeal now so vested that they cannot be applied to any purposes other than those set out in *In Darkest England,* and what safeguards exist to prevent the misapplication of such property and money, either now or after the death of Mr. Booth?

It will be interesting before giving the conclusions to which the Committee came on the 19th December, 1892 — subsequently published as the "Report of the Committee of Inquiry upon the Darkest England Scheme" — to quote a few passages from a Memorandum issued by the Salvation Army for the information of this Committee:

During the 27 years the Army has been in existence the General has not drawn any income from its funds; nor has he derived, nor arranged to derive, either for himself or for any member of his family, any material profit or benefit from the working of the Social Scheme.

He has set aside the entire profits of his book *In Darkest England,* amounting to £7,838, for the benefit of the Funds. The particular manner in which these profits are to be appropriated has not as yet been decided upon. Still the money will be used for the benefit of the Army Funds and will be accounted for accordingly.

It can be shown that the system of Accounts and Finance followed in the Army is such as makes it impossible for the General or any Officer whatever to draw any money from the Funds without the same being vouched for in a business-like manner and being duly entered in the accounts. All payments have to be passed by a regularly appointed Expenditure Board. This rule applies to both the Spiritual and Social sides of the Army.

Of the Accuracy of these statements, the Auditors and Accountants, together with the Books and Balance-Sheets of the Army, will be alike open to the examination of the Committee.

The General's express instructions have been that the accounts shall be kept in a complete, elaborate, and thoroughly business-like manner.

To ensure this object, the General has entrusted a firm of Auditors of high standing in the City, Messrs. Knox, Burbidge, Cropper & Co., 16 Finsbury Circus, E.C., with absolute con-

trol over the Accounts and Balance-Sheets of both the Spiritual and Social sides of the Army, giving them to understand that he holds them responsible not only for all necessary accuracy in bookkeeping, but for the issue of such Balance-Sheets as are required by the Public.

No money has been spent on Demonstrations, Special Steamers, Special Trains, or anything of that description, as has been represented. The expenses involved in the General's African, Australasian, and Indian Tours did not in any way fall on the "Darkest England" Funds, although that scheme profited by that Tour in the way of income. The financial responsibilities of those Tours were taken by the Spiritual side of the Army, the result being an actual gain after all expenses of every description were paid.

Neither have any of the moneys contributed to the Social Scheme been used for the support or extension of the Spiritual side of the Army, such as the erection of Barracks, payment of Officers, etc., as has also been asserted.

At the onset the General executed a Deed, in which he bound himself and his Successors to the appropriation of the Social moneys to the purposes for which they were contributed.

The provisions of that Deed have been strictly adhered to in this as in other respects, of which the Books will give ample evidence. So rigidly is this rule observed that even the Corps on the Farm Colony, composed as it is so largely of the Officers, Colonists, and Employees on the estate, voluntarily supports its own Spiritual Officers and pays a rental of £50 for the use of their Barracks, which, considering that the building only cost £650, may be regarded as good interest on the outlay.

This statement, *ex parte* in its origin, was strictly in accordance with the facts, and after careful investigation the Committee of Inquiry supported the contention of the Salvation Army and disposed of the allegations of its enemies. The Committee found:

1. That, with the exception of the sums expended on the "Barracks" at Hadleigh (rented by the Spiritual Wing from the Social Wing of the Salvation Army), mentioned in the earlier part of the Report, the funds collected by means of the Appeal made to the public in *In Darkest England and the Way Out,* have been devoted only to the objects and expended in the methods set out in that Appeal, and to and in no others.

2. That subject to the qualifications expressed in the preceding portion of this Report, arising from the difficulty of form-

ing an opinion at so early a stage in the existence of some of the institutions, it appears that the methods employed in the expenditure of such moneys have been and are of a business-like, economical, and prudent character.

3. That the accounts of such expenditure have been and are kept in a proper and clear manner.

4. That whilst the invested property, real and personal, resulting from such Appeal is so vested and controlled by the Trust of the Deed of January 30, 1891, that any application of it to purposes other than those declared in the Deed by any "General" of the Salvation Army would amount to a breach of trust, and would subject him to the proceedings of a civil or criminal character, before mentioned in the Report, adequate legal safeguards do not at present exist to prevent the misapplication of such property.

The disgraceful insinuations concerning the personal integrity of William Booth which had crept into criticisms of the Darkest England Scheme, made even by such men as Professor Huxley, were met by the following statement in the Committee's Report:

In examining the accounts, the Committees were careful to inquire whether any portion of the travelling expenses of the members of the Salvation Army had been borne by the Darkest England Fund, and whether Mr. Booth or any of his family have drawn any sums for their personal use therefrom. No such expenditure appears to have been incurred. There is no reason to think that Mr. Booth or any member of his family derive, or ever have derived, benefit of any kind from any of the properties or money raised for the Darkest England Scheme. Some members of Mr. Booth's family draw salaries from the Spiritual Wing of the Salvation Army and a list was put in from which it appears that Mr. Booth himself has received nothing from either side of the Salvation Army. He has a small income partly settled on him by a personal friend and partly derived from the sale of his literary works, the amount and nature of which he explained to the Committee, and which seemed to them commensurate with the maintenance of his personal establishment.

In spite of this Report, minds of the baser order continued to nurse the slander that William Booth was a rogue and a charlatan. Charles Bradlaugh, it is said, at the very hour of his death continued to repeat the phrase, "General Booth's accounts, General Booth's accounts!"

over the hope of an exposure. But, on the whole, it may be said that faith in the honesty of William Booth was now general throughout the country, established, we are disposed to think, more by the ardour with which the Salvation Army continued to throw itself into the work of moral and social reform than by the finding of the Committee of Inquiry.

It is important to know that at the time when William Booth set himself to solve the social problem the very poor of East London, far from being neglected, were in danger of being submerged by the wasteful excesses of sentimental charity. It was to systematize charity, and to make charity masculine, practical, and scientific, that William Booth threw himself into the work. He saw that in spite of free lodgings, free meals, gifts of clothing, and gifts of money, there was no *moral and religious progress*. He believed that religious progress tarried because sentimental charity tended to intervene between the chastisement of God and the repentance of the sinner. His scheme was not to give and not to relieve, but to rescue, revive, and rebuild. Indeed, he gave up, years before, an annual sum of £500, given to him for the provision of free breakfasts, because he was entirely convinced of the destructive, or at any rate the dangerous, nature of such charity. His principle was to love the souls of men, to spare no sacrifice in the work of turning the hearts of the foolish, and certainly to lift up at all hazards the fallen cab-horses of humanity; but as regarded the bodies and minds of men his principle was to test their worth, to prove their genuineness, not by religious catechism but in the workshop and the field. He hated all coddling. He abhorred grandmotherliness in all its manifestations. He was the enemy of every form of softness.

It was a charge against him, repeatedly and exultingly brought by his enemies, that he underpaid his Officers and condemned them to lives of inordinate hard labour. The fact was, that William Booth believed in poverty, and feared riches. Moreover, he knew of no better test for the sincerity of religious professions than the school of poverty and the field of absolute self-abnegation. So hot was

he against humbug and cant and mere lip-service, that he made it one of his glories that those who followed him followed him in poverty, and often in distress. I have encountered in the slums of great cities many humble Soldiers of the working-classes, those who toil for the Army and give their savings for its support, who consider that the secret of their General's success was this very demand for poverty and labour.

It may be imagined that immense difficulties confronted William Booth in reducing sentimental charity to a practical system of regeneration. So great were those difficulties and so absorbing the attention they demanded, that for three years he was almost obsessed by the machinery of his scheme. He became more and more a social reformer, and for the moment rather less of a religious revivalist. The stubbornness and obstinacy of his nature took control of his energies: he determined that at all costs his much-vaunted and much-derided scheme should be established and should succeed. His letters and diaries are much occupied by this great adventure. And we may see in the fact that practically every one of his proposals, with the exception of the Oversea Colony, is now an integral part of the Salvation Army's Social Work, evidence that he not only laboured industriously and with great faith and enthusiasm, but that his labour triumphed. Against every difficulty that disputed his path, he threw the full force of his dogged and purposeful nature. His mind was made up to answer his critics not in words but in facts; and the standing accomplishment of this tremendous, most-complicated, and extremely hazardous task witnesses to the triumph of his will. It is true that but for the assistance of others this scheme might either have been botched or might have come to naught; but it is equally certain that but for the inspiration of William Booth and his incessant enthusiasm for the triumph of his idea, the scheme would never have taken any shape at all. I am not arguing that the successful organization of this particular enterprise was entirely the creation of William Booth; but I want to make it clear, for more reasons than one, that although he him-

self did not do all the laborious and exacting part of this work, he was nevertheless consumed by interest in its success for at least three years of his life — the three years which saw the materialization of his schemes and the successful establishment of this first venture in coherent social reform.

# CHAPTER XV

## GOING BACK TO FIRST CAUSES

### 1893

During the three years in which he was absorbed by the Darkest England Scheme there were moments when he found himself haunted by the call of the world evangelist; and after these three years of absorbing labour, of almost unbroken obsession, he left the business of social reform very largely in the hands of others and returned to his work as preacher of salvation.

Social reform seemed to him an important business; he acknowledged it, indeed, as a wing of Salvation Army activity: to the end of his life he was proud of the Darkest England Scheme and interested in its welfare; but from 1893–1894 onwards he himself turned more and more to the centre of his Army, and with as much ardour as in his earliest years, but with more breadth and profounder sympathy, preached the great gospel of the changed heart.

Extracts from his letters and diaries are now full of this central cause. We read but seldom of match manufactories, patent coffee, tea plantations, and colonies in Rhodesia. Instead we come across constant cries for more faith, more power to convert the world, more strength to drive his blundering forces straight at the main position of iniquity — indifference to God.

The following extracts from his correspondence for 1893 will give the reader a faithful and authentic impression of his turbulent, troubled, and yet deeply affectionate character:

. . . he never had much *tenderness* or tact in getting at the hearts. *Heart Work* is what we seem to want everywhere. Heart Work!

. . . I love you and miss you very much. . . . It is foolish not to find a little more time for the practice and culture of affection — human affection — sanctified human affection. It

must be of God. Anyway, I finished up as I began without any intention of doing so with the observation that what the S.A. needs is HEART WORK! HEART WORK!

I expect a good night. But — 7 o'clock is too early for the *town*.— We don't get the *working men!* And we *must!*

But I have *not* learnt how to preach yet. I am much down on my work to-day. It is not straight or simple enough, and I *lack the tenderness that breaks the heart.*

But the stinking, unventilated hall I have been in is certainly enough to poison the devil!

If the parsons came and helped us it would be something. It is a great query whether it would not be better to try and secure the co-operation of the churches if they are to reap so largely of the results. But I suppose they would only cripple us.

We had a swell veterinary surgeon out in the morning — with great practice. Already wants to throw up and come in as an Officer. Also a parson who testified this afternoon to getting a clean heart.

I cannot see through that Anti-Liquor League Meeting at Exeter Hall. I have no heart for it. I am much exercised about mixing up in any way with those who are not for my Lord.

You cannot imagine the early Xtians going to Cæsar to ask for help in rectifying the sins and miseries of the world. They said Jesus Christ was the Saviour. "None other Name."

I am going back to the faith of my early days. Not a philanthropist or a *parson* shook hands with me at Liverpool. *Not one! ! !*

I do want to learn how to *save souls.* I feel there is yet much to learn — *some secret.* I know I am wanting in faith. I expect that is my weak spot.

The *Holy Ghost* convicting people of sin, making them saints and soldiers — sacrificing, weeping, toiling to save men from sin and hell — there is our power in a nutshell.

*I am awfully alone!* and I must own with some little shame that little things try me not a little. Still I am struggling to "keep believing."

Speaking about the Darkest England Scheme and his inability to answer critics about the results because of his ignorance of statistics, he writes to Bramwell:

You see — I don't know enough! No one will be at the trouble to teach me! Or else I won't find time to be taught.

I want some one with me who won't *fuss me* but fix me!

This "gadding about" is not such a "pleasant Sunday afternoon" as you imagine.

We must shake the world in some way. Oh that I knew how!

I have read Mrs. Butler's letter. My dear boy, I cannot go in for any more "campaigns" against evils. My hands and heart are full enough. And, moreover, these . . . reformers of Society have no sympathy with the S.A. nor with Salvation from *worldliness and sin.* Our campaign is against *Sin!* And our great difficulties lie in the direction of a lot of professed followers of Jesus Christ who are full of humanitarian pleasant Sunday afternoon Moodyism or the like. The Christ people who are not for a religion of deliverance from sinning are God's great enemies.

All except two or three silly students very attentive. I snubbed these fellows, and they were quiet until the middle of the Prayer-Meeting, when one of them fired off a cracker, which made a terrible row in the gallery. Our "Salvation Roughs"—as they call them—collared him and frightened him out of his wits. It didn't affect the Prayer-Meeting. . . .

The follies big and little of the S.A. make a perpetual marvel to me as to its survival!

I get so *sad* when I go away sometimes. I cannot get my bit of food. I shall have to give up the diet. And I hate Hotels of any sort!

Speak plainly to them. Tell them they must take their commands or say so! I will tell —— as plainly to mind her own business when I see her.

. . . I am not strong enough and am too nervous now for the *heavy* cattle I have to deal with.

I quite agree with you about bringing expenditure and income to the same level. Thought we had done this; if not, the sooner it is done the better. You know my views about begging from the rich.

Why don't you look into things? A *general* oversight is what is wanted and leave a lot of details to other people. Excuse me, but that is the one great error of *your* management and *mine,* spending our energies on details and leaving greater things to take care of themselves.

I see from a *Westminster* just arrived that you have had *rain.* I like to know *something* about secular affairs—that is very different to devouring 2 daily secular papers and 3 or 4 religious weeklies.

The *Victoria,* another Ironclad gone. They will continue building these "death-traps" whatever occurs. Poor fellows. I saw Tryon once. He was a fine intelligent-looking fellow.

Of Mrs. Bramwell Booth, whose work for the rescue of

fallen women had developed in a most wonderful fashion since 1885, he writes to Bramwell, asking:

Why does she not write a book on *How our girls are damned?* . . . or, if she does not like swearing in her title, put it blasted, blighted, ruined, only it should be a good expletive!

Speaking of the bad arrangements for one campaign, posters wrong, meetings on market-days, etc.:

No room for my comet in this concern simply because there is nobody to describe my orbit.

Your letter to —— is excellent and must do good. . . . I have spent the day so far over mine to —— and a few other unimportant epistles.

Oh the time spent over these wretched misunderstandings. The *Devil* knows. He understands how to waste time and stop progress.

You can please feel perfectly safe in any intimations of affection you make to me. My objection is not to expressions of love and sympathy when they are real — perhaps few prize such terms more highly or regard them as more sacred — but I certainly do object to extravagant phrases which are not borne out by the evidences of every-day life. I know you care for me, and the knowledge of it is one of the chief human sustaining influences of my life. My love for you is more than I can tell.

. . . I did not write to Mr. —— when it came to it. I hardly knew how to do it. I cannot play the toad or appear to have feelings which I do not entertain, and I hardly know what to say. I won't ask him for money, and I hardly know how otherwise to approach him. He has not answered my last and has evidently made up his mind to cut us — and he will do so until God brings him round again, or takes him home.

I am either so occupied or so weary, or sleeping or trying to sleep most of the time! Not that I am quite content that it should be so. I could welcome a little leisure— ever so little, but it seems to be denied to me. But I don't repine or complain. I go forward. I certainly would like a Comrade to travel with me . . . who *understood* me and my little fads — without my having to plead for every one — over and over again. John Wesley allowed himself this from the beginning, and I do think it might be allowed me.

I wonder how you are? How little time we have for the *amenities of life*. I suppose we shall have time up yonder.

Send me Tolstoi's article in *New Review*, with no expectation that I shall answer. Once and for all let —— and all else know that I don't write about Jesus Christ and Salvation or anything else simply to sell people's Reviews or newspapers or anything else. I don't hold my pen and my opinions so cheap *myself*, if other people do.

I don't understand how it is I go so poorly at times, and no one seems to take any notice of me. They think it is Wolf! Wolf! But it is *not*. I wish I had a *doctor* whom I could talk to who would have patience with me. But what good are they? I am quite willing to endure all, only these *low* weak helpless fits hinder me so much.

The aside which he had uttered in 1891, "We must have some more spiritual work up and down the country," had now become the ground-swell of his soul. "We must shake the world in some way," he cries in 1893, and adds, "Oh, that I knew how!" But he knew at least the secret of Salvation Army power —"The Holy Ghost convicting people of sin, making them saints and soldiers — sacrificing, weeping, toiling to save men from sin and hell." And when he finds fault with bad arrangements or stupid excuses, when he says, "I want some one with me who won't *fuss me* but fix me!" he is groping his way through the temporal and material exigencies of his tempestuous career only that he may clutch the inviolable shade, only that the unconquerable hope of his soul may achieve the salvation of men.

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE LION IS INTERVIEWED BY THE LAMB

### 1894

NEVER before in its troublous history had the Salvation Army been so busy as during these years. It had now penetrated into the social field of human progress, spreading itself into many of the occupations of mankind, associating itself with the total effort of humanity, itself a part of civilization. But the soul of the old General was now concerned mainly with the one and ultimate activity which had fired his youth; he was glad to hear of victories on this wing and that, was watchful and critical of the strategy all along the Army's extended battle-front; but his attention was directed always to the centre, his determination was now set with something of a new impulse upon the conquest of sin and the conversion of mankind.

Evidence of this concentration of his soul on its original line of march is seen in the report of an interview which he gave to one of his own journalists in the year 1894, the printer's proof of which we may be perfectly certain was subjected to his improving pencil. This simple newspaper article, autobiographical in its character, is one of the most valuable documents of that period; its total omission of any reference to social reform, its ardent insistence upon the centre of Salvation Army experience, its fiery promulgation of Salvation Army teaching, not only reveal the contemporary mind of William Booth with authentic force, but help one to realize how complete at this time was his reaction from the obsessions of social reformation. It will be seen later on that the year 1894, besides being a very busy one, was a year of some anxiety for the Army's social organization, but the piece of journalism which we now present to the reader with but few omissions, and those only for the sake of brevity, shows with unmistakable emphasis that his social adventure had now lost its obsessing power and that he was back again at the Penitent-

Form, with powers undimmed, and his natural force unabated.

The interviewer, who we feel was of a somewhat lamb-like nature and certainly of an accommodating turn of mind, begins with an account of the General's room, which is unfortunately not so intimate or informing a record as we could desire.

"On mantel, shelf, and table," he tells us, "were dispatches, documents, papers and letters relating to up-to-date engagements in the great Salvation Army campaign. Here lay a pile of statistics of miseries and woes which the Social Scheme is devised to assuage; there was a plan of campaign for Reconciliation Week; and yonder a synopsis of some book or pamphlet ready for the press. Whether at home or abroad, among princes or peasants, no one can fail to be impressed with the intense fixity of the General's purpose and the continuity of his plans and schemes to realize it. There is no swerving from the highway on which he is travelling towards his goal. There was not a vestige of a paper, a book, nor, I might add, an ornamentation which did not in some way or other point to activities present or prospective. The General lives, moves, and has his being in the smoke of this holy crusade.

"My entry on the occasion being in the nature of a surprise, I was prepared for the question: 'What brings you here?'"

". . . I would like to hear," said the interviewer, "a statement from your own lips as to some of the main principles which have come now to find an embodiment in the government, practice, and operations of the Army."

We then read:

> Disconnecting himself from every other topic, the General, with that vivacity which never seems to desert him, dived at once into the subject. Standing for a moment near the fireplace, with a programme of some Yorkshire meetings in his hand, he observed:
>
> "The Salvation Army has been, is, and will be for some time to come, at least to a very great extent, the expression of my own religious convictions, experiences, and practices; it must be so of necessity.

"I stand," the General continued, "in the relation of father to my people; the children will resemble their parents. My position and my duty have made me their instructor; my teaching has been, and still is, accepted, followed, and repeated until it reaches every Soldier in the most distant Corps; I have walked before my people for the twenty-nine years the Organization has been in existence; and, loving me as they have done, and as, I am thankful to be able to say, they still do, it is natural that they should have imitated me. Therefore, if, instead of willing that it should be so, I had willed the opposite, I could not have made it otherwise. The all but universal feeling that runs through the eleven thousand of its Officers, and of the tens of thousands of its Soldiers and Recruits, is 'What does the General believe, and what does the General do?'—that will we accept, if it be consistent with the great principles laid down in the Word of God; and that will we do, if it be possible."

"That suggests what some of your critics say," I interjected —"that you are creating a new order of popes."

"Yes; but the new is as different from the old as freedom from slavery. The loyalty of my Soldiers implies no mental servility, no soul-bondage. They believe in being influenced by the same Holy Spirit that influences their General, and in being led by the leader whom God shall raise up for them: and believing that God has raised me up to be their leader, it is their joy to accept my direction. And more still, their own experience has given them confidence in my integrity, discrimination, and judgment. . . .

"I do not claim, in saying this, any particular originality for all that there is of faith, organization, and activity in the Army. Far from it. My indebtedness to the glorious men and women who have gone before me is limitless, and to many of my compeers also. Others have impressed, instructed, and influenced me. The obligation under which I have been laid by my dear wife in this respect is well known. Although at the commencement of the Salvation Army, and during its early years, she was much occupied in her particular path of labour, she was my constant adviser, counsellor, and friend. I thought and felt little about the Army, and did far less respecting it, concerning which I did not first confer with her."

Pausing for a moment, and pacing the room as if he wanted to compass the whole range of some important point, special emphasis was given to what followed:

"I have learned much from my comrades, many of whom have been men and women of great ability, while others have had the advantage of more intimate and practical acquaintance with the class to which they belonged and still belong. . . .

"The principle of adaptation on which I have acted has led

me to acquire information from every possible source as to the character and customs of the people whom I have wished to impress, and the best means of doing so. This must be so, from the composition of my own mind."

"In what particular, General?"

"My natural yearning for success is, perhaps, almost a weakness, and, together with my impatience as to the feeble progress that the Kingdom of Heaven makes in its extension in the world, notwithstanding the efforts put forth, compels me to be not only willing but delighted to discover an improved plan for accelerating the pace. I readily recognise the Mosaic character of these influences. While teaching others, others have taught me."

"But while this applies principally to your methods and the growth of the organization — does it also apply to your principles?"

"Certainly not; while we know of no finality as to method, our principles are unchangeable. And here again the Army to-day is largely an exhibition of those principles implanted in my own soul almost from the very beginning, and which have grown and strengthened up to the present hour."

"Will you kindly name some of those principles?"

"Generally they may be described as few in number, simple in character, and are more or less entertained and cherished by every Soldier in the Army. Wherever that Soldier may be found, or to whatever tribe or nationality he may belong, the Salvationist is substantially the same sort of person all over the world. There is, in the Salvation framework, as it were, all those leading truths which are the common property of all orthodox Christian Communities. There is no necessity for occupying your time in enumerating them, seeing they are too well known and believed to need it."

"But you attach more importance to some than to others?"

"True: the subtleties and intricacies of theological creeds we leave to those who have the time, learning, and ability to deal with them."

"And what are the main features on which you insist?"

"Man must believe in the great God — the great common Father — and Jesus Christ, His Son, who died on the cross to save all men; in the Holy Ghost, who opens people's eyes to see themselves sinners, and shows them how to believe, helps them to master their selfishness in general and fight the Devil and sin. Then to these elementary truths I must add three others, on which great and constant stress is laid in almost every public meeting, namely, the Day of Judgment, a Real Place of Punishment, and a Glorious Heaven where all faithful and victorious Soldiers will enjoy unspeakable happiness in companionship with saints, angels, and God."

"But what beliefs, after these main doctrines, do you consider have had the most powerful place in your mind, and consequently had the most direct influence on the Army?"

"Well, they have many — too numerous to be dwelt upon here. But I may enumerate several which at the moment strike me as having had much to do with fashioning the form and inspiring the spirit of the Army of to-day; and I will begin with one which lies at the root of almost all our aggressive measures, namely, the division of all men into two distinct classes in their relations to God and eternity — the righteous and the wicked. I saw, or I thought I saw, this clearly enough, and that these characters answered to the two destinies of Heaven and Hell which awaited men in the next world. Nay, that the characters of men, while having much variety about them — that is, degrees of goodness or badness — were in the main distinct here as their destinies would be there, and that one would determine the other — that is, if they would not let God save them and make them holy and good here, they must be lost hereafter; and if, on the other hand, they accepted the Salvation of God and were washed in the precious Blood of Jesus Christ, and were renewed and kept by the power of the Holy Ghost, they would be blessed for ever.

"Meanwhile, there they were, the distinctions of earth being more or less lost sight of in view of what they appeared to be in their standing before the great God Himself, and my business was clearly to persuade those who were on the wrong side to come over to God.

"I got this truth out of my own experience. I knew what I was before conversion and what I was after, and I knew also how different the one character was from the other.

"I got this truth out of my Bible. I saw it clearly stated there, and repeated over and over again, from the beginning to the end. Two classes are only recognized in the old Book — the friends and the enemies of God.

"I got this truth from observation. In relation to God I found two distinct classes or people everywhere I turned. One set did not understand me. After my conversion they could not make me out; thought me a fool. I talked a foreign language in their ears. They did not sympathize with me. Their tastes were different. My Bible, and my Meetings, and my Saviour, and my Songs had no charm for them. They hated what I loved; they loved what I hated. Men and women have appeared to me in this two-fold aspect ever since. They do to-day."

"And how far, may I ask, are these convictions shared by your followers?"

"My people universally share them," replied the General. "In fact, it determines their treatment of men. When they

come up to a man they say in their hearts, 'Is this man for God or against Him?' They won't believe he is for God except he says so. They echo the words of their Master, 'He that is not for Me is against Me.'

"Another truth which took strong hold of my young heart, and which has influenced me very largely, and, through me, Salvationists everywhere, expresses itself in this wise — a change of character requires a change of nature. I saw that goodness was desirable, that it was necessary to please God, was the condition of happiness, and that without it Heaven was impossible at last. But I saw that men left to themselves could not be good. Nothing to me was plainer than this. No resolutions or religious ceremonials or pious feelings alone could make them good. They were in bondage to their lusts and appetites, to the fashions of the world and the influences of men, and no matter how they withstood them, they could not, by their own strivings, master or get away from them. I saw that like could only produce like, that the effect could not be better than the cause, that if you wanted to improve the nature of the effect you must change the character of the cause. To have sweet waters you must have the fountain sweet; in other words, that there was no hope for amendment in the man without the change of heart.

"My Bible insisted on this. I heard my Saviour say, 'Marvel not, ye must be born again'; and again, 'Except a man be converted, he cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven.' My own experience confirmed the same. I knew that the great change which had come over me had all come at once and had been produced by a power outside me.

"I saw it in the experience of my Converts. I was satisfied that there could be no real religious life or feeling without this internal revolution, and I have taught the same ever since."

"And what was the outside power to which you ascribed the change?"

"I saw very clearly that God was the Author of this change, and that, consequently, it was possible in the case of the very worst characters. While I knew from my own experience and observation that no human resolutions or ceremonials could effect this change, I was conscious that it was a perfectly easy task for God. Hence, I knew that all things were possible with Him. I felt no difficulty when a boy, and I have felt no difficulty since I became a man, in assuring the greatest of sinners that they can be saved from the power of their sinful habits and the condemnation of their past evil doings, and that this can be realized wherever and whatever they may be, seeing that it is God who saves."

"This accounts, perhaps, General, for your Soldiers and Officers having such confidence in offering Salvation to every-

body — without knowing anything at all about their circumstances?"

"It does. Nothing is more vividly realized than this truth, and more emphatically taught by the humblest Soldier in our ranks. People wonder when they hear our ignorant Soldiers say to the vilest and worst of transgressors, 'Only come down to this Penitent-Form and you can have Salvation here and now.' This confidence is inspired, not by any virtue existing in the Penitent-Form, but by the belief in the almightiness of their Saviour, and the greater the sinner the more glory they think will be brought to His name. They know they are weak and ignorant and helpless, but their confidence rests in no wise upon ability, goodness, experience, or knowledge they may possess. Their faith is in an Omnipotent God.

"Then the responsibility for every man for his own Salvation was in the beginning powerfully borne in upon my own mind. . . . While I saw, as I have said, the helplessness of men to save themselves, I saw at the same time that God had placed within their reach all the grace and power they needed to enable them to live a holy, useful, and happy life, and that the condemnation of those who remained unsaved, now and hereafter, would be having refused to accept that Salvation. For years I had seen the right way myself, and felt that, by God's grace, it was possible for me to walk in it, but I had refused, and was condemned for so doing. I had tried to excuse myself on the ground of my natural inclinations, peculiar circumstances, and that kind of thing, but had never succeeded in quieting my troubled conscience. When but a child I felt that I was wicked and deserved to be sent to Hell, not because I was wicked, but because I would not seek God; and, directly I did seek Him, there came upon me this wonderful power which enabled me to please Him."

"Was your experience, then, the sole ground of your belief in the responsibility of man for his own Salvation?"

"No; after my conversion I soon learned that other boys, and then men and women as well, felt the same sense of responsibility and the same condemnation for not acting upon it. My reading of the Bible, the sermons I heard, and the books I read confirmed me in this truth, and my experience of the years since then has gone to show me that I was right."

"In your early days, General, did you come into any doctrinal controversy on this subject?"

"I did, alas! I was thrown, almost at the onset of my religious career, over head and ears as it were, into the Calvinistic Controversy; but I was strengthened, perhaps, in my views of Human Responsibility as the outcome. Oh, the agony I went through in those times, over the pros and cons of the worn-out theme — worn out so far as this country is

concerned any way — of Election and Reprobation! Was God or man responsible for the sinner's damnation? — that was for a long period of my early life an absorbing question."

"But you found a way out?" was an interjection that naturally arose there.

"Yes, I got early on into the half-way house," replied the General, "maintaining that the sinner's salvation was of God, and his damnation of himself. And then . . . I landed safe and sound in the simple truth, that a man must have power to accept or reject mercy. If he accepted it he would be saved, though all the devils in Hell and all the men on earth opposed; while if he rejected it, he would perish, whoever should strive to prevent it; and whether saved or lost, his destiny will be made to work out the glory of God and the good of the universe. I rested there. I was satisfied."

"And you have made this a cardinal plan of your public utterances since?"

"Most certainly — I have preached it to my people in all lands, and they have received it. They believe it, and it has gone out into the heart and life of every true Salvationist, serving as a sharp stimulus to his welfare, making him feel that not only is every man responsible for his own salvation, but that, somehow or other, he, the Salvationist, is very nearly responsible for the salvation of every man that comes within the range of his influence, and if not actually responsible for it, he has something to do with it."

"Is there not, in the Army, a remarkable and definite notion, everywhere prevalent, that salvation comes directly and immediately from God?"

"Yes; it is a truth which has had a powerful influence upon moulding the Army. Reconciliation with God is a definite transaction, occurring at a given time between the soul and God, on the simple conditions of repentance and faith. That is how I looked at it in my own first experience of divine things. I felt that I was a sinner, deserving only the displeasure of my Lord. I went to Him and asked Him to forgive me. He made me understand clearly that I must heartily repent, renounce my sinful ways, and make restitution wherein I had wronged others; and that on my doing this He would accept me.

"I fought against these terms for a time; tried to make a compromise; failed, and grew more miserable every day. I then gave in, went down flat before Him, and did what He insisted upon. He forgave me, and filled my heart with joy. I went to God — not to the Church, nor to the Bible, nor to my feelings, but to Himself — and I have ever since been sending people who have desired mercy to the same Source. . . .

"The whole plan is scriptural. The Bible is full of it. It is

rational; we have sinned against Him, and what is more likely than that we should ask forgiveness at His hands? It is feasible, possible to any poor sinner, however ignorant, if it is rightly apprehended. The children can understand it, it is the children's way, and all who walk in it go into the Kingdom of Heaven.

"Here you have one of the many justifications for the Penitent-Form. When a Salvationist says, 'Come this way, kneel at the Mercy-Seat,' he means, 'Get down before your offended Father, and ask Him to forgive you. We will go with you. We will advise, encourage, and counsel you. But it is God that must save you if ever you are saved; so, come to God.'

"Nearly akin to the last-named principle I saw also that there was sufficient divine grace flowing, through the sacrifices of Jesus Christ, to enable every man who seeks it to find Salvation. In other words, there is Salvation for every man. This was from the beginning, and has been to the present moment, one of the most precious features of redeeming love in my eyes. Oh, how wonderful, how glorious, how like the God of love is the fulness, boundlessness of His mercy — Salvation for every man from every sin, and Salvation just now. It was illustrated in the mercy that had been shown to me. I used to sing over and over again the couplet,

'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

"Then," proceeded the General . . . "there came another truth which had much to do with the experience of those early days. The willingness and ability of the Holy Ghost to make men entirely holy in thought, feeling, and actions in this life. This truth laid hold of the very vitals of my new religious existence. It interested me, it stirred me up. It was a fascinating attraction, ever drawing me forwards. I saw that entire Holiness was insisted upon in my Bible; while my Hymn Book, composed chiefly of the precious hymns of Charles Wesley, was all aflame with the beauty and value of it. Soon after my conversion, I was thrown into the midst of a red-hot revival that was thoroughly permeated with this truth. The spiritual interests of my newborn soul yearned after it, giving me no rest until I believed for it. I saw thousands seek and testify to having found it. It appeared to me in those days — and has appeared to me ever since — as a condition of happiness, a qualification for usefulness, and a preparation for Heaven.

"How could I doubt," went on the General, with his soul evidently stirred, "but that God was willing and able to sanctify any and every man, body, soul, and spirit, who trusted

Him to do so? Through life the theme has been a favourite one. Some of the most beautiful souls I have known during my fifty years' Salvation service on the earth have walked in light and joy of the experience, glorifying in the fact that Jesus Christ was manifested in suffering and shame, in power and in sacrifice, to utterly destroy out of the hearts of His people the works of the Devil."

"I have heard you again and again hoist an even higher standard?"

"You have. It is the duty of every child of God, I maintain, to serve Him as his King and Father, consecrating all he has of ability, influence, and possession to this task. Perhaps nothing that loomed up within the bounds of my religious horizon, within a very short period of my conversion, was more distinctly realized than that truth. This yearning to be a true and devoted servant of Jesus Christ was born in me. I entered the spiritual world with a soldier's nature. I remember well how puzzled I used to be in my early Christian days, and I have been perplexed more than a little all my life through, with the apparent heartlessness of so many who profess to be the sons and daughters of God and are quite sure of Heaven, as to the interests of Jesus Christ and His Kingdom on the earth. These do not seem either to know or care about the Salvation of souls, or to do any mourning on account of the bedraggled, wrecked condition of His interests in the world. All that appears to concern them is that they may have a good time in this life and a better time still in the life that is to come. They have neither opportunity nor heart for these things. They are Christian Gallios."

"How do you explain this?"

"I do not believe that the ministers who preached to me (when I could find time to hear them, which was seldom, for I was generally at the same business myself in some back court or alley), or that the leading men who directed the affairs of the Church, carried the burden of souls or a concern for its interests more heavily on their hearts than I, a boy of sixteen, did on mine.

"I have heard a great deal about the 'call to the ministry' since those days, but my call to follow my Saviour and save as many sinners from the pains of Hell as I possibly could, came to me at the beginning of my career. It came as loud and as distinct as it has ever done since. While it might seem possible to be a servant without being a son, it appeared to me utterly impossible to be a son without being a servant. I never needed either my Bible or my minister, or any special movement of the Holy Spirit on my heart to press this truth home upon me. It appeared to me then, and has ever since, and will I think

for evermore, self-evident that the religion of Jesus Christ could not be possessed without the Christ-like hunger for the Salvation of men."

"I should like a more particular exposition of this Doctrine of Consecration. Do you mean that, as followers of Christ we are called upon to make a literal dedication of ourselves to Him as did the Apostles and Martyrs?"

"What else does Consecration mean? It involves to my mind the duty of every Christian man to place himself and all he possesses, life included, fully and freely, without reserve, at the service of God — literally — here and now. That has always been the meaning of Consecration to me. It has seemed to be a mere sham, and pretence on any other interpretation. Is not this what Paul means when he says, 'I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service?' To Paul it meant that and nothing else, he illustrated his meaning by his own life, and was followed closely in this track by his fellow-Apostles, and multitudes more have been following on in the same lines from that day to this."

"But there are differences of opinion, General, on the subject?"

"Yes, but I make answer: There cannot be two standards — one for Paul and the Apostles and the Martyrs and the Missionaries of bygone days, and another for those who are their true successors to-day; or one for those who lead the Army, and another for those who follow; one for that class of saints who go to the wars, and another for those who abide in the callings of everyday life at home. . . .

"If it does not signify that a man, on becoming a Christian, becomes voluntarily under obligation to serve his King with all the capacity, goods, influence, time, and everything else he may possess which is likely to advance the interest of his Master, I don't know what it does mean, neither do I understand the passages scattered so freely through both Old and New Testaments insisting on the same thing under the peril of all sorts of losses — too many for me even to allude to.

"There, there, I saw, was the standard; and there before my eyes were illustrations of it in the lives and deaths of Paul, his fellow-Apostles, and the multitude of brave warriors that have followed him, in the true Apostolic Succession, right down to the present day.

"I saw with my youthful, uncorrupted Salvation eyes, that there could not be two standards for life and service — one for Paul and the Martyrs and Missionaries, and the other for leaders of God's Army, past and present. Therefore, here was the standard for every soul of us, whether leaders or followers, whether marching at the head of God's Armies or abiding in

the trade and callings of everyday life. I saw it. I liked it. I embraced it in my inmost soul. It did not come to me in mournful, melancholy aspect. The consecrated life, with toils and tears and troubles and what else, matched my consecrated spirit. Was I not a soldier of the Cross, and ought I not to welcome a soldier's career?"

" . . . Is it not probable that, as a result, springing from the natural enthusiasm of your nature, you raised this high standard of Christian Consecration to harmonize with the public career you had marked out for yourself?"

"No! Impossible. Because, please remember that I had no prospect of a ministerial life in those days. I had a laborious and anxious calling which took all my strength and attention many hours per day. My earthly lot was full of bitterness, disappointments, losses, and mortification. Indeed, it appeared at times as though I had nothing outside my family circle that I valued but God and a handful, a small handful, of comrades like-minded with myself, and a soldier's life. To become a minister, and have no other concern but how best to promote the glory of my God and the salvation of men, I remember to this hour, appeared altogether beyond my reach. But if I could not become a minister, I could fight on in such a sphere as I occupied and with such means as I could scrape together. This was plainly my God-appointed task. I would do it. And I asked nothing higher and better than this. Let me fight for my God and the salvation of men. That will give me joy — that will be heaven for me. Fighting was what I wanted. Only let me have plenty of it.

"It was under such circumstances and with such feelings that I became a Salvation Soldier without the name; and thenceforth, down to this very day, it has seemed to me one of my first duties to make other eyes see as my eyes saw, and other hearts feel as my heart felt, in those days."

"What then, in your opinion, does this consecration involve?"

"Well, the seeking first the glory of God. He must not be left out. God must be the central Figure, and His glory the end of any service. He must be first and last. No help for the poor world without Him. Vain the attempt to mend it without direct reference to the Maker. To seek to do good to the bodies as well as the souls of men. To love and labour for the afflicted, and to help those who have none to care for them. To tend the sick and the dying."

"But have I not heard you say that getting people saved became at once the joy of your heart?"

"Yes; it was my meat and drink to seek before all else the salvation of the souls of men. Indeed, it was here that my heart's love was captured and enthralled. I became a lover of

souls. To save a man — that is, to win him over for Christ — appeared to me like finding a Pearl of Great Price. In those days I used to say I would rather be a successful soul-winner than fill the highest stations of earth, and were I only sure of ultimate salvation, than the highest Archangel in Heaven. Call it boyish enthusiasm or what you like — there was this hunger for souls burning in the centre of my heart by night and by day."

"We see this reproduced in the Salvationists of all ranks to-day?"

"Yes; and it was of the great mercy of God and by the fostering care of His Holy Spirit that much has grown out of this soul-love. Much began to grow at once, and grew at a great pace. My love-treasure set me to think and to work, and in working and thinking and planning I soon found myself, although only some sixteen years old, one of the principal leaders of a miniature Salvation Army."

". . . After all these years of warfare and experience, what do you consider as the most remarkable feature of resemblance in the Salvation Army of to-day that this early love-treasure contained?"

After some thought, the General replied: "There are seven — First, our sphere of operation was amongst the poorest and most needy; then, our aim was the immediate salvation of the people; there were similar forms of leadership; for although connected with a Church, we practically managed our own work; there was to some extent rigid and similar discipline, there were aggressive attacks on the unsaved in the streets, lanes, and homes of the people. There were similar demonstrations of rejoicing; such as miniature Crystal Palace Anniversary in a large Public Tea-Garden, a great Field Day of Salvation, attended by thousands of people, with penitent meetings on the grass. We had Army funerals, with service around the coffin outside the house, a procession to the cemetery, and a service at the grave-side; there were adaptation and organization and house-to-house visitation, and many other methods which on review look now, at this distance, as though they had been the seed-corn — nay, verily, the small beginnings of the wonderful things that have followed in these latter times."

In this splendid and whole-hearted fashion did the lion roar before the lamb, and we are verily assured that all the honesty of his character, all the vehemence of his nature, and all the impetuous enthusiasm of his soul was in every roar. Not once did he boast of the work done for the bodies of men, not once did he refer to the universal

attention aroused by his Darkest England Scheme, now in a flourishing condition. He goes back to his boyhood and draws a straight line from that distant past to this burning present — the spiritual line that unless a man be born again he cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

This reaction, as I have termed it, is experienced by every statesman who, less concerned for the success of his party, earnestly desires a better world. For a moment it seems as if some new Act of Parliament will revolutionize evil conditions and bring the millennium within sight; and men fling themselves into the battle of passing the Act with the self-sacrifice and enthusiasm of crusaders. But when the Act is passed, and little comes of it, and when, looking back on the Record of Parliamentary Government we see how much has been achieved and how little changed, we begin to wonder, as the just and upright statesman wonders, whether the first of all conditions to be changed is not after all, as Christ said it was, the heart of man.

William Booth was a man of great compassion. He yearned over the sorrows and sufferings of humanity. His Darkest England Scheme was a statesman's Act of Parliament, aimed to change social conditions and reduce the sum of human misery. But while it did immediately change, and is still changing, for a great number, social conditions that were evil and unjust; and while it did immediately reduce the sum of human misery, for all of which he was profoundly grateful, he saw that the total transformation of humanity could only be wrought by a subdual of men's will to the will of God.

If he did not see quite as clearly as others about him did see, that this excellent social work of the Salvation Army was an expression of the religious conscience and quite definitely *religious* work, at least he saw, as perhaps no other man of his generation saw so visibly, that religious work is the greatest of all *social* works. "You cannot make a man clean by washing his shirt."

## CHAPTER XVII

WHICH TELLS OF DISPATCHES, A STORM AT SEA, HOW WILLIAM BOOTH WAS BOARDED IN A BEDROOM AND BORED AT A TEA-MEETING, AND OF AN INTERVIEW WITH W. E. GLADSTONE

### 1894–1896

In the year 1894 the Salvation Army had extended in the eastern hemisphere to so remote a suburb of civilization as Java, and with this fresh manifestation of the world-wide application of its principles to hearten it still more, the Army held an International Congress in London. One feature of this Congress was the celebration with ebullient enthusiasm of the jubilee of the General's conversion.

These International Congresses, let us pause to say, are of considerable interest, since they demonstrate with unmistakable force the universality of the great central Christian principle of conversion. The thousands of delegates who flock into London on these occasions are drawn from almost every country under the sun, and it is a curious fact worthy of reflection that the same enthusiasm which we know so well in our English Salvationists characterizes the delegates of all these other countries. Few sights are more impressive than a march-past of these Salvationists from Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, every face shining with a like happiness, every voice singing with a like enthusiasm. I know of no other religion except the Christian which has this catholic effect, and no other form of the Christian religion except the Salvation Army which has this catholic expression of gladness and confidence.

William Booth visited America and several countries in South Europe during this year, preaching salvation with the energy which fires the interview set out in our last chapter, but receiving, as always when absent, wherever he went long and important "dispatches" from his Chief of Staff in London.

Although we cannot concern ourselves here with the history of the Army itself, it is important for our study to state that William Booth to the end of his life not only required to know what was being done in every field of Salvation enterprise, but ceaselessly influenced the organization of this huge machine, and overruled without hesitation the decisions of his subordinate Officers when he disapproved them.

The "dispatches" of Bramwell Booth — exceedingly long and business-like letters, beginning "My dear General," and concluding "Yours affectionately" — kept the General informed of every new move and every fresh development in the operations which every good Salvationist describes as "the War." One may be tempted from a careful reading of these documents, in which important changes are occasionally announced and apologized for on the score of time pressure, to conclude that Bramwell Booth was not always in mourning for his father's absence; that he seized, perhaps, on the opportunity of his situation to carry out reforms or initiate new undertakings which, had William Booth not been preaching on the other side of the globe, might have tarried long or might perhaps have taken different forms.

Here and there the General disapproves and comes angrily down on his Chief of Staff; but, on the whole, it is clear that in spite of a few grumbles and hesitations he acquiesced in the decisions of his son and affectionately acknowledged his work. Bramwell was a man who did not *fuss* the General but *fixed* him. He knew his father's character with such confident intimacy that he could advance boldly and far where another Officer would have feared to move an inch. And the love of father and son was so profound and beautiful, so essential to the happiness of both of them, so necessary to the welfare of the Army, that Bramwell could act with the perfectly certain knowledge that nothing he attempted, be it successful or unsuccessful, be it growlingly praised or angrily censured, would be judged by the General as a step towards self-aggrandisement or a deviation towards any assumption of his father's authority.

While the General preached, and the Army celebrated its International Congress, Bramwell Booth, who had to overlook the arrangements of both these important matters, was deep in the work of the Darkest England Scheme. We cannot pause, unfortunately, to tell the story of that benevolent enterprise, but it is part of William Booth's story to know that his intense love for his son, and his complete confidence in Bramwell's judgment, were deepened and intensified by the work of those years — work so very difficult and so entirely new to the ordinary routine of the Salvation Army that its triumph must always remain something of a mystery. It is enough to say, perhaps, that the Army with all its other work, home and foreign, set up in Essex, with a thousand agricultural perplexities in its way, one of the most successful land colonies in this or any other country — and a farm colony manned by labourers who but for Salvation Army succour would almost certainly have sunk to the depths of destitution in London slums.

Most of the difficulties of this undertaking were solved by 1894, and in 1895 the Farm Colony, which was to amaze Mr. Cecil Rhodes, received a visit from the President of the Board of Agriculture — that charmingly picturesque Victorian, that most unlikely Salvationist, Mr. Henry Chaplin, now Viscount Chaplin. In one of the dispatches sent to the General an account is given of this important visit, which deserves to be noticed, perhaps by Lord Chaplin's biographer:

> Mr. Chaplin was accompanied by Sir Hugh Owen, who is the permanent Secretary to the Local Government Board . . . apparently a very able man, and Mr. Little, who is a member of the Board of Agriculture and a regular Judge in prize competitions at all sorts of Agricultural Shows and Government valuations . . . a very able man. There were also a couple of Private Secretaries in attendance. Without going into a lot of detail, I am glad to be able to say that all passed off most satisfactorily: they were all charmed beyond measure at the place, and astounded not only at what they saw we were doing with the land, but at the whole organization of the undertaking. The Fruit, the Market Gardens, the Grass Land (!) on the Marshes, the buildings, all came in for unstinted admiration. The appearance of the men whom they saw at work and the

INSPECTING ONE OF HIS INDUSTRIAL COLONIES (1896)

plan upon which the Colony is organized impressed them enormously. Mr. Chaplin said he had never seen anything like it, nor had any idea that we had got anything of the kind. Little, the Agriculturist, said that if we had anything like ordinary "luck" the place could not help but be a great financial success; advised the extension of Fruit . . . especially the Bush Fruit. He thinks that Strawberries are more dangerous for us.

Now then comes the great question which always arises in such circumstances as these. Chaplin said to Lamb two or three times in the day: "How can I help you?" Lamb also heard him say to Owen: "This thing ought to be helped; what the devil can we do?" Their whole attitude was one of sympathy with us. Mr. Chaplin said to Lamb: "Of course it is a matter for the Treasury. We have no money at the Local Government Board. Show me how I can help you and I am willing to try."

I have been so ill that really I have not been able to think or do anything else this week, but I think I can see my way to getting a scheme by which the parishes can send people to us before they have become workhoused, and of course Mr. Chaplin of all men can help.

Another visitor to the Colony, in 1895, was Mr. W. T. Stead. In a further "dispatch" to the General we read:

On Monday last Stead visited the Colony and was very much impressed and surprised. He came on to see me here on Wednesday morning, and we had a long talk about the future of the scheme. He was evidently completely captured by what he saw at Hadleigh — the place, the agriculture, *the men,* the officials, the whole thing came upon him with a freshness of an entirely new idea, and he was charmed beyond measure.

Now he is full of desire to help us, and seems to feel some of that enthusiasm which is always a good sign with him. His idea is to go straight and hard for the Prince of Wales. He argues that there is no man living who is so likely to help us as the Prince, and there is no doubt something in it. Stead, of course, is practical, and says that what we want is plenty of money and to be let alone and we will show these "wooden heads" what can be done. He is very friendly indeed with one or two people, who are just now very close to the Prince, and I have given him full permission to go on following his own lead and doing all he can to get hold of his men in his own way.

Nothing came, so far as we can discover, of this suggestion that the Prince of Wales should lend his patronage to

the Farm Colony, but we know that the Prince was at least interested in the Darkest England Scheme and cherished a rather genial and man-of-the-world admiration for the social reforms of the Salvation Army.

Trouble of a serious kind occurred for the Army in 1895. An outbreak of smallpox led to an inquiry into the shelters which the Army had set up all over London for the immediate succour of the houseless and the starving. This inquiry was followed by a prosecution, and by some very cruel insinuations in the Press. Mr. Chaplin was asked a question in the House of Commons, and his answer was sent to the perambulating General at the other side of the world by the Chief of the Staff:

My attention has been called to a report in *The Times* of the 15th instant as to proceedings instituted by the Vestry of St. George the Martyr, Southwark, with alleged overcrowding of the Salvation Army Shelter in Blackfriars Road. I understand that the case was adjourned, and no decision has yet been given by the magistrate in the matter, and I think, therefore, that I cannot properly make out any observations with reference to the evidence referred to. The Local Government Board are aware that a considerable number of cases of Smallpox have occurred amongst persons who have been relieved in the Salvation Army Shelters. In the early part of last year the Board directed an inquiry as to the arrangements in connexion with these Shelters, especially as regards dealing with cases of infectious disease, and at the beginning of the present month I requested that further inquiries should be made by one of the medical inspectors of the Board as to precautionary measures taken at the shelters with a view to the detection of cases of smallpox among the persons admitted. The general result of the inquiry would appear to be that the Salvation Army authorities realize their responsibility in the matter of smallpox, and are anxious to do all in their power to prevent the spread of that disease by means of the shelters. The Local Government Board are not empowered to enforce a medical inspection. Any powers for this purpose, apart from those which may be exercised by the medical officer of health, could only be obtained by legislation. The subject has been receiving my attention, and the question as to the alteration of the law with regard to these and similar other institutions will be considered by me.

In another dispatch the General is told of the progress of the case:

The case came on yesterday, the 10th (of October), after the long adjournment which I reported to you in my last on the subject. Our case was opened by the evidence of an eminent Chemist — Professor Wanklyn, which was aimed at destroying the very foundation of the case on the other side, namely, that a fixed cubic space must be provided for each sleeper *irrespective of ventilation. I think* we carried the Magistrate entirely on the point, and if so, the battle may be said to be won. The Professor is an old man, whose business it has been, as he told the Court, to teach Medical Officers of Health their business, and when, therefore, he was confronted with their evidence, he brushed it aside in capital style. The case is again adjourned for fourteen days. The Medical evidence which we have to call will, I think, finish it.

At this time of his life William Booth formed the habit of writing what he called a Family Letter — that is to say, a letter addressed to "My dear Children," which, having been read by Bramwell and his wife, was then passed round the entire family circle. These letters are a very extraordinary mixture of Salvation Army business and personal adventures. Many of them were written on board ship. A few examples will give the reader a taste of this new correspondence, and place him, we hope, in still closer intimacy with the character of William Booth:

I have just been discussing with P. on the deck the possibility of our preparing a set of Regulations applicable to Australia, U.S., Canada, and elsewhere. . . . How ever the Territories outside Great Britain have done as well as they have with the little attention given them — that is, little compared with what has been given to Britain — is a constant puzzle to me as I go along. . . . Australia and nearly every other Territory left to-day to imitate Great Britain and adopt its Orders and Regulations at its own sweet will! This should not, must not, shall not be. Take a further illustration. In the U.S. the internal arrangement has grown up according to the judgment and choice of Commissioners. This must all be reduced to system. We have given our strength to Great Britain. We must work for the world over.

The *Unity* of the Army is an unceasing wonder to me. I repeat with unspeakable satisfaction what I said, I think, in my last letter, that I have felt in Africa that the Officers and Soldiers of Johannesburg, Durban, and Cape Town, and every other Corps visited, are as much one with International Headquarters as are the Officers and Soldiers of Bristol, Glasgow,

or Newcastle-on-Tyne — or more so. On looking on any English-speaking country I have come to think the same sentiment will equally apply, and very nearly the same may be said of any other Territory. Anyway the Officers and Soldiers anywhere only want to know International Headquarters a little better to make it so.

*April* 13, '95.

I am determined to be more faithful — more personal than I have been. To this end I must have more of the power and wisdom of the Holy Spirit. It is God the world wants, for which the *Church* languishes and is without grip of the thoughtful portion of it — indeed any portion of it.

The S.A. will only be a blessing as it carries God to the hearts of men. That is our business. To baptize with "*Fire.*"

*Sept.* 22.

The rolling of the ship has really been beyond either rhyme or reason and my poor head has ached and ached and ached again. . . . To add to the discomfort it is fearfully cold. . . . I am gradually getting cold to the bone. And as one cannot walk the deck or take exercise with any sort of comfort there is nothing for it but to go to bed. It is true they have taken the Saloon, but it is so stuffy and there is generally such a clatter of tongues or music or children that work is all but an impossibility.

Children . . . yes, children, for there are some of the worst behaved little things opposite my cabin whose din attends me all the time, that I ever met with. There is a little boy about five years old who for beauty — specially when the most splendid head of hair that I ever saw is taken into consideration — I will back for self-willed disagreeableness for his age and weight against the world. Oh, they are a "lovely" set!

We make little headway with any spiritual work amongst the passengers . . . the Saloon lot appear to be very obtuse and earthy. I wonder what you are doing? Various things I suppose. Do you wonder — do you find time to wonder about me?

. . . . . .

I am thinking much about darling Mamma . . . Oh how many times I wonder, does she know what we are about down here! . . . Oh the mystery of existence, and oh the mystery of passing out of it! Yesterday at eight in the morning they buried a man in the deep, deep waters who had died the day before. He was a Saloon passenger, came on board at . . . where he left his wife and two children. He was a German, quite a young man, going to New Zealand for some purpose or other and coming back to Africa. Instead of which he has gone into eternity.

I never saw a funeral at sea before, and I must say it impressed me very much. The passing of the man simply sewn up in canvas and with the outward form of a man seemed to realize to one so much more vividly than the coffined dead, that it is a man who is being passed away. We cast our dead into the sea, and then there came to our minds the time when "The sea gave up her dead."

Our steward has been telling us that just about this point a man jumped overboard on the last voyage of the same steamer. So that on sea as well as on land the words I heard read by the Captain from the prayer-book yesterday morning are being fulfilled: "In the midst of life we are in death."

To sit with my cabin chair tied from the four corners of the little square room, swinging to and fro with the ship, trying to write and think while freezing with cold, dinned by those screaming children, is not altogether favourable to health of body or of brain — to say nothing of the stuff that is produced!

The American said he was ashamed of living in such a one-horsed planet — for my part the size is all very well, quite passable; anyhow, will do for the present; it is the quality of its inhabitants that is a grief and a shame to me.

. . . . . .

Oh what a strange jumble we have here, and the garb of a sort of religion is carefully thrown over us all by the Captain in the Church Service every Sunday. He reads the prayers, absolves everybody from their sins, and then reads a sermon which is very good indeed so far as it goes . . . the sin and ruin of it all being that it helps to make these utterly Christless people think that somehow or other there is nothing particularly wrong about any of them. Peace, Peace, and yet there is not an atom of real foundation for Peace. Good-night, my darlings.

I have dreamed so much about Mamma on this ship and yet not a bit of comfort in any of them. Oh how I wish — but it's of no use wishing.

. . . . . .

I have been no little exercised the last few days about my grandchildren and considering whether I do not owe them some duty beyond what I am at present discharging. Surely I do nothing for them at the present moment beyond praying for them and greeting them kindly when we meet.

What can I do? I have been wondering how it would be if I wrote them a monthly letter.[1] It could be typewritten and passed round to each family where there were children old enough to understand it. Mothers and fathers might — would

[1] He did this, and some of the letters were printed in the Army's weekly *Journal for Young People.*

think it of sufficient importance to read and explain and preach a little from it and so help to impress this precious on-coming generation with the great sentiments and principles I want to cherish.

If they would not pretend to be Christians I could do with them.

A bad night is evidently before us. —— announced to me this morning that he had resolved to treat the sea and all it could do to him with *haughty disdain*. He is holding on to his resolution so far. But ——, I hear, is already laid down, the others will doubtlessly follow; all but the valiant ——. He holds up in all weathers alike and takes walks, and eats his food as well as on land and better — if that were possible!

We . . . were off at four, and almost from that very hour have been more or less in a state of torture difficult to describe. It must be experienced to be felt! I had a real *bad* 36 hours. . . . Poor —— has been very ill and is so still. —— keeps up by keeping down. —— had a great go and now is hard at work. —— has just announced that he thinks he is round the corner. His "haughty disdain" had an ignominious finish. He gave in, and has since been at the mercy of his foe — mostly in a prostrate position.

—— . . . is patient and always *beautifully* willing to do what he can. He has a kind heart and a wonderful stomach — oh that I resembled him in the last peculiarity — that is, at sea!

You may judge something as to the tossing when I tell you that the very stewards were sick, and Colonel Lawley pronounced it serious!

This last night has been simply a terror. A poor lady came down our passage at 2 o'clock this morning seeking some one she styled "Jim." Her brother, I guessed. She was in a great fright. I heard her ask a steward if he had ever known anything like it before! Then she rushed at my cabin, but retreated, on not finding "Jim" there, for some other part of the vessel. Poor thing, I *was* sorry for her.

Let me quote again my old favourite verse. I don't know where it comes from, but it always goes to, as it comes from, *my heart* — and specially in this case in applying it to our *beloved Army*:

> Her passage lies across the brink
> Of many a yawning wave,
> And devils wait to see her sink,
> But Jesus lives to save.

Arrived safely at his journey's end on the other side of the world, the General at once gets to work.

When Colonel —— went to the Minister of Public Buildings to take the Exhibition Building, he said in answer to the question, what would rent be—"Well if you don't have any of these —— parsons on the platform it will be £2 per day, but if you have them in a row, looking through their fingers to see who else is there, it will be £12:12s. per day."

At five I went on with —— to Government House. His Excellency received me kindly, as kindness goes with that class, and I had a few words with Lady ——, but I was disappointed as to any heart intercourse. I could not understand why they[1] had pressed me to go there for the night, and I was sorry, almost as soon as I got there, that I had exchanged the intelligent, intellectual, genial atmosphere of the Chief Justice's residence for the cold, stony clime of Government House. We went to the meeting. My throat and chest seemed to make talking to the great crowd impossible for any length of time. However, I was in for doing what could be done.

There was a beautiful audience, the Chief Justice was all urbanity and heartiness, and at it we went — the Governor was in the chair and made a neat little speech — rather cold. A letter was read from the Bishop regretting a previous engagement, but praising our social work in the city, before the Governor's speech. My turn came and I went at it. From the first sentence I found we could be heard, and I gave what I considered a temperate but flashing and interesting talk.

I turned round once or twice to look at the Governor, having a feeling that he was not right, and sure enough he looked the picture of mortification. He has a yellowish complexion, but he was absolutely saffron colour. I went on, however, and looked again and again, but not once the whole night did he relax or smile, the whole hour and a half I was on my feet.

Meanwhile, the Judge, who had seated himself before me with the ladies, was laughing and shaking and clapping all through.

A vote of thanks was moved by the Judge, and seconded by the Mayor who told us that he had only come in for a few minutes, having another engagement, but that he had been so taken up with the speech that he had forgotten his appointment, and begged to support the vote of thanks with all his heart.

The proceedings terminated in the most friendly manner. The Governor walked home. I rode with Lady ——. Over the supper we talked in a friendly way, but on retiring to my room the Governor accompanied me, and to my surprise

[1] "They" here evidently refers to the Salvation Army authorities in the city.

instead of handing me a cheque for the work, which I thought quite possible, turned on me by saying that he regretted having taken his sons and daughters (girls he called them — young women they are) to the meeting in view of what I had said about "Lost women, etc." He then went on to say that I had intimated that everybody who was not doing S. A. work were living frivolous lives, and went on with a rigmarole about what was being done in the East of London. How his daughters were doing work amongst the poor, etc., etc., helping George Holland and the like. This, together with some more talk of the kind, I must say, cut me up a little. Because I had been very careful to guard myself by starting with the remark that I came there in no spirit of *depreciation* of other work, etc., and as to offending good taste or saying what young girls and boys could not hear without being in any way damaged, I did not understand how that could be, as all over the world I have talked on these themes and never had a breath of objection in this direction.

The next morning he tried to be a little friendly, but I assure you I was glad to get away from Government House, notwithstanding the apparent kindliness of Lady —— and "the girls."

Was it not strange that a Brewer, who has an interest in the pubs of Ratcliffe Highway, should lecture me after this fashion? *"What about other peoples' daughters?"*

Stayed with Judge ——. Comfortable home and cared for by the longest, rapidest-tongued lady it was ever my lot to run up against. Her like I could only hope that it may never be my lot to listen to again.

At 6 a banquet had been arranged at a Ladies' College. Fine pile of buildings, belonging to the Methodist Church and partially supported by public subscription. I supposed I was simply going to meet the leading men and women of the place and to have a word and introduction and friendly talk with them. To my surprise we were marshalled into a large apartment, and after about 100 nabobs, male and female, had marched in and seated themselves at tables beautifully ornamented and heavily laden with turkeys, etc., the young College Lady Students, dressed in the highest and, I think, the loudest costumes, came along. There must have been 70 or more — frizzed and curled and adorned in the most approved worldly style.

The loud talk of these girls rose above the conversation of the elder and more sober portion of the gathering, until even the Principal was dismayed. Perhaps it was my face disturbed his equanimity a little. However, at the end of an hour he proposed that I should speak as long as I could find time and strength for. But I said I could not speak with the

clatter of cups and plates going forward. He suggested that the company would finish in quietness if I started. But you don't catch old birds with chaff, and I simply said, and that pretty bluntly, that I should not get on to my feet till the eating and drinking entirely ended. Whereupon he called them to order; which meant, cease eating and drinking. Which they did or nearly so, and entirely so before I had spoken a dozen words.

It was no easy matter to meet the expectations of that gathering and deliver my soul of its burden at the moment. However, I did the latter. I said a few words on the S.A. and then put my University question to the young people, prefixed by the remark: "There, that is what I have done with my life. What are you going to do with yours?" I drove that in with all my might — an awe as of death and judgment settled on the trifling young creatures, and we adjourned to the Opera House for a Social Meeting. We were crowded there and had an enthusiastic night.

On the 21st of December, 1896, William Booth drove over to Hawarden Castle from Keighley to see Mr. Gladstone.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone met him at the entrance, and in the drawing-room Mrs. Gladstone and Mrs. Drew received him kindly and brought an old-fashioned easy-chair (whose manufacture he mourned as a lost art) to an open fire, and bade him warm himself. Presently Gladstone came, welcomed him in the most kind and friendly manner, and bore him off to the library.

William Booth had often wished to hear Gladstone speak, but his work had kept him away from "the big nights at the House." Describing the effect made upon him by Gladstone, the General said afterwards that he would not have recognized him from his photograph if they had been face to face in a railway carriage. "The features in the public prints are, as a rule, larger, and, to my fancy, seem to have a hard and masterful look about them, a look which certainly failed to show itself to me for a single moment in the original that afternoon." He thought the statesman's face "intelligent, expressive, quick, and commanding in a high degree, and equally sympathetic and kindly."

Gladstone having flung a fresh log on the great fire, the two leaders sat down opposite each other.

Gladstone started the conversation by saying, "I suppose in addressing you as General I use the title to which you are accustomed, and which harmonizes with your own feelings?"

William Booth said that that name defined his position properly. He spoke of the usefulness of the Salvation Army's military titles, because the most undisciplined and ignorant man knew that when he joined a Corps, the "Captain" stood for authority, and was some one to be obeyed.

Gladstone asked how the Central Authority of the Army could be maintained, extending all over the world, while allowing that free and energetic local action so necessary to vigorous growth?

The General described the various commands from Territories to Corps, but Gladstone asked again how they maintained the Central Authority?

The General replied that he chose the Territorial Commissioners, and could extend or diminish their five years' term of office.

Gladstone asked if Officers in positions of authority in other lands were chiefly sent from England? The General replied that it was so at present, but that it was a first principle with the Salvation Army that each people must work out its own spiritual regeneration, "that Americans must conduct the War in America, that Frenchmen must evangelize France, that Indians must mission India, and the like."

Gladstone inquired into the finances of the Army, and when he was told its probable annual revenue, and that the great bulk of the sum was made up by the voluntary contributions of the poor, he exclaimed several times that it was very remarkable.

The conversation turned to the general question of the state and prospects of Spiritual religion, and Gladstone asked William Booth which country stood most favourably in this respect? William Booth wrote:

I felt it a difficult question to answer, and I said so. So far as Protestant Churches are concerned, I thought there was a good work in progress in some parts of Holland; otherwise

I was afraid that Protestantism, as a rule, was very broad, very cold and inactive, and so far as practical godliness could be estimated, one country did not appear to me to have much preference over another.

"Is not Romanism making progress in Holland?" "Yes," I said: "there are, I believe, some advances in that direction." "Had we experienced any considerable measure of opposition from the Church in what might be termed Catholic countries?" I replied that while many priests watched our movements, and set a careful guard on those of their people who might be influenced by us, some of the more philanthropic among the clergy had manifested much interest in my Social Work, and in some cases have expressed their warm sympathy with me in other ways. And I could hardly say, either on the Continent or elsewhere, that we had suffered more actual opposition from the Catholic than we had done from the Protestant Clergy.

Gladstone asked if the Salvation Army had any measure of success among Catholic populations, and being told that it had, asked: "But what becomes of those Catholics who come to the penitent-form?"

I replied that while some became Soldiers in our ranks, it was quite a common thing for others, while regularly coming to our services, to continue, at the same time, their attendance at their own Church, and to assure us, with evident sincerity, that they were striving to live better and nobler lives.

"They come to your penitent-form and then go to confession?" I replied, "Yes."

"But how do they regard you?" I remarked that it was not unusual for the more thoughtful and devout amongst them to tell us that we ought to be Catholics. They considered us, I thought, to have much in common with Francis of Assisi, or perhaps with Madame Guyon and the mystic class of religionists.

The General spoke of the importance of the experimental aspect of religion, and how they looked on every man as right or wrong with God, and, if he were not saved, said in their hearts, "Now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation." The Army, he said, was more successful in dealing with the poor and ignorant than the comfortable and better educated. Gladstone replied that the illiterate and unprejudiced condition of the poor was mentally favourable to that simple obedience to the truth necessary to salvation. He spoke of the wealth and habits and tastes of the age being enemies of religion, and said with evident

feeling, looking away into the distance, "There is nothing, I fear, easier of acquisition than the aspirations and the language of devotion while living a life the opposite of all they imply."

"I do not know," General Booth says, "whether it was the mention of religious books that led to it, but Mr. Gladstone remarked, with some emphasis, that there was nothing that surprised him more than the objection he found running through many religious works to what was described as 'Self-righteousness.'"

"While I cannot understand," said he, "how any man with any true knowledge of his heart, or of his life, or of the Holy God whom he worships, can possibly conceive that anything he can think, or feel, or say, or do, can be deemed worthy of presentation before Him, as constituting any meritorious ground on which to claim His favour, I do think that instead of condemning righteousness, in any form, its cultivation should be encouraged, and its all-important need insisted upon."

Gladstone asked "with a serious and somewhat apologetic air" what the arrangements for the successorship were?

William Booth explained how each General was to nominate his successor, giving the sealed envelope containing his name to the Army Solicitors: there was a Deed to legalize this.

Gladstone was deeply interested. "It was a peculiar position, he said, that we had taken up. Even the Pope, he suggested, was elected by a Conclave of Cardinals, and he thought we must go back to the sixteenth century to find an example of a system of personal nomination by the person occupying the post of authority similar to the one I have chosen."

The General mentioned a scheme for providing against the danger that would "be caused by a General passing away who had neglected the appointment of his successor, or who, for some calamitous reason, had become incapable for, or unworthy of, his position, and for selecting a new General, in an assembly of all the Commissioners throughout the world." The General named one or two of the possibilities that might occur, and Gladstone added, "Yes,

and the possibility of heresy would come under that category."

The General spoke of Cardinal Manning.

Mr. Gladstone was not surprised that the Cardinal should make the observation as to the Holy Spirit's influence on my work to which I had referred, nor at the spiritual tenor of his conversation at the interview, as, from his own observations, he believed that Cardinal Manning had attached very much more importance to the work of the Holy Spirit during the last few years of his life than during his former career.

They parted with great friendliness. William Booth was very much impressed by Gladstone's geniality, by his perfect command of words, and by his earnestness. "He put his heart into my business, and that right away, going straight to the very vitals of the subject as phase after phase of it passed before him. . . ." He brought away the impression that "among the many things carefully considered and experimentally known to W. E. Gladstone were the governing influences of the Holy Spirit and the saving Grace of God."

A few days later the General received the following letter from Mr. Gladstone:

HAWARDEN, *Jan.* 2, 1897.

DEAR GENERAL BOOTH — I thank you for the promise contained in your kind note that you are sending me, beside the books you refer to, a note you have made of the conversation between us.

You are quite right in saying that it was not part of my purpose to express definite opinions upon the very remarkable and interesting circumstances which you were good enough to lay before me. Apart from the formation of such opinions, I had useful lessons to learn from the reception of such a communication. It helps me to look out upon the wide world and reflect with reverence upon the singular diversity of the instruments which are in operation for recovering mankind, according to the sense of those who use them, from their condition of sin and misery; and encourages hearty good-will towards all that, under whatever name, is done with a genuine purpose to promote the work of God in the world. The harvest truly is plenteous; may He send further labourers into His harvest.

. . . . . .

Believe me to remain, with all good wishes, faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

# CHAPTER XVIII

## THE BEGINNING OF THE FIGHT AGAINST OLD AGE

### 1897–1900

THE reader will see from the writings of William Booth which compose the present chapter that he was still eagerly pursuing the ideal of his earliest youth, and pursuing that ideal in the spirit of dissatisfaction with himself which was one of his most salient characteristics.

Dostoevsky has said that self-satisfaction is the mark of a quite peculiar stupidity; certainly William Booth, whatever else he may have been, was not stupid. His honesty, his thirst for reality, his hatred for all shams and pretensions, made it impossible for him in his quest both of God and man, ever to be long at rest, ever for a moment to be really satisfied with his own efforts. If he constantly accused the world of indifference, and some of his Officers of lukewarmness, quite as constantly he upbraided himself for lack of faith and want of understanding. "You can only keep company with God," he once wrote, "by running at full speed," forgetting that breathlessness is not consonant with peace of mind, and that exhaustion is not the prize for which the soul of humanity strives. The Byronic hero, we are told, went to clasp repose in a frenzy:

> All crimson and aflame with passion, he groaned for evening stillness.

Of the religious enthusiast it may also be said that he pursues the peace which passes understanding as if he was running to catch a train. And it must be so; for, unlike the mystic, he seeks that peace for others, and those others are in number like the sands on the shore.

By temperament, of course, William Booth was the last man in the world to value equanimity or to be satisfied with patience, but his violent quest of God — quest of a God

who interfered, who provided, who relieved, who rewarded — added whirlwind to the natural storm of his character and a poignant bitterness to the natural unrest of his heart.

He writes to Bramwell Booth after an illness:

. . . I have been seized with a spirit of determination this morning more than ever to go forwards regardless of the opposition of men or devils, traitors or cowards or renegades or the whole lot. If any considerable number of Officers and Soldiers can rise up to this spirit of self-abnegation and reckless go-forwardism, baptized with the Holy Ghost, we shall yet awake a blaze that will light up not only this world but the universe. You will guess that I am feeling a little better!

These moods of tremendous aggression and of almost undefeatable optimism were by no means transitory, nor were they, as the success of the Salvation Army very practically proves, fruitless. But as he advanced in age, reaction from these sudden accessions of tempestuous energy was at times sharp and swift. His diaries, his letters, even his public utterances, bear witness to the darkness which clouded his vision and the burden of sorrow which weighed down his soul during such periods.

In his letters to Bramwell Booth we read:

I suffer about many things that I do not tell you about, nor anybody else. There are two or three very heavy burdens upon me just now. God is very good to me, and although I have very little time for privately dealing with Him, and have to do my closest work largely lying on my bed, He does come to me and comfort me. And I suppose I ought to feel, as I think I do to some extent, that it is a great joy to be allowed, not only to believe on Him but to suffer something for His sake. I think I know better now than ever what Paul meant when he talked about "the care of the Churches" being the biggest trial he had to endure.

I am very tired — but must on — on — on — I cannot stand still. I have worked to-day and laid down when I could sit no longer, and then got up and gone on again. A "fire" is in my bones, and though at times I feel as though I should *die* of a broken heart, I revive and go on again. But I feel often as if I was approaching an *end — here!*

Very characteristic is a reference to one of his other sons:

Why doesn't he settle down and get some rest? What a worrying thing "Booth blood" is.

That this Booth blood was active and restless enough in his own veins, we find plenty of evidence in his letters to the Chief of the Staff throughout the present period. He manifests the keenest interest in all the concerns of the Army, even troubling his mind about such matters as the journalistic style of his Officers:

I hope you will translate this Canadian cable into decent Christian English. I do hate this "Cock-a-hoop" style. Where is the humility and lowliness of religion gone to?

Of the Colony at Hadleigh he writes:

God's plan in farming, in my opinion, was "five acres and a cow," and whenever you depart from that you have to pay the piper.

But another letter, describing a successful meeting, shows his desire to keep social betterment in a second place:

We were packed last night at the Social Lecture and had a pretty good time, although I must say I am heartily tired of Social Schemes in places where I can get a crowd and get souls saved.

Sometimes an account of his crowded and enthusiastic meetings is made the opportunity for a dig at his Officers:

We had a fearful struggle last night owing to the heat, but we got thirteen out, which on the top of a Salvation Army and Social address was not so bad; if we could have had people there who could have worked the thing, and had room, we should have got forty. It is the Officers. I felt last night that if I was the Lord I would send them all to Hell for a *little bit.* I was so vexed with the cold-blooded way in which they dealt with the opportunity.

When he hears a good story that might be useful for campaigning, he finds time to send it to his Chief of Staff in London:

I heard two good stories yesterday. One was suggested by an illustration I had been giving in the Council, on the folly of using high-falutin language in prayers.

A young minister, full of big empty phrases and anxious to show himself off to the simple people in a Yorkshire town, commenced on a certain occasion his prayer something as follows: "O Thou Great Omnipotent Being," and then stuck fast. He started again, "O Thou Great Omniscient God," and again had to pause. He made another effort, "O Thou Great Eternal Spirit," and hesitated, starting off once more, "O Thou Great — what shall we call Thee?"

An old woman in the audience could stand it no longer and jumping up, she called out to the bewildered preacher, "Call him Fayther, lad — call him Fayther."

Something of the work which the General undertook may be gathered from the following account of a campaign in Scotland, written by one of his secretaries:

The General rose at 7.20, having only had a fair night, and consequently very tired indeed. Breakfast at 7.40, departed for Glasgow at 8.5, travelling 8.20 train.

. . . The General . . . wrote the Chief of Staff advising a system of training of Probationary Officers in Scotland, and for Scotland a system of rigid inspection, the insistence upon Visitation, Open-air preaching, Circles, Hawking, etc.

The remainder of the journey was taken up in preparation for the Officers' meetings in Glasgow.

. . . Proceeded directly to the Masonic Hall, where the General met the Officers of Scotland. The General's topic was "My model Officer."

Drove to the Hall for afternoon meeting, and, following up his morning talk, the General spoke upon "The operation of the Holy Ghost in co-operation with men and women in the work of soul-saving. . . ."

The City Hall was crowded at 7.30. Good reception. The General promised in his opening remarks that he would have something to say upon the present condition of the Social Scheme, which greatly pleased the crowd.

"Who is on the Lord's side?" was the General's topic. Writing to the Chief about this meeting the General said, "We had a very good meeting last night — a time of great power. . . . Somehow or other, independently of all I had to say, the Spirit of the Lord seemed to come down upon us, and I was able to talk to the hearts of the people and the result was a great awakening in many minds." There were 43 for Salvation and 17 for the Blessing. . . .

The General dispatched to London Indian communications etc. by the night train.

In his own diary the General writes on one of the days of this campaign:

Beautiful morning. Charming for a walk, but cannot afford the time. I did promise myself half-an-hour yesterday, but could not feel free for it.

During one of his visits to Scotland he stayed at the house of a wealthy merchant whose son, a singularly able man, has since become Lord Provost of Glasgow. The General was very anxious to enlist this son in the Army, and made repeated efforts to get him to join. At last he said, with a humorous twinkle in his eye, digging the obdurate Scot in the ribs: "Look here, you join us and I'll make you a Colonel!"

It was on this same occasion that he lost his wife's wedding-ring, which he always wore on a finger of his left hand. A daughter of the house eventually found this precious ring and restored it to him. "The General," she said, "rushed at me, covered my hand with kisses, and with tears in his eyes told me that he had rather lose anything else in the world than this ring of his dear wife's."

From Scotland the party journeyed to Ireland, and the Secretary, after telling of the arrival at Belfast on the previous day, when the General gave "an address to 800 Soldiers at seven o'clock, when 76 came out to the mercy-seat," proceeds as follows:

The General rose this morning at 7.30 and had breakfast with Mr. Morrow, and after prayers spent the time in his bedroom till 10.30 in close preparation for the coming meetings in the Ulster Hall. At that hour the carriage called, and at 11 the General was facing the first public audience of the visit.

The Ulster Hall is a long building with a large gallery round three of its sides and a great platform. On special occasions it would seat, I should think, about 2,000 people. This morning, however, only about 1,500 were present. They were an appreciative lot, and listened very well, although the General seemed not to get away from the stiffness; at least he said so. He turned over very poorly yesterday and is not yet better, so that accounts for his feelings in the matter. Perhaps it will be different in the afternoon. His topic was "If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not

in us," and every word went into the hearts of the people, and at the end of the morning 18 souls came to the front and sought for Salvation or Sanctification, which, considering the ice was hardly broken, was in the estimation of us all very good.

Dinner was partaken at the Young Women's Christian Association. The Superintendent did all she could to make the General comfortable. There are, however, about twenty young ladies living in the house and so with all their efforts it was impossible to keep the place quiet, therefore the General's rest was very much broken into and he was not in a very good state for the afternoon's meeting. The congregation was a larger one, and more enthusiastic, and the General on "The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways," took every one by storm. He spoke with much more freedom than even this morning, and kept it up.

Sunday afternoons in Belfast so far as meetings of any description are concerned are always difficult affairs, and this afternoon was no exception. Although the General spoke with so much power, and although there was a spirit of anxious longing for something to be done pervading the meeting, no sooner did Colonel Lawley commence the first chorus than the congregation rose *en masse* and left the Hall. Only three solitary cases came to Jesus. The General's disappointment was intense.

He had tea at the Y.W.C.A. but by himself, and turning very poorly after the meeting this afternoon he got away to his room as soon as he could, and lay down for a few moments. There was no sleep for him, however, as he was too much in earnest for the evening's meeting, and rising from the bed he spent the time till the commencement of the meeting in close preparation and prayer.

The Ulster Hall to-night presented a picture. It was crammed in every part, and hundreds were hammering at the doors long after the commencement of the meeting in vexation at being shut out. Inside, the air was stuffy and close, and more than once the General stopped, out of consideration for those whom he could see from the platform were suffering from faintness, and ordered a window here or a door there to be opened to let in a little fresh air.

His topic for the evening was "And the Flood came and took them all away." Like his foregoing topics it told on the people, and the smash that followed convinced every one of the mighty Holy Ghost power with which it went into the hearts of the people who were present. 59 cases came out to the Penitent-Form, and some of them very remarkable ones.

The meeting over, the General, accompanied by Mr. Morrow and self, went to Hillcrest, and had supper, and after to bed.

During this campaign he cries out in his diary: "Souls! Souls! Souls! My heart hungers for souls!"—and to the people of Dundee, he hammers in the object of his mission, the object of his life's calling, the conversion of everybody, Christian and Pagan, to the practical work of benevolence:

There is no need for me to teach you anything. How can I, when a Scotchman knows everything?—everything that ever happened, or is going to happen! No, you are cradled in theology, and fed on religion. But I'll tell you what I *can* do: I can urge you to make *practical* use of what is in your heads and your hearts. Real, practical religion! to get you into the ways of the Saviour, who went about doing good—that is why I am here.

In this same year (1897) he paid a visit to the Continent. His journal contains incidents of the following character:

Over no one did our people rejoice more than a tall, powerful, battered-looking man who was praying for mercy among the Penitents, like a little child. He had been for years a notorious drunkard, quarrelsome in his cups, and being a powerful fellow, he was not very easy to deal with when he got into a row. Consequently he gave the police no end of trouble.

In talking over my coming visit, the Inspector said to one of our Sergeants, "Now if you can get that fellow saved, you will do the town a good turn, and we will stand fifty kroner for the job." "Done," said, or thought, the Sergeant. The man promised to come to the meetings, kept his word, came sober and professed Salvation. I hope the fifty kroner will be honourably paid. It has been well earned, and the work is cheap at the money!

And to *The War Cry* he sends the following story:

I left Berlin with reluctance. But there was no alternative. I was expected at Copenhagen, and go to Copenhagen I must. Almost the last thing I looked upon in my Quarters on that Saturday morning was a really beautiful basket of flowers sent in the night before, bearing the inscription:

"The Baroness Stephanie von . . . presents her compliments to General Booth, with the love of her aged mother—eighty-four—who was converted last Monday night, and trusts that he will continue to have good health and win many souls for Christ's Kingdom, and speedily return."

Although not without a natural love for flowers, I have no time to regale myself with their beauties in this world: I

shall probably have that leisure in the next. But those flowers, I must confess, charmed me, because telling me of this dear, aged soul entering into the rest of faith when so very near eternity. May God keep her faithful to the last!

During the autumn of this same year he sat for his portrait to Professor Herkomer, making up for the enforced idleness of this unusual situation by his usual attempt to get at the souls of every one who crossed his path:

I have been three times to Professor Herkomer; he is an interesting man so far as his talking goes, however his painting may turn out. I hope to get at him some way or other. God must help me. He is full of worldly ambition, and yet I should think with a beautiful nature. Oh what might he not do for God and mankind if his magnificent genius was sanctified. God will help me to say something that will be of service.

Later the Secretary writes:

The General went this morning at 11.30 to Herkomer's, and sat to that gentleman for the last time. He finished up very friendly, but as dissatisfied as ever with his performance. Herkomer seems to think the portrait is a very good one, and that either the General is a bad judge or else the picture will prove a great disappointment. . . .

Early in the following year William Booth took Cecil Rhodes and Lord Loch to see the Farm Colony at Hadleigh. This was in May, 1898. It seems that William Booth was deeply perturbed by the political situation in South Africa, and regarded Cecil Rhodes as a man who might either plunge the country into war or make an end of a very dangerous tension by reasonable and conciliatory diplomacy. On the way to the Farm Colony they talked of social redemption and land reclamation, and during the inspection of the Army's work Cecil Rhodes was absorbed in practical agricultural affairs.

The Secretary says of these notable visitors: "Both were deeply interested, immensely impressed, and no little surprised by what they saw, Mr. Rhodes especially." But General Booth was thinking of other things, and on his way back to London in the railway carriage, he put his hand upon the arm of Cecil Rhodes, and said to him: "I want to speak to you about yourself. You're a man with much

depending on you just now. Tell me, how is it with your soul?" Lord Loch looked surprised, but Cecil Rhodes immediately made answer, "Well, General, it's not quite so well with my soul as I could wish." "Do you pray?" inquired the old man. "Sometimes; not quite so often as I should." "Will you let me pray with you — now?" "Yes." Lord Loch turned his face away, and looked out of the window. William Booth and Cecil Rhodes kneeled down together in the railway carriage, and the Salvationist prayed that God would guide, direct, and save the soul of the South African Colossus. When they rose from their knees, Rhodes took the hand of William Booth, and said to him, "I hope you will continue to pray for me."

In the month following, William Booth was on the Continent, and his diary contains, for the most part, nothing but jottings and ideas. For example:

. . . The speed of the train from Helsingfors to Christiania was such as to enable me to get through a fair amount of work. I wonder how it is that so many people seem to have no better occupation whilst travelling than to loll about and sleep or do nothing.

The curiosity evinced at seeing us at work.

The remarks made to my A.D.C. when I left the carriage.

Bradlaugh and the General at the station in England.[1]

[1] The following statement made by a Salvationist of education and gentle birth, explains this jotting in the General's diary:

"My conversion was brought about by the contrast presented to me between the General and Bradlaugh, both seated in the same train (thirteen years ago), but the one comfortably settled down reading a *Daily Telegraph* and the General, having a careworn look, scrutinizing everything passing up and down, as if they one and all (including myself) were objects of interest to him and he was wanting to do them good. I was brought up in an agnostic home, and Bradlaugh early became one of my heroes. I had read his *Life* with great interest and admiration, just before coming across him in this way. I had also just previously got to know my first Salvationist, which helped forward the circumstances which I am narrating. As I looked at Bradlaugh, somehow my hero-worship received a shock. He looked altogether too comfortable and self-centred, I fancied, to fit in with my pre-conception. Then I walked along and my guide showed me the General in another carriage. It was the first time I had seen him. Somehow the absence of the paper, and instead, the interest in the ordinary people around him (there did not seem to be any Salvationists there) made a powerful impression upon my heart, helped, of course, by the General's whole face and figure. My heart (I was seventeen) seemed to go out to a new hero, and as I went home that day I prayed, for the first time for nine years, and struggled on from that moment until I got saved weeks later."

ON THE PLATFORM OF EXETER HALL, LONDON (1899)
(From a drawing by S. R. Hall)

Instant in season and out.

We find in the journal such entries as this, showing how his mind was centred on salvation:

"Ah," said a young man to Commissioner Booth-Hellberg in the morning meeting, "I have been a bad fellow. I have been saved before several times, and when I go out there no one would believe me. I can't keep it. I am as weak as a rag. It is no use. I won't come." The Commissioner dealt faithfully with him, but when the meeting closed he sorrowfully rose from his seat, and walked out of the building.

I don't know what his feelings were, but I am certain that the Spirit of God took powerful hold of him, for he came to the afternoon meeting, and when Colonel Lawley blew his whistle, and shouted out with all his might, "Here comes No. 5," Commissioner Booth-Hellberg leant over to me, and joyfully said, "This is the man I was dealing with all through the Prayer Meeting this morning."

As soon as I had done, the Fishers, who were scattered all through the meeting, started to talk first to the person who was next to them, and then to move about tackling people who, they thought, were convicted.

"I am not saved yet," said a girl in white as she was being dealt with in the Registration Room. Down they all went and spent some more time with her till she was through.

This often happened.

Later in this same year William Booth writes from Amsterdam to his Chief of the Staff:

I don't think we ought to *fret* ourselves about *evil doers* — or about Officers and *others* who don't do quite as well as we think they ought to do.

I wish I was stronger! I don't think any of you have any idea of the amount of weakness and weariness, if not positive sickness, through which I *have to fight my way!* You see me under the stimulus of the *hour* or on the spur of the excitement caused by your intercourse — and are apt to infer wrongly as to my general condition. My life is *now* a *hard fight.*

A few quotations from the letters of this period from Bramwell Booth to his father show us something of the relations which existed both between father and son, and General and Chief of the Staff. As we have already recorded, Bramwell Booth was one of the few Officers who

would stand up to the General, and not only stand up to this fiery spirit, but occasionally even reproach him for want of appreciation! The repentance of William Booth on these occasions was swift and absolute.

Here is an admirable example of reproof:

. . . I really don't quite understand your letter. I thought I *was* working a system — and sometimes indeed creating one — *to a very large extent. How else is it supposed we do work the thing?* Here I am with 300 men directing the movements of 10,000 Officers; we are passing through our hands £7,000 a week; besides the trade — doing Religion — money — social — farming — Rescue — Building — Newspapers — clothing, tea — buying and selling almost everything, from shiploads of timber to the contents of the ashpits — making in one way or another most things from baby linen to bicycles — law — banking — Continental campaigns — Jubilees — Self-Denials and *Salvation* — how could it be done as it is *largely* without friction and shindys, at any rate, so far as London is concerned, if there was not both *system* and *authority* and *confidence?* Really, I know you are a man with a "hungry heart" to make things better than they are, but I don't quite see that we gain very much by not seeing what *is* done!

And here is a letter where reproof is mingled with something in the nature of a smoothing down:

. . . I rec'd . . . your letter of the 13/14 March, condemning me for suspending your New Zealand campaign. But, my dear General, you surely could not imagine that I could be a party to such an effort when you were in that state, or that I shd. allow you to have either the extra thought and worry of having to decide what you would do. Herbert cabled me your condition, adding the code word which meant that they could not control your movements, and that I must bring pressure to bear upon you! I was aghast. You in dysentery fever, with high temperature, confined to bed, the possibility of heart trouble wh. I knew well enough to be in the background, and this abt. pressure being put on you lest you should attempt meetings! I felt, for once, that it was not the moment to ask you what to do. Indeed, I still feel that it would have been absurd, if not ludicrous, and unkind into the bargain, to consult you with your everlasting willingness to attempt all and sundry, to place you in the position of deciding. . . .

Then Herbert's wire seemed to me to show that he needed a little stiffening. I cabled therefore definitely, "The matter is in your hands," and instructed him to drop the New Zealand

campaign without consulting you, and to run no risks. Your *life* was at stake. What a pair of fools we shd. have been — I *especially* — to have hesitated abt. a few meetings over against letting you risk everything. I knew that the only rational way to relieve you was to say that the thing *was done*. Immediately I found you were round the corner so wonderfully, I wired: "Can the New Zealand campaign go on omitting Tasmania?" I am not surprised that N. was anxious — we all were! If we had gone harassing you about yr. movements when you were in that condition and anything had gone wrong, neither *he nor I* would ever have been forgiven! You can see the cables when you arrive. Thank God it is all past.

The habit of making mere jottings in his diary grew upon him at this time, as will be seen in the following examples from his journal for 1899:

. . . The monsoon continued.

The disappointment in my sea-going qualities. All but helpless.

When you can't, you can't. . . . How much better to say so and lie off.

Paul says they lay-to and waited for the day! We waited for the monsoon to blow over.

. . . *Aden.* The mail. *The night.*

Strife of tongues — how these Easterns do talk. Com. T. says it is because they don't read. What splendid orators they would make.

The night.

The passengers who lay on the deck and in the coal dust.

. . . Now for the Red Sea.

Passed *Hell Gates* in safety.

Saw the spot passed in the outward voyage in the night where the *China*[1] went on the Rocks, when the Dancing was in full swing.

What I hear of the cost of the restoration of the *China.*

The cost of the restoration of the ship-wrecked Officers and Soldiers.

Never mind, they are worth it. Which can't be said of the *China.*

A new vessel.

A restored backslider sometimes better — not always — for the experience.

The dreaded Red Sea.

*Hot.* "Hotty hotty," China woman says.

[1] A P. & O. Liner.

(We have a China woman on board, an Ayah or nurse.)

The thermometer has registered 90 — to-day it is 88. Everybody perspiring and complaining, playing cards, reading novels and eating, specially eating.

I am living on potatoes, rice, and fruit. Not much choice of the latter. But plenty, and enough is as good as a feast. I am expecting an extra feed for dinner of macaroni and tomatoes.

. . . The *Paris* wrecked — on the rocks fatal to the M. Great efforts to save her. So many steamers tugged at her. Tons of rocks blasted. Given up.

Left there to her fate — melancholy conclusion to her career — to wait the action of winds and waves that will break her up.

A Salvage Company appears. *The conditions.*

And now the world rings with the tidings. The *Paris* is floating. The beautiful steamer is saved, towed into harbour, and with damages repaired is to resume her career.

Shall I tell you what my mind went on to? I suppose it is "the ruling passion" carries me on to the one track — the fiddling for ever on the one string — but, anyway, I could not help my thoughts going out to the miserable wrecks that strew the ocean of Time — not ships, but men and women.

The *Paris* was impaled on a sharp projecting piece of Rock — she held together, but any storm, etc. Rocks on it.

Backslider.

Tremendous efforts made to save her.

No giving up.

Never despair.

Ingenuity succeeded.

And yet it was all in the ordinary course of things.

Tremendous satisfaction.

More interest than in the building of a new steamer.

Left there, she was a constant reproach.

Tremendous profit to the Saviours. And she steams about, one of the best-known ships on the Ocean.

There are one or two characteristic entries in the diary for 1900:

. . . as soon as I arrived (in Nottingham) a respectful invitation was handed me from the Theatrical Company performing at the Grand Theatre. I had already seen on the walls the announcement that a Play entitled "The Christian" was being run at the theatre. This invitation offered me a Private Box to witness the Play, as an inducement, informing me that at a private performance of the Play in New York 2,000 Ministers had been present. I wonder whether that was

CAPTAIN MIRIAM BOOTH
(Died 1917)

truth or falsehood. I should be willing to believe the latter. The book on which the Play is founded is a caricature of the Christian religion, and ought to be avoided in any and every shape. I told my Soldiers that if they wanted to see the real performance of the Christian it would be at the Albert Hall on the morrow!

Concerning a Sunday of three services in the Albert Hall at Nottingham, he writes:

If called upon to criticize my performances I should be disposed to regard them as a little too fierce. But how can it be avoided? When the heart is hot with a burning resolution to do or die, feeling that the great possibility of the hour can never come again, what is there but to go for the realization of your aim with all your might.

He kept his head during a rather painful period of the Boer War:

Everybody too much excited about the relief of Mafeking. Oh! that we could get some more interest into the world on the subject of the Salvation War.

Miriam[1] broke in upon me at eight this morning with the news that Mafeking is relieved. The tidings reached London at 9.30 last night, and created according to the papers the wildest enthusiasm. Within five minutes it is said that thousands of people collected in the principal thoroughfares that were all empty five minutes before, singing and shouting themselves hoarse with "God save the King," cheering for Baden-Powell, and I know not what else.

The subject that really occupied his mind was the work of making bad men good, and good men Christian:

In the Registration Room they tell me the scene was most touching. One man said, "I've got a red nose now, but I'm going to change it for a red jersey."

On the last day of the old year, and at the threshold of a new century, he writes:

So the Old Year goes out, or rather the Century.

Have no time or heart to philosophize or sentimentalize on the event. Must turn my attention to getting some truths — facts, arguments, appeals, that will influence the thousands I shall have to talk to at 10.30. Oh God, what can I say?

[1] One of Bramwell Booth's daughters, who died in 1917.

# CHAPTER XIX

## ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE PICTURESQUE PERIOD

### 1901

Seldom without friends, and never without enemies, William Booth arrived with the new century not only on the frontier of old age but at the gateway of a very wide popularity. We may describe him from now onwards as living in this world's sunshine. He had become a patriarch, and one of the most picturesque of patriarchs. His romantic figure was known to nearly all the nations of the earth. His work was recognized in nearly every land as the work of one honestly inspired by love for humanity. He ceased to be an object of scorn. He became a hero of the world.

His appearance at this time was striking to the point of the dramatic. Tall and attenuated, with slightly stooping shoulders, the frail body of the man would have seemed almost feeble but for the vigour and distinction of the strong head. His hair, which was snow-white, grew long and was brushed carelessly, standing up from the brow and falling backward to the neck and ears. His face was almost bloodless in its pallor. The rather small eyes, under dark and restless eyebrows, had the brightness of beads. The lower part of his face was covered by moustache and beard as white as his hair. It seemed as if he were a figure carved out of chalk. In repose, he was like a tired man who observes and reflects between spells of nodding sleep; but in action, with his thin arms raised above his head, his eyes blazing, and his powerful voice hurling out his thoughts, he was like a prophet. For myself, I loved the man most in repose, when his gentleness and tenderness and even sweetness gave a singular beauty to the old and rugged face; and I think this expression of his spirit is visible in the famous photograph which appears as the frontispiece of our book, a photograph which the whole Army seized upon at once as the truest likeness of their General, and perhaps as an emblem of the Army.

IN HIS SEVENTIETH YEAR

In that face one can see how the spirit was bowed down by the sorrows and sufferings of humanity. There is nothing there of the thundering preacher or the vigorous "showman" or the burning prophet, but only the infinite compassion of an old man for a world which is unhappy, a world for which he has given all his days.

His tours were now events of considerable importance. Instead of encountering hordes of howling roughs in the manufacturing towns of England, he found himself welcomed in the capitals of the world by monarchs, statesmen, and the heads of churches as well as by the multitude. Some of these tours resembled a royal progress. The streets of cities were hung with flags, bands played their welcome, civic dignitaries in robes of state greeted him on arrival, and immense multitudes of people thronged about him shouting an affectionate acclamation. Moreover, he was seriously consulted by statesmen concerning the problem which affects all countries, the problem of poverty, a problem which exists under so many and various forms of government, that this circumstance alone should convince intelligent people of a spiritual rather than a mechanistic cause. In all the countries he visited, William Booth was asked by kings, governors, or politicians what he would recommend them to do for the alleviation of human suffering and the removal of poverty. He had become an authority on the weakness and miseries of mortality.

During these wonderful campaigns he remained as humbly and usefully active as ever with his pen. A secretary records on one journey that after meetings and receptions of a most exhausting character he would work at his "Children's Catechism." [1]

Very earnest about Catechism, which he considered would be of immense value to the Army in the future — spent much time on it.

Then such a reference to doctrinal matters as that which follows, shows how watchful the General was of the Army's spiritual life:

[1] *The Salvation Army Directory*, a book of religious instruction for children.

Conference at tea-table . . . about the Doctrinal Question in Norway. General said that the time had now come when the Army must take a definite stand in Norway, and that Officers who had difficulties about Doctrine must not give expression to them publicly, or in any way that would injure the faith of others.

We find, too, an amusing entry by his Secretary like this:

Worked all the morning on his article for the *Sunday Strand,* which he considers is a paper differing from the weekly papers in so far as it proposes to amuse people on the way to Hell on Sunday instead of on week-days.

References to the Boer War are not very numerous in his diaries, but we know from other sources that the General regarded this conflict with horror, and felt in particular the enmity which it aroused against England in almost every part of the world. The following entries occur in the Secretary's diary, which records a visit to Berlin:

Awful news in the streets with regard to the Transvaal War. Rumours that Buller is murdered. Weighs very heavily on the dear General's mind. Seems very distressed.

Very much perturbed with news of disaster to British Arms at Ladysmith. Says it is going to be an awful business, and grieves over the possible shooting of Salvationists by each other.

He is mortified by

. . . the Continental spirit which seems to gloat over any news that it can get concerning British disasters.

It was not only the dreadful and inhuman hatreds roused by war which distressed William Booth. The moral earnestness which it occasions always seemed to him a waste of the human spirit. He saw with bewilderment and pain a nation which tolerates sin and suffering in its own midst roused by war to an almost incredible condition of moral energy and spiritual enthusiasm. Why, he asked himself, would not people give to the war against evil — which is the root cause of poverty and pain — something of this same energy and enthusiasm?

During the Boer War he visited Paris, where, just then,

Englishmen were far from being popular, and conducted Salvation meetings on his own lines:

Before coming to his text he spoke for a few moments on the work of the Army, and made a very great impression upon the crowd, which was composed of about 700 people, most of them intelligent and a few influential. The General, in spite of suggestions that had been made to him as to the fastidious nature of the Parisian audiences, launched out in the same fashion and spoke the same plain unvarnished Gospel truth that he would do in a British audience. A little apprehension was felt at first as to the result, but the audience accepted it and went down before it; for a long time we had to wait for the first soul, but at last it came, and we finished up with 18 at the Mercy-Seat. There were two or three very remarkable cases amongst them. This is the first time that a penitent-form has been introduced in any (secular) Public Hall in Paris.

That he was absorbed in his spiritual work, and that neither great public events nor his own international popularity had power to deflect this main direction of his soul, may be gathered from the following very simple entries in his journals:

We were startled last night by the news of the death of Colonel Pepper. He was in the Crimean War, but for the last thirty years has been in the Salvation War. He was a loyal, devoted soldier of Jesus Christ. Travelling with his devoted wife throughout Great Britain wherever it was thought they could be useful.

One of the characteristics of the Colonel was his *War Cry* Booming. Every Saturday in the Restaurants — Public Houses — Market Places — Open Air — everywhere, he was to be seen pushing his *Crys*.

His translation has been sudden. Well and at work Sunday — attacked by a shivering fit on Monday — and in Heaven on Thursday morning.

His dear wife has written for an out-and-out funeral, and requests that an Officer who will understand making the event a blessing to the City may be sent down for that purpose.

Had special Soldiers' Meeting at night in Temple and 74 souls, including a man who threatened to knock the Commissioner to pieces if he did not let him in; but he didn't do that, he got saved instead.

One man, who had travelled 51 miles on his bicycle to get saved, came out to the Penitent-Form, being almost the last.

One young man leapt from the Gallery behind to the platform, and hurt himself, in order to be saved.

Quite a number of young men came out completely drunk. One would have thought they would not have known what they were doing, but for the fact that they were at the meetings on the following day testifying and praising God.

The Secretary writes elsewhere:

. . . A Jewess got to the penitent-form. Had been attending our Halls for five years. Frequently used to curse the name of Christ aloud and disturb the meetings. Perspiration rolled down her, and yet she was as cold as ice.

In the evening the meeting was much more hopeful, and 23 came out. Michael Baxter was again present, and was very much impressed. He made Commissioner Howard a promise of £100. One of the converts was a girl who confessed to having murdered her child. She came to the Mercy-Seat to make her peace with God, and in the morning is to go to the Police and give herself up.

The night meeting was a wonderful time. The power of the Holy Ghost clothed the General, and his sermon, "This year thou shalt die," riveted the attention of all to the need of being saved at once. 88 came forward to the Penitent-Form.

The first to come this afternoon was a man who is called out for the Reserve to go to S. Africa in connection with the war. He wanted to be saved before he started. May God keep him, and if he dies take him to Heaven.

Another interesting incident was a Salvation Soldier walking 6 miles to obtain the General's blessing before he went to South Africa. He too had been called out to go and fight. The General saw him, gave him his blessing and kissed him, the Soldiers standing at attention all the time. When he got outside into the passage he cried with emotion. In the evening he was on the platform weeping, laughing, and clapping his hands over the sinners coming to repentance.

Later we heard that a Band Sergeant who was playing his instrument in the meetings to-day died at 3 o'clock the next morning.

Then we get William Booth himself:

Some years ago I was preaching at Linköpping in Sweden. The night was warm and the windows were wide open. Altho' everything was very quiet the power of God was upon the people. One man was so deeply convicted that he rose up and leapt out of the window, and ran four miles away and then

ran four miles back. I had left, but the Soldiers were still praying with some convicted people. This young man made straight for the penitent-form and found salvation. His career since has been one of almost uninterrupted success, his last victory being a powerful Revival at Eskilstuna where the —— Movement has been like a blight on the people. They doubled the Corps, and now in the height of summer he has four meetings a day.

I have just promised to visit Wigan Sunday week, and in talking about it Brigadier [1] Kitching has been telling me a good story. When opened, the girl Captain found it difficult to get any attention either out-door or in to her message. They treated her with indifference, if not with contempt. She was determined, however, not to sit down with this sort of neglect, so she hit on the following device. Wigan is full of Colliers, Iron Workmen, and the like, many of whom are not a little given to dog-racing. So one day the Captain walked down one of the main streets with a dog under each arm, announcing as she went along that she was going to race these, and would start them off from the corner of a certain street. It can readily be believed that a large number of the doggy part of the community gathered to witness the event — before whom she started off the dogs, which made their way to their homes from which she had borrowed them, to the best of their ability; and then turning to the crowd she quietly gave out the first song. . . .

Stories of this nature are now and again interrupted by such an entry as the following:

Mr. Stead has written a short life of Mrs. Booth which the Chief of the Staff considers clever and bright and will do us good. It has some wretched flaws in it. For example, he tried to make out that my dear wife had some sort of sympathy with spiritualists, and there are other matters equally absurd. The Chief is going to alter this — if he can.

Then we have the industrious Secretary:

The crowds that waited outside for the General to pass were immense, and most enthusiastic. One old woman — a Salvationist — shouted out in the afternoon as the General was walking, "Give us a kiss, General." Nothing loath, he did so. Roars of cheering.

Breakfast with . . . a Wesleyan Minister . . . proved a very interesting fellow, if misguided. General talked with

[1] Now Commissioner.

him on the state of the world, which the parson thought was delightful. He says that taken as a whole the world is turning round towards God. The General, who does not think this by any means, gave him his mind.

Then the General writes himself:

Bramwell came in with a telegram announcing the death of Commissioner Dowdle. Having been on the sick list so long, and so frequently at the gates of death, we could not be very much surprised.

Still I could not help being much impressed. He was my oldest living Officer, it being 27 years since he entered the field. Loyalty itself; I cannot call to mind a single instance in which he has been other than faithful to what he has believed to be my wishes in thought, word, or deed. He loved God, and delighted in the Salvation of the worst, and was successful all the way thro' his career in bringing men and women to the Cross. He is gone. I shall miss him. I loved him, and he loved me.

The proximity of Christmas, I fancy, may have something to do with slackness in the crowds and the holding back from the Mercy-Seat; indeed, some of the sinners frankly avowed that they were in for a "Happy Christmas." Being converted, they thought, would interfere with that.

The Secretary writes in Paris of a meeting with a Russian Prince:

The audience in the afternoon was not as large as was expected. Prince Ouchtomsky with his wife and boy were present. He is a prominent man in Russia, and used to be the Private Secretary of the present Czar when he was Czarevitch. They were both very much impressed, the lady weeping, and the Prince had an interview with the General at the close of the meeting. He goes to Pekin on Monday as the Russian Ambassador of Peace.

And then comes contrast:

I spoke to one or two, amongst whom was Fiddler Joe, who has four businesses at Keighley, and who promised to sell out and to start in a more honourable calling. He is at present a Game Dealer, and has to tell so many lies.

The Secretary writes at Nottingham:

Since the General was last here there have been two or three rather serious scandals. . . . At night, however, there was a

great smash and 90 souls came to the penitent-form, prominent amongst whom was the General's surviving sister and a niece, which gave the General great joy.

After giving the name and address of each person with whom the General stayed on his campaigns, the Secretary says, "It all has been perfectly comfortable. The General would not object to being billeted there again," as a guide in future arrangements.

It is interesting to notice that whereas he billets with royalty or court officials when he is abroad, it is usually with far humbler people — and this by his own choice — that he stays when he is in Great Britain. We frequently hear that his tradesman host is kind, intelligent, or instructive; it is very rarely that the celebrities are treated as anything but nonentities. Because his hostess is a Princess, it does not occur to him to describe her; but if these people appeal to him as interesting on religious grounds he will pay as much attention to them as to the Wesleyan grocer. On one of his continental campaigns, in the summer of 1901, for instance, we read:

My host . . . has a fine large house. I believe the lady is truly religious, although her religion is not of a very distinctive or soul-satisfying type. In a conversation she has been telling me of some of her difficulties, the chief of which is that her elder children are all in the world and she expects the others to follow them. The eldest daughter is married to a worldly man, and she is afraid, I can plainly see, that she will go off from God altogether.

She says that although she herself was converted 20 years ago, she dare not force religion on the young people, lest they should grow up to hate it, which more than one of them has done, and that bitterly.

This seemed a strange confession of the unloveableness of the kind of religion possessed, or the inconsistency of the professors of it, and I am not certain which it was.

She wants my counsel. What can she do? She sees and confesses that it is the worldliness of everybody around her that is the ruin of her children as they grow up and become acquainted with it, and yet she does not see her duty to come out from it.

She says, "I pray God will bring my husband out of his connexion with the Court, but I do not see what else I can do. I go to the Court Festivals for his sake, but I don't take part in

them; I go to the Court Ball, but I don't dance. I did before I was converted."

Poor thing, I am sorry for her: if she were to act up to her convictions and throw up all and join the Salvation Army everybody would call her mad; but I don't see any other way of escape.

He remarks with dignity later on:

The daughter of ex-President General Grant was present, they tell me, afternoon and night, and sent her love to me: at least, that is how her message was delivered; I suppose she desired to send me her respects. I hope she was benefited.

It was of this campaign that he wrote the following description of his travels, and the human means which helped him to sustain them:

It has been a trying campaign in consequence of the severe heat; still I cannot say that I am conscious of being particularly worn down, although in the 28½ days I have been away I have travelled 150 hours, written five articles for the press, and done a heavy correspondence and delivered 47 long addresses, sometimes talking for an hour and a half at a time, and sometimes longer than that. For an old man of 72, not strong at the strongest, I think this affords matter for thanksgiving, and for satisfaction with the new system of diet I have now been using for the last six months.

Later the Secretary writes of this new diet:

The General had mighty freedom in talking, which he attributes partly to the new dieting he is going in for. He says it leaves his throat and chest and stomach absolutely free, and being free and airy he is able to think and talk with mighty effect.

Every now and then one comes across references to the difficulty of stage management:

The Band could not play as the Bandmaster was so nervous.

The General spoke on "Remember Lot's Wife," and had a very powerful time, which would have been much more mighty but for the fact that some women were very frightened owing to the mice that were running about.

At night he carried everything before him, but was badly interrupted by a man going into a fit in the gallery. He had twined his feet and arms round two forms, and although Major Cox and six men tried to move him it was found to be

impossible. The General had to struggle all through this ferment of excitement.

Very occasionally the General indulges in sight-seeing, as at Milan:

. . . had a look at the Cathedral, which is said to be one of the seven wonders of the world. A confirmation service with a Cardinal as the chief figure was in progress as we entered. Some 700 boys and girls were the subjects of the ceremony — all dressed in such attire as seemed to become the occasion — the girls especially were clothed in white muslin, laces, ribbons, and the like. I suppose that to the Catholic mind this ordinance was very imposing; I cannot say that it impressed me very much. Everybody taking part in it from the Cardinal down to the little children appearing so self-conscious or rather so conscious, that they were doing (*sic*) and posing accordingly. I stood near to the Cardinal as he retired. He had an intelligent and benevolent face, still he looked rather bored by the crush of old ladies to kiss his hand and receive his blessing.

The Cathedral is a wonderful erection of human love and sacrifice and skill.

Occasionally he encounters a famous man whose conversation he thinks it worth while to record. His meeting with Lombroso, of which he makes the following note, must have been to him of a particular interest, for his sympathy with criminals has grown with the years, and he was always seeking some means, all over the world, of getting into gaols in order to minister to prisoners and captives. His interest in criminals was by no means only emotional; he was intellectually curious about their mentality, and believed that however twisted and deformed that mentality might be they had it in them to desire a better life and to respond to genuine affection:

When at Turin some few years ago Professor Lombroso, the Italian Criminalist, sought me out, and I had, through an interpreter, an interesting interview with him. . . . He went to Yasnaia Poliana to study the old philosopher (Tolstoy), and there seems to have been a veritable tussle between the two, while each was bent on converting the other to his views. One of their battles royal was fought over an old lady living in the neighbourhood. She was dying of consumption, and the Toula Physicians were now only bent on making her last days

easier. But the old lady refused to die, and having heard that her illustrious neighbour, Count Tolstoy, cured himself recently by means of a vegetable diet, she sent away her doctors, took to vegetarianism, and, according to Tolstoy, is now absolutely cured. Lombroso, on the other hand, holds that her cure is "by hypnotic and religious suggestion"; and despite much eloquence on either side, both disputants "hold their own opinions still," while the pleasing fact remains that a woman given up by her physicians as dying of tuberculosis is now in excellent health and spirits.

What astonished Professor Lombroso most, he says, was Tolstoy's marvellous physical vigour. During the morning he played tennis two hours with his daughters, then he jumped on his horse and rode to a lake near by, where his guest rejoined him. The Italian savant is a good swimmer, but when he and his host had been in the water for a quarter of an hour, Lombroso had to confess himself beaten. Next Tolstoy, in order to show that he was not exhausted, put his strong arms round Lombroso and lifted him up as if he were but a feather-weight. After a vegetarian luncheon, during which he ate enormous quantities of green stuff, the two went for a walk, and filled the rest of the afternoon with scientific discussions.

What a temptation to envy! Of himself he says: "I seem to become more and more sensitive to light and sound"; and constantly there is mention of sleepless, tortured nights, weariness, inability to face the huge task of meetings which must nevertheless be carried through.

Oh my Lord, You must help me or I shall never get through my part of the day's duties.

I wish I were in better spirits. I must struggle into more faith by some means.

He is struck with the following lines, and copies them out:

"Is it so, O Christ in Heaven,
That the highest suffer most?
That the strongest wander farthest
And most hopelessly are lost?
That the mark of rank in Nature
Is capacity for pain?
And the anguish of the singer
Makes the sweetness of the strain?"

Of this nature is the encouragement he gathers on his way:

Dr. Stalker, who is, I suppose, the most influential Presbyterian Minister in Glasgow, spoke at the close in a very flattering way of my performance, and paid dear Mamma some very high compliments, saying among other things that he regarded her as one of the greatest women of the century.

The Officers who came along with me kept us alive by distributing bills at the different Stations. Everybody seemed respectful, civil, and interested, and came in shoals to my carriage window. . . . Their curiosity was not the most agreeable, but being stared at is a part of the cross I have to carry.

Half amused and half disdainful, he quotes the following "silly story," given him by his host, the Mayor of Congleton, a Methodist:

There was a meeting of Nonconformist ministers in Manchester recently, including "Ian Maclaren" and his assistant at Sefton Park. After the business for which they had been convened was finished, they agreed that each should tell a story. When it came to Dr. Watson's assistant's turn he begged off telling his story, as it was about the Doctor. When Dr. Watson heard it was about himself he insisted, in the best of humour, on its being told. "I had a dream," began the assistant minister, "that if I wished to go to heaven I must go up a flight of stairs and chalk my sins on each step as I went up. The further I went the more chalk was needed. Continuing my progress upward, chalking each step as I went, I heard some one coming down. On looking up, much to my surprise, I found it was the Doctor. 'Doctor,' said I, 'you are surely going the wrong way! Why are you going down?' And the Doctor answered in a most lugubrious voice, 'More chalk!'"

At the end of one of his journals we find the following entry, significant of his common sense and his aversion from fads, made on a loose sheet:

Four years ago . . . started off on the line of the Second Coming and Spiritual Revelation. They made themselves a uniform with the Inscription *Jesus is near*. One of the number had a Revelation that was accepted by the others to the effect that a certain man was to cohabit with a certain woman, and that a son was to be born, who should be the Messiah of a New Age.

Accordingly the two came together, the woman conceived, and as the result a son was born who was blind and deaf and dumb. Nothing abashed, however, the leader still continued

his teaching, and as a sign of the credulity of simple people this split exists to the present day, although in a languishing condition.

And then again:

Let that which is of first importance in the estimation of God, and likely to most effectively promote the highest interests of men, at all costs and consequences, be first in all you think or speak or do. I stand pledged before Heaven and Earth and Hell, to go through with what is right and best for my fellows and my God, and by His grace I will be faithful to my vows.

## CHAPTER XX

### IN WHICH PERSONAL SORROWS CLASH WITH PUBLIC ESTEEM

1902

THERE was now an unmistakable "demand" for Booth blood. In his seventy-third year the preacher of the changed heart found himself called to come and help the sad and the sorrowful in every quarter of the world. No man of his time had anything like so great an influence, no man was more intimately known to the nations of the world.

Arrangements were made for him this year to visit France, Germany, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Italy, the United States, and Canada. In each of these countries he was visiting his own people, his purpose being to review his own battalions, and to inspire these faithful followers with fresh enthusiasm for the war against sin; but in each of these countries he would be received by those who were not Salvationists, and vast crowds would follow him who had no intention of becoming Salvationists.

This remarkable popularity was a tribute to his courage, his picturesqueness, and his humanity. Even those who never realized how immensely important to the salvation of their material fortunes as well as to the salvation of their spiritual well-being, was this message of the old Englishman with his head of tousled white hair and his beard of snow, recognised that he had fought a brave fight, that he had introduced a touch of colour into the drab life of an industrial civilization, and that he had cared for the sorrowful and had helped the bottom dog to get up again. It would have been well for them, in that age of logical "Darwinism," when the forces of Armageddon were ring-

ing with the hammers of death, if they had seen more deeply into the significance of his spiritual message.

It was in this year of his life that those domestic troubles of which we have spoken in an earlier chapter came to a head. The old man, who was a General as well as a father, had to bear the pain of seeing two or three of his middle-aged children leave the Flag which he had planted, with blood and tears in the face of the whole world's scorn, during their infancy. His journal refers to these events with a pathos which he hid not only from the world but from his children. Nevertheless, there is in all these entries the stubborn spirit of his courage, witnessing to his determination to press on with the battle at all and every cost.

He cries out at one point:

I shall not attempt to describe my feelings at this utterly bewildering blow. Altogether unexpected, and delivered in such a manner. It must be imagined.

And at another:

I got thro' the night's meeting as well as I was able. . . .

And again:

I am struggling hard to practise the life of faith I am always impressing on others.

And again:

I suppose I am not to be trusted! . . . A Melancholy Day.

But with these momentary cries from the heart of the old warrior there are references to great meetings crowded with men and women, and statements of the number seeking mercy at the penitent-form, and accounts of the words he had uttered on these occasions.

He was supported through his domestic sorrows by his daughter Emma, to whom he was devoted in a particular manner. But his journal has the record that the world's battle is of more account than the peace of his own heart. He must go on with his meetings and she must return to her work in the United States.

. . . bade the Consul (his daughter Emma) a very reluctant good-bye. Over the Atlantic for a few days, just snatched from the jaws of death, so closely bound up with the darkest phases of my life; it seems rather hard to have to rush away from her for three days at a time.

These meetings of his are the best anæsthetics for the pain at his heart:

I had unusual power. I made them laugh and shout and wince and weep by turns. At least God did by me. I take none of the credit, for my poor heart was flat and sore enough.

I feel like beginning life afresh this morning; my heart is stirred with earnest desires to realize more of the indwelling presence of God. What an opportunity for usefulness is mine. "Who is sufficient for these things?" Oh, my Lord, my sufficiency is of Thee.

Again and again he finds relief from his sorrows in the love and enthusiasm of his followers:

Here is Ipswich . . . and such a glad welcome at the Station, where the Soldiers almost danced for joy at the meeting as I took my place on the platform. How Salvationists do love one another, and how pleasant it is that they are not afraid to show their affection.

But in the midst of these joyful manifestations of affection he comes upon places where the coldness or indifference of the people strikes a blow at his heart. For instance, on Good Friday of this year he writes in his journal:

All days are very much alike to me, differing mainly as they offer me the opportunity for greater or less usefulness. Today was supposed to represent a mighty chance in these Welsh Valleys. But it did not prove to be the case. There were games, concerts, football matches, fine weather in profusion, while everywhere there was that indescribable holiday feeling which seems to get all around the people like an atmosphere, and makes it difficult to get the unsaved into the buildings or to produce any definite or effective conviction in them when they are there.

He moralizes, too, over lost opportunities:

Cecil Rhodes is dead. He has been ill, and dangerously ill for some time. Now he is gone to his account. The S.A.

has lost a real friend, so far as this world's good and influence are concerned. I cannot help feeling very sad. I wonder whether in our several interviews I did what I could for his soul. Oh, what a snare hoping for a more convenient season is, not only for the sinner saving himself but for the saint saving other people. I certainly had not the most distant idea of him passing away like this. He was only 49, and had the appearance of being a hearty man. Heart disease was his root malady, and dropsy the immediate cause of his death.

Then we come across an entry which carries us back to the days when he was followed through the streets of Nottingham by a bevy of adoring young women, and when his hair was raven and his pale face was without beard or moustache:

My sister is reported to be dying. Florrie[1] has been with her and writes—"If the General wants to make sure of seeing her again alive he should come on to-night."

Discussed the affairs that just now are pressing with Bramwell on the journey up. . . . Wrote a hasty letter to Herbert, and by 6.5 was in the train en route for Nottingham.

Found my sister very ill, pulse galloping 140 beats a minute. She was very pleased to see me. Was quite cheerful, and said she was in great pain, but chattered away in broken sentences about herself, just as was her usual custom.

She described how she was taken ill . . . sent for the Doctor when the suffering became too great to bear. She said: "He came, and I said to him—'Doctor, I am very ill.' 'Yes,' he said, 'you are, and I am sorry for you.' 'Can you do anything for me?' I said. 'Yes,' he replied, 'I can give you a little chloroform.' 'Doctor,' I said, 'that means an operation.' And he said, 'Yes, it does, and you must have it at once. It must be performed within an hour and a half.' In half an hour he came back and brought a man with him to give the chloroform, and they laid me on that dressing-table," pointing to a table standing under the window, "and did their work."

I said, "Well, you have had a long life of hard work and a large amount of trouble." "Yes," she said, "I have. But oh," she interposed quite cheerily, "the Lord has been very good to me. Oh," she said, "He has been very good." I said, "Well, there is a rest for you." "Yes, yes," she responded, taking the words out of my mouth and quoting the text, "There remaineth a rest for the people of God." "And I am one of them, I am," she said, "and I shall claim my rest." I said a little further on in the conversation, "You trust Him?"

[1] Mrs. Bramwell Booth.

"Of course I do, and I am going to trust Him right on, right on to the end."

She appeared then to get a little exhausted, and I prayed and left, promising to come back the next morning. I had proposed to leave by the 10.15 train, but on reflection resolved to remain and see what turn things took. The Doctor had said that he could give no idea as to any immediate danger, and the nurse was equally unable to form a judgment. She seemed so strong, that for my own part I felt sure she would last some time, if she did not even recover.

But on reaching the house Emily, my niece, met me weeping, and exclaimed, "Oh, I am so glad you've come, Uncle; I was afraid you would have been too late."

Oh, what a change had taken place. It was only too evident that my sister was now dying. I took her hand, called her name, and asked if she knew me; to this she signified assent. But that was all. There were a few minutes' heavy breathing, and then, without a struggle or groan, she ceased to live. As she gave her closing gasp, the words involuntarily came to my heart as though spoken to me by an invisible spirit, "Mary Newell, enter into Heaven, washed in the Blood of the Lamb." It was probably no more than a fancy or an utterance of faith and hope, but however interpreted it was a pleasant feeling; it greatly comforted me.

An admirable example of Salvation Army piety, and a very eloquent witness at once to the humility of William Booth's spiritual life and the stubborn character of his theology, is presented in the following quotation of his journal:

Some years ago I met the mother of Major von Wattenwyl, one of my oldest and most trusted Swiss Officers at Berne, at the lady's house where I was billeted. I was struck with her appearance, her spirit and her general demeanour. She was then, I think, 84 years of age, but wonderfully well preserved, with hair white as snow. She was converted when somewhere about 21 years of age. Deeply convicted of sin, and of the possibility of Salvation, she sought the blessing night and day. Doing little eating, drinking, or anything else, beside weeping and reading her Bible, and calling on God to save her. In the house and in the wood, by night and by day, she persevered in her search for the Pearl of Great Price, and at last found it to her great joy. When she commenced the struggle her hair was as black as a sloe; when she finished it was white as I saw it on that day.

When at Basle, a month ago, her daughter, the Major, was

one of my best helpers, but she disappeared on the Sabbath after the morning meeting, leaving me the message that she had received a telegram to say that her Mother had fractured her hip, and that she was away home to help her.

I have just received the following letter from the Major . . .:

DEAR GENERAL — I have never thanked you otherwise than by wire for your loving words of comfort from Basle.

And now that I do so, I have to tell you that my beloved Mother is, so to say, at the Gate of Heaven, waiting for its opening. After much suffering now the pain has given way. Her room is like a fore-room of Heaven. The whole family is round her, and for all she has a word of Salvation and heavenly joy.

Once more I thank you, dear General, for your kind sympathy. How beautiful it is to see a Christian's death, even though the heart bursts with pain.

Dear General, I feel you are going through deep waters. But He will bring you wonderfully through, and in the midst of all the storms God is carrying on His work, *unhindered.* May He sustain you.— Yours, under the dear old Flag,

A. VON WATTENWYL.

Dear Mamma sends you the following message: "Oh yes, send the dear General my love, and say that he, who has worked *a great deal,* will have eternal Salvation *by grace,* and that I, who have worked *little,* will also have it *by grace.*"

On reading this, after inwardly thanking God for His goodness to my friend at this her closing hour on earth, I could not help also commenting on it. Yes, true, oh gloriously true, we shall be saved by Grace, but our overlasting destiny will be shaped by our actions. Then the passage occurred to me, "And they were judged every man," which must mean rewarded, "according to their works."

He was humble, he believed implicitly in salvation by grace, but he stuck to his dogmatic guns on the subject of works. Nothing could shake his faith in the common sense and shining justice of that doctrine. As a man sows, so shall he reap. Above everything Booth was for action. "When a man talks to us like that"— the reader will remember —" we tell him to go and *do something.*"

One of the most interesting of his letters at this period is addressed to Bramwell Booth on the subject of W. T. Stead:

I have been much exercised during the night with thoughts

about our interview with W.T.S. After seeing him I am always more or less tormented with the feeling that I have not dealt faithfully with him.

We must be radically different in our views; why don't we say so? Why don't we say to him as we should say to his servant girl if she came to the P.F., "Come out from amongst them," etc.?

He reckons that he was divinely guided in his connexion with John Morley on *The Pall Mall*, and that therein he has a "tip" as he calls it as to his proposed union with Hearst. But was it so? Has he not got mixed up and entangled with a crowd of godless worldlings who are simply seeking their own honour and wealth?

I don't understand him nor his position — and yet what a charm there is about his talk, about his open face, and kindly heart, and above all about his writing.

But what has he done with it all? He had *The Pall Mall — he threw it away.*

He had the love of the Salvation Army — they admired him as they have no man since outside its borders — *he threw that away.*

He had the esteem of nearly every generous Christian and philanthropic man and woman in the whole world after the "Eliza episode," and he threw that away with his "Julia" fantastic notions.

Then he had an unparalleled standing with Royalty, Courts, Politicians, etc., by his peace advocacy and association with the Russian Emperor's effort in that direction, and now he seems to *have thrown that away* by his random and infatuated Boer partisanship.

And yet here he is forced up into the notice of the whole world high and low by the Rhodes episode, and before we know where we are he may have the most widely circulated Daily Paper in the country under his control.

A campaign in Holland takes his attention from other matters:

A message is to hand from a University Professor with whom I was to have billeted. Advises strongly the postponement of my visit to Holland on account of the bad feeling there as the result of the South African War.

This warning is too late. Halls are taken, announcements made, and I must go through with it, trusting in God, who has taken care of me hitherto, and who will not desert me now.

So far this has certainly been the most blessed campaign for audiences and spirit and results I have ever held in this City (Amsterdam). While Memory holds her seat I can never for-

get the enthusiastic reception at the Soldiers' meeting on Saturday night. There was no mistaking the love and loyalty of the dear people, so far as they could reveal it by their looks and their voices, by the clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, and every other plan by which the welcome of the heart can be expressed. So deep, so real, so whole-souled was the greeting that I hardly knew how to acknowledge it. I do pray that God will bless and keep every Soldier who joined in it to meet me again in Heaven.

Billeted with the ——'s, two of whom "went for me" after the meeting about the cruel, unjust Englishmen in the South African War, their treatment of the women and children by the British soldiery, and I know not what.

At Leyden he writes:

I cannot understand the poor audiences, except on the supposition that it is "The Anti-English feeling," although no sign of it appeared in the attitude of the people to me in the meetings nor out of them.

In a letter to Bramwell from Holland he says:

My heart is my difficulty. I cannot help these intermittent spells of anguish over the strange actions of K—— and H—— . . . I know all you say . . . and all my own common sense and experience and observation says . . . and all the Bible says about being careful for nothing, and ever so many things, and yet when the swirling waves come over me I cannot help the powerlessness for head work getting the mastery.

Dr. van Dyck[1] told —— that he was sure if there was a public reception the crowd would receive me with stones, whereas there must have been 5,000 or 6,000 people, mostly men, and they were as friendly as any crowd anywhere, indeed a long way more so than many crowds in England.

I wrote —— a longish letter. It was a distressing business, and curious as well. He leaves me after all his pledges: first, on account of his health; and, secondly, because the government of the Army is not to his satisfaction; and now is talking as though he had been called to suffer wrong in some direction! Oh dear!

Troubles of another nature assail him in Berlin:

After tossing to and fro the first part of the night, I dropped into a slumber this morning, but alas! at six I was woke up by a rattling sausage-machine, which I found on inquiry was

[1] The United States Minister to Holland.

worked by a butcher on the ground-floor of the building, which happened to be just in a line with my chamber.

Another bad night. I had hoped that the sausage-machine would have had some respect for the Sabbath, but I was mistaken. It was as active as ever, if not more so.

One is tempted to welcome this humble sausage-machine into history, if only as a diversion from the more distressing anxieties which preyed upon his mind. But William Booth was so constituted that little ills, while they lasted, but only while they lasted, would occasionally cause him great annoyance. He knew it, and mentions it again and again in his letters.

He hears in Berlin of the sudden illness of Edward VII.:

The whole city has been startled, and no one more so than myself, with the news that the King is ill, has had an operation, and the Coronation is indefinitely postponed.

What my feelings are it is impossible to describe. The German Nation has been feeling very strongly against Great Britain on account of the South African War, and has been at no pains to conceal her bitterness. Any deep sympathy is not to be expected now.

I have wired I.H.Q. to call for prayer for His Majesty the world over. I have no doubt about the response.

[At the beginning of the meeting] I asked for prayer from my own people, and all who feared God, and then led the audience to the Mercy-Seat, a great hush seemed to come down on all present.[1]

. . . . . .

I tried to do too much. First, we had the sensation of praying for the King of England. Second, half an hour's sketch of the Army, which I had promised before leaving for England. Then a sermon, and a desperate attempt to deal with an ungodly, curious audience about their own Salvation.

. . . 33 came out notwithstanding the multitude of curious eyes that were gazing on.

The order was perfect, indeed we have not had anything approaching misbehaviour or mocking from the start to the finish.

When leaving, an American journalist, representing a Chicago paper and a host of others in the U.S. besides, wanted to interview me. I gave him a few words. He impressed me as a very nice fellow indeed. Oh, why cannot we get such men saved and roped in for this work? I must make a new start at the task of saving the better sort of mankind.

[1] The meeting was held in a theatre seating 2,000 people.

He mentions in this last sentence not a passing idea, but a desire which had already taken root in his mind and which was destined to grow in the years ahead. For the present, however, his attention is held by the anxiety in England:

> Everybody full of the King. Oh, with every waking thought the King, the King has come to my mind. "Oh God, spare and save him."
>
> Yesterday I wired the Queen, assuring Her Majesty of the sympathy and prayers of the Army for the King's restoration and that she might be comforted and strengthened for the hour.
>
> An answer came promptly back thanking me. God help her.

He holds his religious meetings throughout these dark hours and uses the illness of King Edward to arouse the souls of the sleepers:

> The night was a crowning time, and we parted full of love for each other and for Germany, and with increased desire and determination to live and die in the interest and for the glory of our Blessed Lord.

He wrote to Bramwell from Berlin on hearing that the sick King was to undergo an operation:

> The King! What a disastrous matter this is; it nearly upset me altogether; how I got through as I did is another wonder added to the many in my history gone by.
>
> I did not receive your first telegram sent off at mid-day till 11.30 last night, so that the second came on me at 6 o'clock with a crash; but what it must have been to you all in London I cannot imagine.
>
> I sent a message to the Queen, and did what was considered a difficult, daring, nay, what was thought to be an almost impossible task, viz., stood before a huge congregation of Germans and asked them to sympathize with Her Majesty the Queen, and to pray for the restoration of the King. They advised me against saying anything about my telegram owing to the bitter feeling against the British, but I felt led to do it, and then prayed that God would interfere; there was a great hush all over the crowd, and my own people responded to the request.
>
> I told them that if it was their Emperor, etc., the British Nation would pray for him, and thus everybody was brought in a measure into sympathy.

Difficulties concerning the representation of the Salvation Army at the coronation of Edward VII. are mentioned in subsequent letters to Bramwell:

The Coronation and your Uniform. That's right, push the thing. I should be glad of its going to the King if I thought the matter would be presented to him in the right way. I am quite sure he would not shut us out because of our Uniform.

I have nothing more to say about the Coronation, except I think it will be very awkward if, when I am asked all over the world by people great and small (especially great), "Were you represented at the Abbey?" I shall have to say "They wouldn't have us in uniform, and we wouldn't go without." However, that will all be the same a hundred years hence.

These difficulties, the future historian will be interested to know, were finally surmounted, and the present General, Bramwell Booth, represented the Salvation Army at King Edward's coronation in Westminster Abbey, in the uniform of the Army and by direct command of His Majesty.

In the autumn of this eventful year the General set out on a tour of the United States and Canada, one of the most successful campaigns of his long life. He was not suffered to depart without a Farewell Speech, and in that speech he spoke with no little pathos, and with all his usual frankness, of the difficulties which beset his path.

After describing the lengthy programme made out for him while in the States — travelling, speaking, interviewing, and soul-saving — he gave a list of the countries it was suggested he should visit on his return; it was "a staggering one," and sounded as though "his advisers expected him to live for ever!"

I go somewhere else, and somewhere else (he says), then I go away to shake hands with Peter at the gates of Paradise, in the Heavenly Country where the wicked cease from troubling, and where my weary soul will have a chance of getting a furlough, and rest for a season. . . .

As I have looked forward to the voyaging by sea and the journeying by land, I confess that my heart has gone back to Moses, whose position I cannot but feel mine, in a shadowy sort of way, resembles. I look at him on that mountain top, see him stretched out before his Maker, with his chest heaving,

and tears streaming. I hear his cry as he looks across the wilderness, and, by the eye of faith, sees his people battle with the Philistines, and cross the Jordan to the Promised Land: and I hear him cry out, "O my God, unless Thou go with me, send me not hence: unless Thou be my Guide and Counsellor, my Friend and my God, let me die on the mountain here: let me pass out of sight of men for ever." But I also hear the answer come. I have cried to my Father after the same fashion, and I believe I have His answer. *God is going with me.* . . .

My Lord, what am I and what is my father's house that Thou shouldst have raised up round the world such a host of brave, self-sacrificing, capable men and women to assist me to carry out my wishes, to obey my commands, to run at my bidding, and be willing to suffer and die for the sake of the Flag — the Flag that I have hoisted over their hearts? Who am I that I should have the privilege of commanding such a brave, heroic, and mighty host?

You who are here: you who are around me on this platform — you have helped me to make the Salvation Army. You are my children, my Soldiers, and you have helped me to make the Army what it is. My darling wife who, I believe, looks down from Heaven, and blesses me, and counts the days, if she knows, when I shall come to her side, as I am also beginning to calculate upon the time when I shall have the high privilege of embracing her in holy and everlasting love once more — she helped me! She was the soul of honour and love, and believed that the lad she fell in love with forty years ago and more was the soul of honour, or she never would have allowed my lips to press her cheek. Down to the last moments of her life my beautiful, noble wife helped me.

My precious, blessed children have helped me. It is true that one or two have fallen from my side; but I love them, and they have fallen to come back again sooner or later. I say my children have helped me; but the Salvation Army does not belong to the Booth family. It belongs to the Salvation Army. So long as the Booth family are good Salvationists, and worthy of commands, they shall have them, but only if they are. I am not the General of the family. I am the General of the Salvation Army. And when the Flag falls from my grasp I will do the best I can to ensure another taking it up who shall be beyond the old General, as the new and young are believed to be better than the old.

So he departed, amidst enthusiastic acclamations and most loving farewells, for his conquest of America. The first wireless telegram ever received by the Army was despatched from the s.s. *Philadelphia* by the General on his

way to the conquest of America in October, 1902. He telegraphed:

Borne on the wings of prayer, I go to my American Campaign. From Atlantic Ocean I again call upon my people everywhere for renewed desperate fighting. God is with me: He cannot fail. I shall stand by the old Flag to the end. — THE GENERAL.

His welcome in America was of an extraordinary character. The travelling correspondent of *The War Cry* makes a vigorous effort to describe it:

We arrived at Sandy Hook soon after midnight on Friday, anchoring at the Quarantine Station at about 2 A.M. By seven o'clock, before the ship's Bill of Health had been passed, the sound of bombs was heard. The passengers rushed on deck eager to know what was happening, and noticed in the distance a fleet of steamers, decorated with flags of welcome from end to end, and loaded with shouting, cheering, enthusiastic Salvationists, who, after being up a good part of the night, had made an early start to give their General a loyal, hearty welcome to their country, and accompany his steamer in royal fashion from the Quarantine Station to the American Company's Landing-Stage.

The sights and sounds connected with this reception are altogether beyond my power to describe. Every conceivable device in the direction of sound-producing instruments, and that hearty enthusiasm peculiar to Salvationists, were brought into full play. Imagine the syrens or hooters of a dozen steamers (not all in the same key) going full blast all at one time. Add to this the explosions of bombs, rockets, and daylight fireworks. Add again the music of Salvation Army bands, and the shouts of welcome of Officers and Soldiery from the various departments of the National Headquarters, the Social Work, the Central, Western, New York, New England, and Ohio and German provinces — and a distant imagination of what took place is just possible.

I have been present at many notable events in Army history, but I have never seen anything after this kind before. It is not too much to say that it was unique. One of our rich passengers, a New York banker, remarked to me that he had never seen "so many good people together before." Another said it reminded him of the reception accorded to Admiral Dewey upon his return from the Spanish War. A third remarked that, in his judgment, "it beat the Coronation hollow." There was not an unkind word, notwithstanding the fact that some

of the passengers had to walk about with their hands to their ears owing to the great noise, although they were smiling with pleasure all the time.

The General himself corroborates this description in a letter to his son:

Sometime in the middle of the night we came to anchor in what is termed the Quarantine ground. Here we waited till daylight for the inspection of the Officer of Health. No vessel being allowed to go further up the Bay, much less to come alongside the Wharf of the City, without this gentleman's certificate as to there being no contagious disease on board. . . .

We were up and about pretty early. Breakfast was announced for six, but was not ready till 7.30. Everybody was more or less excited at the prospect of being so much nearer Home Sweet Home, as the bulk of the 1st and 2nd Saloon and many of the Steerage Passengers were returning from pleasure or family trips to Europe.

While dealing with the good things before us suddenly a burst of shouting and singing and other sounds of enthusiasm came through the Saloon windows and fetched everybody to their feet. What could it be? . . . The question was soon answered — it is the Salvation Army come to greet their General.

I have had welcomes almost innumerable and of the most varied character in many parts of the world, but never anything which for enthusiasm and gladness surpassed that given me by the excited Salvationists that crowded the 11 steamers who came down the New York water on that Saturday morning.

I cannot find time to describe it. . . .

I cannot tell how many Press men I spoke to, or how many times I was photographed, or how many greetings I received and returned, or how my heart leapt within me when dear Fritz (Commissioner Booth-Tucker) came on board in the Revenue Cutter, or when my dear precious Emma stepped on the steamer as we came alongside the wharf.

By 10 I had reached headquarters, and in a few minutes was meeting a group of reporters. Before I was through with them, the banging of the drums and the explosion of the bombs, which with deafening bangs followed one another in repeated succession, proclaimed the approach of the procession of the Officers and Soldiers who had followed through the City from the steamers on which they had been down the Bay.

It was a really impressive march — headed and accompanied by the police, as drum after drum and Department after Department filed under the balcony on which I stood, my whole

soul was drawn out in response to the loving looks and greetings they sent up to me there.

That through, I finished my interview with the Press, which the arrival of the procession had interrupted, and after dealing with their catechizing, I sat down to luncheon with several leading Press gentlemen of higher importance. . . . It was a day of days, one of the most remarkable of my life.

In another letter, written a few days later, he says:

You can have no idea of the riot of these last few days! It has passed everything in my history, and I have had some whirling times as you well know. But oh it has been little short of the terrific.

Of course the whole reception and the wonderful Sabbath meetings were all such a surprise, and the interest has seemed so genuine ever since, that I have deeply felt the importance of making the most of the opportunity and have toiled night and day for it.

. . . . . .

We have had perfect *unanimity* and every sign of the most devoted loyalty to the Flag. I did the paper on Vows this afternoon, and so far as I could see it was received without a dissentient voice. It was delightful.

Just off to Boston. What a whirling, blessed time we have had!

What love and joy and confidence and resolution has come into the hearts of these Officers!

They are gone away *mad* to pull the Devil to pieces and do something that shall please their General.

I have surrendered myself to the Press people and picture people and anybody for the good of the cause. . . .

In other letters he says of this tour:

Who am I that such remarkable results should follow my *poor work*? I feel humbled before God and man, and more than ever anxious to make the most of my *opportunities*.

During this extraordinary popular campaign hundreds, of course, were unable to get into the halls where he spoke. As in the States, so in Canada. At Toronto, for example, on the occasion of a great meeting at least fifteen hundred people were turned away. The following stories are told by a Salvationist of the efforts to get admission to this particular hall:

Among those turned away were two gentlemen who had travelled a long distance to hear the General. Fortunately some friendly Officer managed to find a vacant step between the seats on the platform for them, much to their joy, which they expressed in profuse thanks.

"I am going to get in," repeated a young man who had been refused admittance by the police.

"No, sir; not another person can be admitted."

"Well, I'll bet I'll get in," he emphatically asserted, and he walked a few steps to a telephone pole, climbed up like lightning, and from its arm swung himself on to a window-sill, and so entered the gallery.

"I told you I would get in," he called down to the policeman, as he made his way in.

"Well, you deserve to get in," was the hearty reply from the guardian of the law.

Two young women came when the meeting had started, and were refused admission. "Would you keep us from going to the penitent-form?" was the startling question retorted. "Oh no," answered the innocent Officer. "Very well, then, let us go to the penitent-form," they said, were admitted, and at once walked to the front.

A rap on the side-door is answered with "Sorry, no more room." "But I am a Press Reporter, and must come in." He was admitted. A few seconds afterwards another man presented himself, saying he was from the same paper. He was told his journal was already represented, but upon his earnest assurance that he had come straight from the office, he also was admitted. A few minutes after that a third man presents himself as the representative of the same newspaper. Alas! who could tell which was the authorized one? To avoid ill-feeling he was squeezed in also; but he was the last person allowed to enter!

From Winnipeg the General wrote to his son in London announcing a fresh idea in his method of daily journalism:

I propose to make another slight diversion in the matter of my correspondence. That is, I propose to say a great deal in journal form that I now say in my letters to you direct. Matters of general interest I will put into the journal, and matters which are of a personal or business character into my letters.

If I can get into the habit of doing the journal more freely it will be of more interest to you now and to others in the years to come; but in making extracts for the Press, should you do so, it will require some little care, because there will be some matters concerning individuals and concerning myself even that will not be wise to publish.

I cannot make any particular promise as to how far I shall go on this line, seeing so much depends upon my surroundings and state of feeling.

But six days later he sits down in Kansas City to write a long and affectionate letter to Bramwell Booth's daughter, Miss Catherine Booth, one of his grandchildren. That a man so old, so busied, and so beset should find time to write letters of this kind proves to us, if such proof is necessary, how true and how tender was his heart in its human relationships:

My Dear Catherine — I want to send you my wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I would like all of you to have a really happy time as the holidays go by, and to have a blessed and useful New Year. This is the Lord's will concerning you, and therefore it is mine.

You must think of me when you are having your gifts and amusements and doing your Christmas carols and all your other holiday business. God bless you.

I shall be pulling away at the work which our Heavenly Father has given me to do, although I suppose over 6,000 miles away from you. This is a very busy campaign. I never was more occupied — perhaps never so much in any undertaking before. Morning, noon, and night I am either writing, dictating, or interviewing, or doing business, or talking, or something else of the same kind.

You will have read in *The War Cry* of the blessed meetings we are having, what wonderful crowds come to listen, and what favour God has given me with the people generally. It is very wonderful, and my heart is full of gratitude, because I believe it is going to greatly help the Salvation Army in this wonderful country, and in helping the Salvation Army is going to glorify our dear Saviour and advance His Kingdom on earth.

In writing to you, dear Catherine, I write also to Mary and to Miriam, to Bernard and to Olive, to Dora and to Wycliffe, and I hope you are all doing something every day to get ready for helping dear Papa and Mamma in their work and to make useful Officers in this great Army.

I tell the people in my lecture every time that three of the eldest of my twenty-eight grandchildren have begun to preach, and that I intend the remaining twenty-three shall, if I can rule. God bless you both and the dear boys and girls, and help you amidst all the difficulties and trials of life to hold fast to God and Salvation and make you a blessing to thousands and thousands of the redeemed sons and daughters of men.— Believe me, your affectionate

General.

And a few days later he writes from San Francisco a long letter to Bramwell, in which he shows how his heart yearned after backsliders, and how eagerly he sought in the meshes of essential discipline some way of re-entry into the Salvation net for those lost fishes of his life's trawling:

The number of ex-Officers who come to my meetings, and sob and lament that they are outside and wanting to come back, is pitiable in the extreme. They are not prepared always to go to the penitent-form in the presence of the Officers with whom they have quarrelled, or the Corps in which they lost their position by their tempers or something else. Perhaps they think they are right — perhaps they know they are wrong, but the penitent-form is not the way for them to come round, and after they have been to the penitent-form they are still speckled birds. There is nothing definite about their position. Now something ought to be done for them. There are hundreds of them all around the world, and as the Consul said the other night — as many of them are as good outside as are in.

Of course, when you look over this country and see the number of real valuable men in leading positions who, at one time or another, have been outside, you cannot help wondering whether there may not be a great many more of the same kind outside still, and when we want men and women so badly we ought to make a way for them to return.

In many cases the taking of men away from the country where their offence has been known, and putting them down in some other country, would be very good.

He repeats with much relish a story told by Mr. Seth Low, the Mayor of New York, in introducing the General to a meeting. A certain dignified minister of religion was asked what he thought of the Salvation Army, and the reply was, "Well, to tell the truth, I don't like it at all: but, to be candid with you, I believe God Almighty does." He used to tell this story to the last days of his life. Another American mayor, who acted as chairman at one of the General's meetings, made the following remarks, containing a characteristic reflection of William Booth, and showing the affectionate admiration in which he was held throughout America:

A moment ago, in the ante-room, when I had the honour of being presented to the General, I said to him that in '65, when

the Civil War closed, we had only about three thousand people in Chattanooga, but that we have grown since that time as he could well see. He passed his hand over his forehead and replied, "'65 — '65, that was when *your* war ceased, and that was the very year that *my* war began."

And so it was, that when our battle here — the battle which we have commemorated in so many years — was just ending, the battle which this famous General of peace took up, was just beginning.

And through these years he has fought marvellously. It is said, you know, in a very good Book, "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." And all the world loves a cheerful giver, and all the world loves a man who, above all things, *gives himself*. And so it happens that we come out gladly to-night and welcome a man who has given himself for suffering, weeping, struggling, starving humanity: the General of the Salvation Army, an Army which not only saves men from the storms and sorrows of life, but prepares them for the hereafter.

To Mr. John Cory, a loyal friend since 1862 and a generous supporter of the Army, William Booth often sent from time to time on these tours of vigorous campaigning an account of his meetings. The following letter was written from America in December of this year:

I had reason to believe that a great change had taken place in public feeling towards the Army and towards the General in particular, and the foolish prejudice, aroused by those who had faltered some six years ago on account of the English origin of the Army, having very altered, but I was not prepared for the welcome which met me. It was not merely the people who came in crowds to the meetings in spite of the most unfavourable weather —it was not the kindly hand that was outstretched to me by the leaders of public opinion that so very much surprised me — but it was the friendliness of the Press, so universally expressed in every form. When I say Press, I mean not so much the religious as the secular portion of it. All this has continued throughout the country. No buildings, that we have been able to secure, have been large enough for the Sunday and evening attendances. In some places the fights outside for admission have been really dangerous, limbs having been fractured and lives having been endangered by the eagerness of the people to get in.

Then the blessed influences that have rested on the meetings, the remarkable conversions that have taken place, and the assurances that have been showered down upon me by Governors of States, Premiers, and other leading dignitaries, together

with leaders of Colleges and Ministers of all denominations, have shown what an impetus has been given in a direction to most glorify God and bless mankind.

I have been here now nine weeks, during which time I have conducted ninety-three heavy meetings, travelled some 7,500 miles, seen 1,150 souls at the penitent-form, written articles for the Press, done a large amount of correspondence, transacted a great deal of business, and held almost constant communion with my people.

For all the good that has been done and for the Grace and Strength that has been imparted I praise God.— I give God the glory, I want all my friends to join me in praising Him.

I was no little surprised, as you will readily imagine, to hear of the death of Hugh Price Hughes. How sudden it seems. What a great loss he will be to the Methodist Church, and now I hear that Doctor Parker has gone. What a call for us all to be ready. . . .

I hope you are keeping well and walking in the light. I am trying to fill up every moment myself and thanking God for the opportunity He gives me.— Believe me as ever, your affectionate

GENERAL.

Once again "Booth blood" rebels against the inadequate descriptive writing of *The War Cry* journalist. He writes vigorously to Bramwell from Chicago:

I am vexed about the reports in *The War Cry*. But it's no use expecting what people can't do.

*But when you have a cable such as Lawley sent about Toronto, I do think —— might have put my name at the top, and put it in bigger instead of lesser type than the twopenny speeches of the Mayors, Cabinet Ministers, etc., that are on the same page. But for the readers I felt like saying, Send them no more.*

It is the *type* and the position nowadays that ensures a reading . . . I am sure of it. The papers of this country live by their *Head-lines*.

However, I don't mind. . . . I am written up enough just now, not a line of which I see. But I am thinking of the effect on Australia and the Continent, Africa and elsewhere where the English *Cry* comes.

From Colorado Springs he writes hopefully to his son of golden prospects:

Everything here seems to be gradually shaping in the direction of a possibility of our creating a great impression on the

minds of these American millionaires. . . . Pierpont Morgan has had an interview with Tucker at his own request. With respect to it we have got some telegrams, but they are of such a nature that we can neither make head nor tail of them.

When I have been in the grave a little while, you will set to work and spend some money and time on a code that can be understood.

Perhaps you will ask "What am I driving at?" I want to say that our great need at the present moment is a more organized method of getting money, that shall radiate from I.H.Q. to the furthermost parts of the Army.

And he cries out in another letter:

I am still clinging to the hope, and shall be till I am in my coffin, that I shall come across a millionaire who will help me out of the straitness of the hour.

He says of Canada, where he was always extremely happy, that it is "a country with golden summers, almost heavenly autumn, and generous, loyal, loving, and hospitable people."

Something of the character of William Booth's public utterances at this period of his life may be gathered from the following passages from an address which he entitled, "Walking with God."

My comrades, you and I can walk as closely, and I may say as everlastingly, with our Maker as did any of the saints who have ever lived. . . . It means something more than walking with His Word. You may go through the world with the Bible under your arm, and yet finish up in the Bottomless Abyss, spending your eternity in Hell in reading over and over again the words that might have got you to the Heart of Jehovah on earth and to the Home of Jehovah in the Skies.

It means something more than walking with God's people. You may walk with holy mothers and fathers and comrades; sing with them; read their Bibles and go to meetings, marches, and open-airs with them; travel with them right away down through life till they come to the dark cold River, and, crossing that River, bid them farewell — never to see them again until, far away, you discern them at the right hand of the Great White Throne, to be parted from them for ever.

It means something more than walking with the forms and ceremonies of religion. Forms and ceremonies there must be; but alas! alas! men and women come to rest in them . . . and rest in them to their doom. If you are to be damned, my

friend, you had better walk thither in the livery of the world and the Devil than in that of God Almighty's people. You had better go there in the convict's garb, or a drunkard's rags, or in heathen darkness than attired after the fashion of the children of Jehovah.

It is possible that this may be the last time I shall have an opportunity of speaking to you of the future, and of Heaven, and Hell, and Calvary. And the last time probably a number of you who are here will listen to such words from the lips of any human being. I am going to preach the funeral sermon of some men and women who are here to-night. I demand, demand that you stop and look at your Lord bleeding upon the cross for your salvation.

If one bears in mind his appearance: the tall, attenuated figure, the intensely pale face with its flashing eyes, tousled hair, and flowing beard — if one recalls, too, the passionate gestures and the harsh, far-carrying voice — one may understand something of the power of such utterances, something of the spell he cast upon eager, anxious, desperate, and in many cases self-accusing, souls.

The honesty of the man rang out clear and authentic in every rough, unpolished sentence that sprang to his lips, and it was for all who heard him the honesty of deep affection, boundless compassion, and infinite yearning, whatever may have been their views concerning his theology. Nor was this honesty a trick of the platform. It is the man. It is manifest in his letters and diaries; everybody who encountered him was made aware of it in one form or another. He never met man or woman of whatever degree but he longed to give them the happiness of conscious salvation. One of his Commissioners tells a story which illustrates how this yearning after the souls of men manifested itself not only "in the great congregations," but also in the most casual conversations with individuals. The Commissioner related this story at a meeting, addressing himself to the General:

I shall never forget one instance that came under my observation which goes to show that you are on this business of saving souls not only in the great congregations, but also with single individuals. Whilst going down the streets of one of the cities of Australia riding with the then foremost Minister

of the Crown in that State, he was telling you of some individual who numbered among his possessions so many thousands of cattle and so many hundreds of thousands of sheep, and I remember, sir, you looking straight at him and saying to him, "It takes a good many sheep to satisfy a soul." And he dropped his head and said, "Yes, a good many sheep to satisfy a soul."

The older he grew and the more deep became his knowledge of mankind, the more did this sorrowful man yearn to convert humanity from the folly of a transitory world to the eternal satisfaction of the world to come. And at this time the idea flamed in his soul of converting not hundreds here and thousands there, but all the world.

# CHAPTER XXI

## THE DAWN OF A SECRET HOPE AND THE END OF A GREAT CAMPAIGN

### 1903

ALTHOUGH one finds few references to the matter in the journals or letters, and these only of the most glancing character, there is no doubt that the General was moved by the immense interest in the Army at this period to entertain the hope of converting the whole world.

He spoke of the matter to Bramwell Booth and also to the present writer. He believed that it was possible to bring men and women of every degree and temperament into the fold of the Salvation Army, and he even dared, in certain moments of enthusiasm, to think that he himself might live to accomplish this consummation.

The reader must remember that the campaigns of the General were events of the first order in every country that he visited. No man of any nation in the world had so wide a popularity among all the peoples of the earth. Moreover, it must be carefully borne in mind that wherever he went the General heard the most astonishing, the most dramatic, and also the most pathetic stories of individual conversions. To hear one or two of such stories must have kindled any man's enthusiasm, but for a man of William Booth's temperament and faith to hear hundreds of these stories told in every part of the world must clearly have been an inspiration of irresistible power.

In a certain measure it may be said that he looked for a Second Advent. He hated faddists with all his might, and he feared to find himself numbered among the superstitious; he therefore kept almost entirely to himself this dream of great world-conversion, this hope of a final victory over Satan, this prayer for an absolute accomplishment of his heart's passion. But there is no doubt that in secret he poured out to God this last and tremendous longing of his

soul, clinging to life with an ever-hardening tenacity only that he might live to see the answer of his prayer and fall adoring, on this human earth of sorrow and tears, at the feet of his Master.

We shall see from the concluding accounts of his visit to America, which extended into the year 1903, that there was at least some justification — if we remember the troubled beginnings of the Army — for this pathetic dream of the old prophet. And from now onwards it will be found that he moved, with an ever-multiplying band of followers, from one triumph to another, enjoying such a universal popularity as I suppose has fallen to the lot of no other religious leader.

His daughter Emma, with her husband, Commissioner Booth-Tucker, were the organizers of these triumphs in the States:

> Found Emma waiting me in our car. She has come fro... Washington, where she had spent Sunday interviewing Mr. Mark Hanna in reference to my approaching visit to that City, and my dinner with the Members of the Cabinet, the lunch with the President, Mr. Roosevelt, and other important things.
>
> I cannot stop to record the story of her experiences, but it was quite exciting, very interesting, and likely to prove useful to the Army in the future.

A somewhat formal account of the reception given by Senator Hanna in Washington occurs in this journal:

> I had my usual effort (at sleep) after lunch, but failed, and now my head was swimming and my heart was burdened to a border of distraction with the supposed importance of the evening's gathering, and of the part I had to play in it. I threw myself on the bed, and succeeded in gaining ten minutes' sweet oblivion.
>
> 5 o'clock. Introductory interview with Senator Hanna. Found him very friendly indeed, and seemingly anxious to do what was within his ability for the Army. His personality impressed me at once. I wanted no one to tell me that he was a born leader of men after I had conversed with him ten minutes.
>
> 8 o'clock. The Dinner. Some of the most important guests had failed at the last moment to put in an appearance on account of influenza. Of this there is quite an epidemic in the city.

However, quite a number of influential men gathered around the beautifully decorated table and partook of the dainties set before them, and when they had well eaten and the cigars had been handed around, Mr. Hanna introduced me with a few very hearty and appropriate words of recommendation respecting myself personally and the work in general. I talked for an hour, got a little confused here and there, and left unsaid some of the more important things I wanted to say. Still I talked freely out of my heart, and pleaded hard for my poor people. Whatever my own opinion was of my performance (and it was not a very high one, indeed quite the contrary), the views entertained respecting it by every individual present, expressed in the frankest manner either in the speeches made after I sat down or at the final handshake, were most favourable to the Army, and of deepest sympathy with it and the most ardent desire for its continued and increased success.

Describing, in *The Continent* of Chicago, a dinner given in Washington by the late Senator Mark Hanna, the Hon. Henry B. F. Macfarland, of Washington, said:

The most interesting dinner ever given in Washington, so far as my knowledge goes, was that of Senator Hanna, in honour of General William Booth. Senator Hanna had been brought to know the Salvation Army in Cleveland by Governor Herrick, and his sympathetic and generous heart, so little known by people in general, had gone out to the Army. He had given largely of money, and even of time, in aid of its work in Cleveland and in Ohio, and had, like Governor Herrick and other friends of the Army, endured cheerfully ridicule from associates on account of his avowed friendship for an organization which to men of the world seemed bizarre and fanatical.

At the period of this dinner, it is true, the Salvation Army had lived down most of the early opposition to it. But its unique Founder, General Booth, had not yet received the official honours afterward heaped upon him, and if he had died then, the President of the United States and the Emperor of Germany might not have joined with the King of Great Britain in honouring his memory. To most of the leaders in public life of the United States he was practically an unknown quantity.

Senator Hanna himself had never seen the General, but hearing that he was coming to the United States and Canada for a tour of meetings, the Senator invited him to be his guest while in Washington — especially the guest of honour at a formal dinner. General Booth accepted. At that time the Sen-

ator was living at the Arlington Hotel, and he provided for the formal dinner as elaborately as if it were for the President of the United States.

The banquet was set for the evening of General Booth's arrival, and as he came in on a late train, he did not meet his host until he came with the other guests into the reception-room. The General was very tired with his journey. After the first exchange of greetings, Senator Hanna and General Booth apparently found little to say to one another, and both were relieved when the other guests began to arrive. These guests were about fifty of the most important men in Washington at that time. Except the President of the United States, practically every conspicuous figure in the public life of the capital was present, including the Vice-President, the Speaker, and members of the Supreme Court, the Cabinet, the Senate, and the House. Almost all of them came to please Senator Hanna, and with no feeling toward General Booth except, possibly, curiosity. Some, like the then Speaker of the House, the late David B. Henderson, who looked upon every dinner as a time for fun of all sorts, evidently expected to get great amusement out of the occasion at Senator Hanna's expense.

It was winter, and the air outdoors was cold, but it was no colder than the moral atmosphere of the reception-room in which every one seemed to feel an awkward constraint. After the introductions no one seemed to know what to say to General Booth, and he said very little to anybody. The announcement that the dinner was served came with more than the usual amount of relief to the host and his guests, including General Booth. The dinner proper passed off as dinners usually do, varied only by an attempt on the part of Speaker Henderson to jest across the table with Senator Hanna and General Booth, which Senator Hanna promptly and peremptorily suppressed, saying, "Now, Dave, this is not that sort of a dinner." As may be imagined, this remark did not help to break the ice.

When at the close of the dinner Senator Hanna got up to speak, he was evidently embarrassed. His brief introduction of General Booth was almost colourless. When General Booth arose, he looked tired and ill at ease. His voice was husky from the effect of the many speeches of his tour, and he spoke in low tones. His first few sentences made no impression, except, possibly, to add to the general feeling of coldness. Senator Hanna's face showed fear of failure.

Suddenly one of the Senators at the extreme right said, "Louder!" This gave the old General just the shock which he needed. He threw up his head and straightened out his form like an old lion suddenly roused to action. Snapping

back, "Oh, I can shout if necessary!" he raised his voice so that it could be heard all through the banquet suite. He spoke possibly an hour, continually gripping, more and more, first the head and then the heart of his audience.

It was a memorable study to watch those who had never heard him before, and he gradually overcame their indifference, disarmed their criticism, and captured their attention, and, finally, admiration. His hearers were the hardest men in the country to affect by speaking. All of them were familiar with all the arts and tricks of every form of public speaking — in courts, in Congress, on the stump. No company of the same number could have been assembled in their country at that time including more public speakers of experience and success. Senator Hanna could not have selected for the purpose of resisting the speech of General Booth a more formidable company of men.

But the Salvationist chief took them captive without their knowing how. In form General Booth's speech was not eloquent any more than his voice, which, though strong, was rough and harsh. In truth, the speech violated all the canons of oratory but one, and that the only one that cannot be violated without failure. The canon, of course, is that which requires sincerity and earnestness. It was evident that the speaker was genuine, and it was equally evident that he was speaking of real life. But it was most evident that he was speaking, as was said of Whitefield, "like a dying man to dying men," without thought of the outward rank or popular reputation of those to whom he spoke.

When General Booth sat down he had completely changed the atmosphere of the occasion, and the minds of all the men before him. Senator Hanna, rising to speak, searched in all his pockets for a handkerchief, and not finding one, picked up his napkin from the table and wiped tears from his cheeks. He was not the only man who had not been able to repress the tears. All were greatly moved, each according to his temperament. What Senator Hanna then said was very different from what he said in his introduction. But no words could equal the tribute of his tears.

Then followed a series of extraordinary informal speeches which were more like confessions than like ordinary after-dinner addresses. One after another the strongest men there, of different kinds, responded to Senator Hanna's invitation to give their impressions as well as they could in words. Vice-President Fairbanks, Speaker Henderson, Justice Brewer, Senator Hoar, Mr. Cannon (then Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations in the House), Senator Cockrell of Missouri (then the "watchdog of the Treasury" in the Senate), and others of the same general character, made speeches which would

have astonished themselves if they had been made on any other occasion, and which astonished their hearers as it was. None of them ever spoke at any other time with equal eloquence — eloquence of the highest sort, because brought from the very depths of their own lives. For once they allowed their spirits freedom and threw aside conventionalities, speaking from their hearts. It was interesting to see how each one of them went back to whatever was spiritual and holy in his boyhood training, or in the best moments of his past life, laying aside for the time all that had since gathered over these memories.

It would be impossible to reproduce the speeches. No reporter of any kind was present. Senator Hanna thought it would be best to have the freedom of a perfectly private dinner, and while fragments of the proceedings, gathered second-hand, were briefly printed by the local press in a very inadequate and unappreciative way, no real report of it was ever published. But even a stenographic report of it would have been entirely inadequate. It would not have given any idea of the spirit of it all, expressed in the manner as much as in the matter of what was said.

A characteristic incident was that Senator Cockrell, who, as guardian of the public purse, was never known to suggest an appropriation if he could possibly escape doing so, actually proposed across the table to Mr. Cannon, then Chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations and "watchdog of the Treasury" there, that they should agree to make an appropriation of public money for some Salvation Army institution to be established in Washington. Nothing else said at the table was more striking to those who heard them and who knew so well their customary attitude toward appropriations.

The most notable of the speeches was that of Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, still in the full vigour of his powers. A Massachusetts Brahmin, a typical representative of New England conservatism and culture, a critic armed with great knowledge of men, books, and affairs, capable of the severest analysis, he was then President of the American Unitarian Association, the official representative of that church which does not approve of what is commonly called "revival" or "evangelistic" effort, and which of all the churches is supposed to have the least sympathy with the teachings and methods of the Salvation Army. Of all the men present, Senator Hoar was supposed to be farthest removed from a personal sympathy with General Booth and his views and ways; therefore, when he rose to speak everybody felt strangely stirred.

After giving his thanks to Senator Hanna for what he termed a remarkable experience, he went on to say that he "took shame" to himself that this great movement called the Salvation Army had gone on in his own time without his ever really

seeing it until that night. He had of course, he said, seen the Salvationists doing their work in his own town of Worcester, where he had frequently observed them at the street corners holding meetings. It showed how little he really saw of the meaning of it, he said, that he had been on the point repeatedly of speaking to the leader of such a meeting, and asking him whether he did not know that he ought not to pray thus in public, but rather in secret, that he might expect that the Father in Heaven would reward him openly. "I see now," he said, "how foolish, how fatuous such a remark would have been, and am thankful that I never made it."

He then went on to say that the story which General Booth had unfolded was like that of the early Christian Church in the Apostolic age. He pointed out the resemblances between the spirit of the early Church and that of the Salvation Army. He recalled how the Apostolic Church also went to the people and used the open air for their meetings, and sought the lowest as well as the highest of men and women, and had power to help them to change their lives, as in later periods so much of the Church did not have power. He spoke then of the courage, self-sacrifice, and heroism of the Salvation Army in being like that of his beloved Pilgrims and Puritans in England and Holland, and on the stern and rock-bound coast of Massachusetts.

Finally, after completing that parallel in his most eloquent manner, he said that while General Booth had been speaking there had come back to his mind an old-fashioned hymn which he learned in his boyhood, and which he thought expressed the very purpose and life of the Salvation Army. This hymn was called, he said, "The Heralds of the Cross," and he quoted several stanzas of it with evident feeling. It was an old-fashioned evangelical missionary hymn, just such an one as the Unitarian Church does not use, and his recital of it with such earnestness made a deep impression on the company.

When Senator Hanna closed the speaking there was a general movement to speak to General Booth personally, which was in great contrast both in eagerness and in warmth to the reception he had been given on his arrival, and the things that were said to Senator Hanna in acknowledgment of the opportunity he had given his guests were very different from the conventional expressions of gratitude on such occasions. Often since then men who were present have spoken of this dinner as an experience that stands out separate from all other meetings of that sort which they ever saw.

But this dinner was only the prelude to other important events. General Booth was received by President Roosevelt at the White House:

We were ushered in in the most informal manner, and on entering found Mr. Hay, Secretary for Foreign Affairs; Mr. Root, Secretary for War; and Mr. Hitchcock, Secretary for the Interior. After introduction to these gentlemen, I had a nice chat with them. We were shortly after joined by another gentleman much interested in some kind of Slum Settlement in New York.

The President then entered, shaking hands all around in the cheeriest manner. Mr. Roosevelt was accompanied by a Mr. Sargent, who, I was afterwards given to understand, has a wide-world reputation as a Portrait Painter.

During the conversation at dinner I heard it stated that this Artist was present for the purpose of painting a likeness of the President ; Mr. Roosevelt remarking that he had been through all the rooms at the White House that had been proposed for the sitting, and had not found one suitable, until in coming down the stairs to lunch Mr. Sargent had stopped him at a certain point, and declared that that was just the very place and position that would be suitable to his task.

We were soon seated and busy with the viands; conversation never flagged for a moment, the President having a long way the lion's share of the talking. All manner of things were chatted about, some of them weighty, and some of very much lighter importance, at least so they appeared to me. After a little while the President, who had seated me at his side, turned to me and entered into conversation on the character of our work. He seemed much interested in our Criminal operations, the efforts for the rescue of the poor Lost Women, and the Colonization of the land.

Unfortunately some business matter called his attention off, and he turned aside to write a memorandum, and then something came about the Venezuela affair, which Mr. Hay informed him was he believed near a hopeful settlement, and so the talk drifted on until the repast was ended.

The President rose, assured me of the pleasure it had afforded him to meet me, wished me good luck, and we all went our way.

But of still greater interest was the next appearance of William Booth:

In company with Senator Hanna and the Commander (Commr. Booth-Tucker) we drove to the Capitol for the performance of the ceremony of opening the Senate with Prayer, to which I had been invited.

I had not looked forward to this affair as being of any importance, but it certainly turned out to be one of the most interesting if not remarkable incidents of my life.

To begin with, Senator Hanna, who had so publicly taken me under his wing, is one of the most important men in the United States, being looked upon as what is publicly known as "The Boss of the Republican Party," and is beyond question a guiding spirit of the most powerful force in the Country.

In the second place, I found myself to be an object of interest to all the most prominent Statesmen in the Senate, nearly all of whom sought me out, being introduced by Mr. Hanna or others, or introducing themselves.

In the third place, I had the honour accorded me of being permitted to occupy the floor of the House during the progress of the business; and last, but not least, of bearing witness to the importance of the recognition of God, doing His will, and caring for the hopeless and helpless classes of the Community.

The House was unusually crowded, some people saying that the Galleries had not been so packed for thirty years, while all agreed that no such assemblage had taken place during this Session; and more remarkable than the crowd in the Gallery was the attendance of the Senators themselves; every man of them seemed to be in his place, and when the Vice-President made the usual sign and I was conducted to the chair he usually occupied, a sudden stillness fell upon the assembly. Every head, they afterwards told me, was reverently bowed, while I asked God's blessing on the men chosen for so important a share in the direction of the destinies of this great nation, and for wisdom and strength to do the work to the Divine satisfaction, and for the highest well-being of those concerned.

I must confess to feeling beforehand some little anxiety as to the way I should be able to discharge this duty. While desirous, as I hope I ever am when approaching the Mercy-Seat, to speak to God regardless of the feelings with which my performance may be regarded by those around me, I was still anxious that the few sentences I had the opportunity of speaking and which I knew would be so closely criticized, and so widely circulated, should carry with them useful lessons and inspire profitable feelings.

I had a dim recollection that three minutes was allowed for the function, but altho' I asked Senator Hanna and a few others, including the Chaplain, I could get no definite pronouncement on the subject, the general opinion being, I fancy, as I learnt afterwards was the case — that I should not be likely to infringe on the Decorum of the House by taking any unusual liberty in this direction.

As I stood there a world of feeling came rushing upon me; memories of past struggles, influences of the kind things said about myself and my doings, and the possibilities of the future, seemed all to come in upon me. God helped me as I lifted up

my heart to Him, and He gave me words which I believe not only reached His ear, but the hearts of many present.

I exceeded the three minutes, but I did not go far beyond the six — and I do not think that any one has intimated that I went too far. A good many would have liked me to have gone further!

A motion was afterwards passed ordering that the words of the Prayer be entered in the Records of the House, and suspending the standing order referring to the presence of strangers in the House. Then for an hour I remained on the Floor of the Chamber, during which time I suppose I shook hands with every important personage present.

There is an amusing story in the journal recording his reception in Atlanta:

Banquet of leading Citizens as a welcome. Fifty present, consisting of Judges, Pastors, Bankers, and the like.

Fine feast of fat things, which I had to sit out chewing a bit of bread, a potato and an apple to keep the Company in countenance.

After an hour's wearisome dawdle, the Governor of Georgia, who was the President of the Function, called on Mr. Witham to make the opening remarks. This gentleman is an important personage in Atlanta. He was described to me as the President of Twenty-four banks in and around the city and two cotton mills, with a reputation for being the best after-dinner speaker in the States, and the leader of a Bible Class composed of 200 members.

He certainly gave a five minutes' hearty, earnest, and humorous speech, saying that the reason Saul failed at Athens was the fact that the City never gave him a proper reception, and that they were resolved that my visit should not come to grief from the same cause, and therefore they assembled together to assure General Booth of the great admiration they had for him personally, the interest with which they regarded his career, and the hearty wishes they call for the success of the work in the U.S. in the future.

My talk came next, and I talked as well as I could under the circumstances, with very little pleasure to myself, but giving great satisfaction to all present, of which I was assured by each individual in the inevitable handshake with which the affair closed.

Then quite unexpectedly in the midst of these events we come upon a domestic romance. He encounters a man who had been brought up by the Booths from his childhood:

In after years to our grief he had taken to bad ways — come to America, gone to lower depths still, and was reported upon at last as being dead, the money sent to provide for him in his sickness being returned with the mournful message that he had passed away.

Here he was, however, alive and well, and apparently full of gratitude for the kindness shown in the years gone by. I told him to come in the morning and speak to me at the close of the meeting. On reaching my billet the Consul was no little interested in the news. It was like a resurrection from the dead.

Then we find an entry which hints at the secret ambition of the General's soul:

I was billeted with a Professor of the Clark University here, a very thoughtful and intelligent man; he undoubtedly understands the Salvation Army as well as any one I have met in the States and a long way better than most, and sees in her ability for doing a great work, not only among the submerged but the higher classes of society.

He urged on me the importance of making an attack on the Universities, assured that we should reap a rich harvest of very superior young people capable of the devotion, self-denial, and toil required for doing great things in the world; he was very much interested in my University Scheme. The Institute over which he presides appears to be of a superior sort, expending its energies chiefly on the study of those Sciences which are supposed to be necessary for the higher education; indeed they pride themselves on the making of Professors.

He prefers American journalism to English:

The reports of the Secular Press were remarkably striking and religious, far more Salvationary Sensational than many that appear in our own papers. Amongst other things, in speaking of the waves of feeling that rolled over the crowd it was remarked that "There were psychological moments in the meetings when, if the invitation had been given, half the people would have had to rush out to the Mercy-Seat."

Everywhere he goes the people throng to hear him:

The Theatre was gorged to overflowing. As I entered half the gallery was all but empty, that portion being set apart for the coloured population. I asked why they did not fill it up with the whites. "Oh," they said, "no white man or woman would be seen there." I thought to myself, perhaps you may see some of them there before long.

ON BOARD AN AMERICAN TRAIN (1903)

As I anticipated, people poured into the despised space rather than be shut out of the building altogether, and we were soon full in every part, some having by some means climbed on to the roof while other unfortunates did not get in at all.

In the midst of this campaign he keeps up the regular correspondence with Bramwell:

My passionate love for everything that blesses and favours the Army and the high position you occupy in its direction and control — no less than my heart's *tenderest* yearnings over *you personally,* make me long to be ever *talking to you.* . . .

Of some one attached to his modest retinue he writes:

It is no use complaining. . . . You have no need to fear about —— I shall manage him. I have started on the enduring tack; it is good for the work of patience in my soul. Still he is a trial to me. Since I wrote this he has acted like a bully to a reporter, etc.

My eating is a great trial. I get awfully tired of the misery that seems to follow almost every meal. I eat less and less, but I must eat something.

Emma has gone back to San Francisco, a journey of 36 hours, to try and see Mrs. Stanford again and to ask her straight out for a sum of money to carry out my wish, the establishment of a Great Training Institution, an International University for training men and women for dealing with the sins and miseries of the submerged throughout the world. There is a great rage here for Universities — I want to utilize it. I don't think I should have any difficulty much in getting a million dollars for this object if it were to be fixed up in America — England is the rub! However, Mrs. Stanford's rich husband gave 20 millions before he died to the University she is establishing and she has given 13 millions more since his death. I have sent her a letter by Emma. . . . Emma is full of faith. *We shall see what comes of it.*

A very interesting reference is made to Social Work in one of these letters:

You are puzzled, you say, with respect to our relations with the poor. I am not surprised that you should be, but I think we have made it pretty plain both to ourselves and to the public. There can be no question that the Darkest England Scheme lifted us up to a position in public esteem the world over, which

we should never have gained in all human probability for perhaps a century without it, even if then.

Moreover, it is right. It is in harmony with the teachings of Jesus Christ and the very essence of a great deal of the Bible. It matches the promptings of the human heart everywhere. If a man had a brother who was hungry and homeless and naked, his first sense of duty would be to feed and house and clothe him, doing it in the spirit of love and talking to him about his soul all the time. The same practice is called for by Jesus Christ when He says, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." We are trying to do it. The world can understand this sort of religion, and the world believes in those who practise it, and belief in you has to be produced in the world before it will get much benefit out of what you say on other things.

The danger lies in extremes. "Let your moderation be known unto all men" is a text which grows more and more important in my estimation every day. As to whether we get as much real benefit out of the time and labour and ability bestowed upon feeding the poor as we should do if spent in purely spiritual work is a very difficult question to answer. We have a number of people, and shall have an increasing number of them, who can do this work and cannot do the other. Let us employ them and make the world pay for it. What I object to is using the time and ability of men and women for Social Work who are required for the Spiritual, and using money after the same fashion. This is not very plain, but you will know what I mean.

Throughout these letters one comes across expressions of humility, such as the following:

I shall be only too glad to help you in any way which you feel most helpful, that is within the narrow compass of my limited ability.

His faith in Mrs. Booth-Tucker, whose tragic death was so soon to cloud his old age, is expressed again and again:

I have had a useful discussion with Emma this morning. She is a great pleasure to talk to and a great strength for the future.

I am very pleased indeed to hear you have had a good talk with Emma. She is indeed a marvellous conversationalist in my opinion, and has other gifts which if I am not mistaken are destined to help *you* and the Kingdom very considerably in the future.

Her soul yearns for affection and there is no one from whom a few extra kind words will be more acceptable than yourself.

Just take the hint, please, without reference, and make a little extra joy and gladness in her heart.

Emma is an untold comfort and support. She is much better (for the time being, anyway) than for some years. May it last. But she works *very hard and is very venturesome.* Too hard and too venturesome, I think. But it is no use me saying her nay.

In the month of March this, one of the most brilliant of all his personal triumphs, came to an end:

The close of the Campaign now draws near. A few more days and the closing hour will be struck, the *Celtic* will be boarded, and we shall be away from the land where we have been permitted to see such marvellous victories of Grace.

Every minute of the day is laid out with work of one kind or another. Farewell letters to dear Comrades. Friends all over the States. Good-bye interviews to some of the leading people in New York City. Articles promised for different secular and religious papers, together with a reception this afternoon at the residence of Miss Helen Gould who wants to see me. A handshake with the D.O., together with the preparation of my farewell address at the Metropolitan Opera House, which comes off the night before my departure.

The latter is now assuming somewhat remarkable proportions not only as regards the number but the character of the audience expected. Mr. Hearst, of journalistic fame, Mrs. Russell Sage, Miss Gould, and a number of others of the Elite of the City have taken boxes. —— has sent 250 dollars for a Box.

While, on the other hand, the toughs and roughs of the Bowery (which is the lower part of New York) have taken a part of the Gallery for themselves, and I should like to be ready so far as my part of the Programme is concerned.

He writes to Bramwell:

Depend upon it, the United States is destined to be such a nation for Population, Power, Intelligence, Wealth, and Energy as the sun has never looked down upon. . . . You can have no idea of the possibilities of this Pacific Coast taken alone. San Francisco will probably at some near future rival London itself.

And to a newspaper representative of *The Daily News* he gave on his return the following impression of his visit:

"Think what a number of nationalities you have there.

Look at the 800,000 Jews in New York alone, the 40,000 Poles in Buffalo; think of the medley of tongues and the clashing of interests. You might think the possibility of disruption would be great. I don't think so. Above everything, there is throughout the States the love of the Flag — of unity — that will subjugate all conflicting feelings, and ultimately mould the people into one solid nation. There is a great love of fair play in America — of that sort of freedom which is not merely taught and advocated for party purposes. You go into a room full of men of different nationalities, and you will find them all jolly and friendly together. It is the same as if you go into a gathering of Ministers of different Denominations — Episcopalians, Baptist, Methodist, Quaker, or anything else."

"There is great toleration?" inquired the journalist.

"Toleration!" shouted the General, "they don't need to mention the word. It is much more than that — it is the recognition of every man's right to hold what opinions he chooses. As to myself, I was everywhere received with the greatest respect and kindness, not only by religious people, but also by irreligious people.

"And nowhere was I received with greater respect than in Salt Lake City by the Mormons! You may go about the shops and hotels and warehouses, which I did, or into the homes of the people, which I didn't, and you would notice no difference from the ordinary run of society. I think the question of Mormonism is largely one of secular prosperity. A man goes out there and gets a chance immediately. He wants to have a bit of land or a shop, and every help is given to him if he does right. I don't think religion has very much to do with it. I held four meetings there, and the Governor himself presided, while the head of the Mormon Church and his Bishops came and listened to me, and shook hands with me, and congratulated me on the remarkable gathering. The Governor afterwards said to me: 'Thank you for the meeting this afternoon. That was certainly the strongest sermon I ever heard in my life.'"

"What was the subject of the sermon?"

"It was on the Past, Present, and Future of the Salvation Army. This country could take a lesson from the Mormons in the matter of colonization. Get hold of the men who have some fitness for the business, and give them seed to sow and implements with which to cultivate the land, as well as a horse; and let them pay you back again what you have expended on them. That is the principle of the Mormons. They spend money on a man, who afterwards has to return that money, as well as a tenth of all he produces."

"And what about the spiritual life of America?"

"It is very much about the same as here. There is a great deal of formality among the professors of religion, and a great

deal of indifference among the vast crowds — and, I think, of growing indifference — largely as a result of prosperity and of the spirit of unbelief which is rife everywhere. Yet I think their attitude towards religion is friendly. They puzzle me, they bewilder me. They are different from the English people. The American, I should say, is more religious naturally than the Englishman. He thinks. You can pray in an American crowd, and they won't laugh at you. You can talk at the corners of American streets, and the people will listen to you. I never once saw a sneer or heard a jeer all the time I was there. You see the difference in the newspapers. They are a perfect contrast to the English ones. My meetings were reported in the newspapers of nearly every City more fully than in *The War Cry*. They drew attention to the enthusiasm and other features in conspicuous headlines, and they wrote down what happened as if the writer understood what religion is."

This campaign in America, with its public receptions and preachings, its state functions and conversions, its triumphal processions and quiet conversations with public men, was typical of every campaign that followed. The General of the Salvation Army had marched from cottage-meetings in the rookeries of Nottingham to a public favour and influence which extended all over the world. The same earnestness, the same humanity, the same simplicity of soul which had characterized his first youthful preachings in Nottingham streets characterized everything he did on this big platform of the world. His attraction lay in that first transparent honesty, that first rugged simplicity. There was a most stubborn conservatism in his soul which preserved him from the dangers of popularity. He learned much as he went along, his sympathies widened and deepened, but the essence of the man never changed.

## CHAPTER XXII

### APPROACHING OLD AGE IN A SUBURBAN VILLA

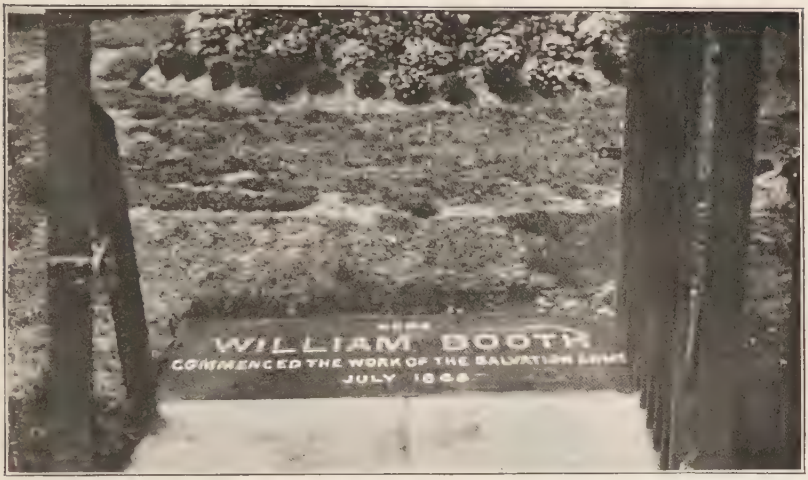
### 1903

It is time that we interposed between these chapters, which contain extracts from the letters and diaries of William Booth, some account of his situation as a widowered householder. For although he became more than ever a wanderer over the earth's surface after the death of Catherine Booth, there were spells in his life when he bided gratefully at home in his little red-bricked villa on the north of London.

This villa of Rookstone, at Hadley Wood, was built for him by the Salvation Army, and he paid the Army 4 per cent on its cost. I well remember how the old man exclaimed to me, on my last visit to Rookstone, in 1911: "Well, this is the house they have built for me; this is what they have done for me — the Salvation Army! — it's their gift to me, a corner of the world to die in — *and I pay 'em four per cent on the money!*" He laughed in his beard, stumped over to the window, and exclaimed, "Well, it's not such a bad little hole, is it? The furniture's mine. I paid for that!"

This humorous grumble did not mean that he was either ungrateful to the Army or unhappy in his house. It meant that the very modest and extremely commonplace villa represented the sum total of the Salvation Army's financial benefit to William Booth — William Booth who had been accused for nearly fifty years of trading on the religious sympathies of wealthy people. And it pleased him to reflect that he actually paid interest on the capital sum provided by the Army to build a lodging for its General. He liked to laugh over the fact, seeing it as something of a joke.

There are references to the building of this house in the journal of 1903:




COMMEMORATION STONE
(Mile End Road, London)

GENERAL BOOTH'S LAST RESIDENCE, ROOKSTONE, HADLEY WOOD

Met the Chief and the Architect at the House they have been building for me near by the present habitation.

It was a disappointment in various respects. It is not a very large affair, but containing two good spacious rooms for my use, such has been the Chief's object in its erection — it being all but impossible to find anything like a sitting or bed-room in which you can breathe or have space to turn round. So far so good — but some of the other accommodations were a disappointment — to wit, there is considerably more light than agreeable. However, there is nothing perfect in this world, and as I have not been able to look after it myself beyond seeing the Plans when first prepared, I suppose I must take it as I find it.

Left for Hamburg at 4.45. Bade good-bye to the House where I have spent the last 10 years. Had much comfort and innumerable blessings in it. My belongings in the shape of tables, chairs, and the like, are to be removed during my absence on this Campaign. Then I return to another domicile a few yards away.

My people have built me a house they think for the remainder of my days. It is not a large affair, but it has two decent light rooms, one for working and the other for sleeping in. I should not stay here, but the Chief lives so close by. Moreover, I am the servant of the Army, and must live as well as work when and under such conditions as seems most likely to advance its interest.

But, in truth, he liked this house and was proud of it;, moreover, he spent some of his happiest hours under its roof. For although he was occasionally depressed by a feeling of solitude, he was still kept so busy by Army business that he had no time and no excuse for more than a passing depression of this kind. Moreover, there is no doubt that he came to value an occasional day of rest. Old age brought him a relish for quiet and developed in him a taste for domestic tidiness.

One of the first changes in his habits as soon as he was settled into this widower's establishment (he had refused every invitation to live with any of his children) was a curious and almost finical attention to the appointments of his house. He liked the furniture to look nice. He insisted that things should be in their place. The same methodical cleanliness which had always characterized his

personal habits was seen in the order of the house. It was a silent, restful, occasionally almost somnolent dwelling. The rooms seemed not only to have lost the fiery and tempestuous atmosphere of their occupant, but to have acquired the spirit of the General's afternoon nap. Through the open windows came the singing of birds, the humming of bees, and the scent of garden flowers. No one ever banged a door, whistled on the stairs, or made a clatter with the hardware in the kitchen. The sunlight that streamed through the windows revealed no dust on the backs of chairs or along the ledges of the tables. There was no disorder of papers on the writing-desk. The polished fire-irons had a look of fixity. The clock on the mantelpiece ticked with the soothing and reposeful *sotto voce* of a cat's purring. The carpet was laid for eternity.

Although the General was not a man of fastidious taste, and would have been disposed to scorn the idea of æsthetics in furniture, he nevertheless had the Japanese instinct for space and simplicity. He insisted that the rooms should not be crowded with furniture nor the walls with pictures, like an exhibition. His furniture was not beautiful, but it was solid. He valued a thing for its usefulness and its stability. His arm-chairs were comfortable, and their coverings were as lasting as their frames. No amount of tramping would ever wear a track in his carpets. He never bought an ornament.

For a year or two after the death of Catherine Booth his mind in its solitude was harassed by the old eternal question, "Why?" He would sometimes speak to Bramwell and write to Emma of this haunting; more often he would commit to his journal the feelings of these passing fits of dejection:

> I am certainly feeling very much alone and at times get frightful fits of depression. I cannot understand them. I suppose other people have to grapple with the same kind of thing.
>
> The difference in me at different times on and off the platform is *amazing*. My memory at one time is a blank — always *bad* — but at other times dreadful, and yet I find it all but impossible to do anything with notes.
>
> Then I have always a feeling that I am such an object of

*criticism.* Pressmen, parsons, my own people, etc., and the penitent-form at the finish.

I expect the only remedy is more *faith in God.*

. . . very weary and pining for a few hours off the rock of toil and responsibility — if that were possible.

. . . trying to make men *good* is indeed a weary, disheartening business. I wonder why God has not given the world up long ago!

. . . Another " 'Xmas day " has flown —who knows whether I shall see another on earth. If any days are kept in Heaven one would think that this would be. But there we shall in all probability mark the flight of time— or duration, by whatever name it may be called — in a different fashion. . . . *Oh to be ready.* My darling has had three 'Xmas days in Heaven now. How different 'Xmas is without her. Yes, and *everything else to me.* But God is mine — He is with me. And with him I ought to be *of Paradise possessed.*

He wrote to his dearly loved son on one occasion:

I don't speculate in any estimates of your nearness and dearness to me. It will go unexpressed for this life anyway. When we meet darling Mamma again on the " Evergreen Shore " we will not only sing of His love but talk of *ours.* I feel as if life was a broken, cracked affair now. We shall have it repaired then — nay, as the Jew has it, made *" better as new."*

He was not a man, as the reader may have gathered, who cared for society or could unbend even as a relaxation. Like George Sand, in one respect at least, he was *tormented by divine things,* and loathed chatter almost as violently as he abominated iniquity. We find in one of his diaries, during a sea voyage, a savage criticism of those about him for wasting time over dinner:

It is now 6.30 and my people have gone to the Saloon for an *hour and a half* of wasted time — or *worse* — named dinner. How any one naming the name of Christ can do it I *cannot understand.* I protest and am absent. My usual cup of tea and toast has served me very well. I must try and find a secretary who will be of the same manner of thinking with myself. But *how* and when? There's the rub. . . . There is no " pick-me-up " for me but sleep and endurance.

In spite of these moods, existence for the old General at Rookstone was, on the whole, pleasant enough until at

the end of his life the visitation of blindness came to try the last fragments of his patience. He took a leading part in the Conferences of the Salvation Army, kept a secretary in residence, and had another always coming and going from Headquarters. But there were merciful intervals of tranquillity. He was contented for many days to sit in his arm-chair by the fire reading a book, listening to reports from the scattered battlefields of the Army, discussing new plans with his Staff, and, for recreation, teasing those about him with a kind of "chaff" which was mordant enough in tone but which yet never hurt the feelings of its victims. It was here, too, that the old man commenced bee-keeping. He wanted to give to the Self-Denial Funds of the Army money which he himself had earned, and to this end he bought bees and hives, planting his little garden with flowers which bees love, and selling the honey which the bees stored in his hives. This partial return to the spirit of hobby which the reader will remember characterized his relationship as a young father with his sons, although consecrated now by a touching desire to help the funds of the Army, is an interesting light on the man's psychology. It is true that he gave very little time to his bees and flowers, but that he thought about them at all is worthy of remembrance.

Then came seasons of real activity, when the comfortable arm-chair and the silence and the peace of Rookstone irked him beyond patience, and at these times he threw off apathy, floundered into the open world, and went storming up and down the country in a crusade against sin, indifference, and poverty. Sometimes, too, he would descend upon the Staff at International Headquarters, and stir them up with a vigour which, even if it quickened enthusiasm, sometimes impeded for the moment the smoothness and precision of the machinery. Then he had fits of restlessness, and would undertake long journeys and embark upon fiery crusades sometimes without properly counting the cost; only the prevision of his Staff saved him on such occasions from disaster. He would return after many weeks or months from these most trying ordeals to the repose of Rookstone, and once more draw his arm-chair to the fire, take a book

from the shelves, and sit down in the solitude of his widowerhood to nod for an hour or two over the pages and dream of the past.

Besides the visits of Bramwell Booth and his wife, who at this time more than at any other were a constant providence to the old man, General Booth had one great pleasure, namely, the writing of domestic letters. His letters to Bramwell Booth are a library in themselves, and it has been a perpetual astonishment to the present writer how this overworked and overburdened man found the time, much more the inclination, to indite such long and innumerable epistles. The explanation seems to be that idleness was insufferable to his nature, and that when he was worn out by public meetings and interviews and journeys, he went to his writing-table as another man goes to his couch or his bed. Articles and addresses he wrote laboriously and as part of his toil, but it refreshed him to write both to his children and to certain of his Officers and friends. He was never too tired to tell the children how greatly he loved them, and how ardently he longed for them in his absences.

Among the letters of his old age, those to his daughter Eva show one with what simple and human affection he thought of his children, and yet how this natural love of a father was always mingled with the religious occupations of his life. A birthday letter from Eva Booth, written from Toronto, helps one to see how very dearly he was loved by his children. She says to him: "What cause the whole world has for gratitude to God for every year of your life; what millions of hearts and homes you have been the means of brightening with God's salvation; what a lot of people you have made happy who were once wretched; what a multitude you have made rich who were once poor."

And she concludes: "You know my love for you, my ever-burning, all-absorbing desire to please you in every particular, to comfort you, to help you, and in some small measure to brighten the other end of life's journey for you, to live in your heart, and to spend every energy in the front ranks of the battle that you are waging." Signing herself, "Ever in fondest and unchanging love, Your own little soldier child."

Here follow two letters from the General to his daughter:

MY DEAR, DARLING EVA — I hear that you are seriously ill again. What a calamity! How sorry I am. However has it come about?

I wish you were here so that I could give you a kiss and we could have an hour's talk together, but this cannot be for the present.

Do you want to make me happy? Get better, and keep better — the winter will be here directly.

God is good. I love Him and His people and His work! You must keep believing. All the storms will soon be over; we shall meet above and have good times there.

Don't bother to answer my letters, although yours are always welcome. I have about twenty articles to write before I leave for Australia. They work me like a beast of burden — or harder still!

Well, then, darling, let us stick to the Blood and Fire simplicity and humility which has made the Salvation Army what it is.

Good-bye, my dear, dear girl. I wish I could be with you and kiss and bless you. Cheer up! Let us cast ourselves on God. He is a great Comforter. My keenest trials are very much on your own pattern. I have to live a lonely life. Besides Bramwell, I have no one; but he is out-and-out. But let us take courage and go forward. You are doing a great work, a work for eternity, a work that can never be measured. I must close. — Believe me fondly,

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

MY DARLING EVA — Why did I not think of Christmas Day?[1] How stupid! How unsentimental — how unfatherly — how untenderly, and as many other evil qualities, have I proved myself by this lapse of memory.

As it was in the beginning, etc., etc., etc. Well, what shall I say? I can only ask forgiveness, and promise — no, I won't promise anything in the way of improved memory, but I will send you ten thousand kisses and assurances of tenderest love and fatherly concern, for all that affects my darling Eva affects me.

God bless you and keep you and carry you as in the hollow of His hand. I pray for you. My remembrances, Christmas remembrances of you, if not too late, and best wishes for the New Year for each member of your household, not excepting Gypsy and Adjutant Page.

[1] Eva Booth was born on Christmas Day.

I love you tenderly, and long after your health and happiness and everything that is good for earth and Heaven.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth was a constant visitor to Rookstone, and her children, to whom the General was devoted, never failed to give him pleasure when they came to sit beside his chair. He loved to talk with those who understood his work in the world. He could be not only interesting but delightful and amusing when he was perfectly sure of sympathy.

One of Bramwell's daughters tells of his affection and solicitude for his numerous grandchildren — the love that created theirs. He would write them long letters even on his arduous tours; would discuss the affairs of their Corps, offer advice as to subjects for addresses and the management of meetings, and inquire with a sincere and sympathetic interest into the results of their labours. They always looked forward with the greatest excitement to his tea-parties. The old man made a delightful host.

As children they used to wake him with carols every Christmas Day he spent at home, running across to his house with their musical instruments while it was yet dark, creeping to his room, and surprising him each year with a new song. But one Christmas the contents of their stockings were so wonderfully gratifying, that they lingered too long, and were presently dismayed to hear the tapping of a stick in the hall, and then the stentorian tones of the General singing, "Christians Awake!" They scuttled into bed, and hid under the bed-clothes, to be dislodged by Grandpapa's stick amid a happy din of shrieks and laughter.

No wonder that this old man was adored by children.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### WHICH TELLS HOW THE GENERAL LOST HIS "LEFT HAND"

### 1903–1904

AFTER his return from the American Campaign, in March, 1903, he writes of his pleasure in being home:

. . . right glad I was to get home once more, which I managed to do somewhere about midnight.

It had been planned for us to go to Bognor for a few days' quiet, but the delay in the arrival of the Steamer rendered this impossible.

Three days later he "agreed upon programme for this year, concluding with India, and if possible Japan."

I suggested India in September, then Japan, coming home by the States. Thought very desirable if possible. Information as to Steamers, etc., to be inquired about.

In a few weeks the old campaigner was at work again. After meetings in England, he visited Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland, calling at Copenhagen and Paris during the tour. The journal contains the usual accounts of successful meetings both in England and abroad, with a few characteristic exclamations and personal remarks, which help to keep us acquainted with the man himself. For example, what could be better than this?

Applications for autographs, and messages, and favourite texts for Albums reach me from all parts of the world in such numbers as become quite a tax on time and patience, feeling, as one is compelled to do, that nothing more lies behind them than the merest gratification of curiosity. Still it is a measure, or it may be one, of that preaching which is the great business of one's life. To-day I wrote in response to a request from Rutlandshire, as follows:—

"My chief business in this life, as in the next, must necessarily be the promotion of the glory of my Sovereign Lord, and the welfare of the Creatures by whom I am surrounded, specially those who are least able to help themselves. *What is yours?*"

That abrupt and startling demand at the end is a biography in miniature.

In April of this year he celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday:

My 75th Birthday. . . . Seventy-five years. . . . Three-quarters of a century — the people around me, specially the younger portion, think it a long time. For myself I have only a few simple thoughts.

1. How soon it seems to have passed.
2. What a little enduring work has been done.
3. How brief an affair 75 years is alongside of Eternal Ages.
4. How much is crying out to be done, and how soon the last fragment of my earthly existence will have vanished away. Oh Lord help me.

A few days later he was worn out and tired:

I am afraid that I shall have to get away for a little complete rest. I shrink from every duty of any kind that comes to hand. I felt this morning before rising as though I would rather journey a thousand miles than face the audience I have to meet to-day. But I am not sure whether or no I can find that rest of Spirit I need on any spot this side the Celestial City, and I am not quite sure whether I should when there, unless I can carry the conviction with me that I have finished the work here that my Master has given me to do, and finished it with credit.

Then he is heartened by a letter of unexpected commendation:

Just had enclosed sent for me to look at. It is encouraging.

INVERNESS, *April* 24.

DEAR CAPTAIN STEADMAN — Some years ago Cardinal Manning wrote — "The work of the Salvation Army is too real to be disregarded"; and he noted two characteristics of it, "*Self-sacrifice, and the love of Souls.*"

Such have been the characteristic features of the work of the Army here in Inverness; and, strange though its methods are to us in the Highlands, we can appreciate the good work you are doing, and are stirred up by your good example.

I have known personally several who ultimately became hard-working Priests of the Anglican Church, and who owed their first Conversion to the Salvation Army; one of these was a brilliant Oxford Scholar who came under the great Spiritual influence of the late Mrs. Booth.

I regret that I find myself unable to meet the General, as you kindly asked me.

You are welcome to make any use you like of this letter.

Please give my respects to the General; for it is a pleasure, as well as a duty, to carry out the injunctions of the Psalmist and "Make much of them that fear the Lord." (Psalm xv. 4.) — Believe me, Yours sincerely, in Christ,

ALFRED BROOK.

*Canon Residentiary of the Inverness Cathedral.*

He mentions in his journal that "Wilson Barrett, the tragedian," was present at one of his meetings with "other rather important personages." He laments over the loss of some eyeglasses given him by a stranger in San Francisco: "Sorry to part with any memento of my visit to the Pacific Coast." He notices that a German General and the leading people of the City who came to hear him at Stuttgart listened with "riveted attention . . . deeply interested. . . ."

Then there comes a reference to his billets abroad and the people he encounters:

A new billet once more. I wonder in how many different homes I have been and in how many different beds I have slept! Their character and the peculiarity of their owners would make an interesting study. Here, in a comfortable cottage, I am made most welcome. The mother of my host, an old lady of 80 or more, has long wanted to see the General, saying that now she could depart in peace! God bless her.

We had some interesting people at the penitent-form during the day — one in the morning was a Russian lady, who had come on to the platform to speak to me at Berne. She considers herself a Salvationist and wears the silver badge with the crest on it. She has done some work among the poor and in Prison, but has been much discouraged by the opposition of the Police. Her heart has grown cold, but she has got a great blessing at the morning meetings.

We leave Stuttgart for England this morning. I hate this travelling on Sunday and avoid it as far as I can. It has been arranged for me to do, much against my will.

While in Switzerland he is lucky to escape an accident:

Had not gone very far before F——, who was sitting in front of me in an open Fly, sprang up and threw up his arms with some sort of an exclamation. Looking round, we found

a horse which had bolted with a carriage behind him, making straight for us. Whether it was F—— stretching his arms or something else which made him swerve I do not know, but he certainly just turned aside and went on ahead, leaving us in safety.

He is for ever coming across instances which confirm him in his faith as to the advantage of plain-speaking on all and every occasion:

Captain —— tells me of a young man, a German waiter, whom I met in an hotel where I was billeting somewhere in Italy. While he was serving the dinner I put the question to him if he was saved, to which he answered, No. I never thought any more about it, but this young man was taken hold of by the Holy Spirit, and though not getting saved then, yet on coming to England the first thing he did was to go to a Salvation Army meeting, and got saved there and then, and to-day he is a good Christian.

He keeps some of the curious letters which reach him from all parts of the world:

My dear General Booth — Of course you know me who I am. Envoy Weber (Deaf and Dumb). You will be pleased to read this letter. God bless you. Thank God I am still happy in Jesus Christ — and still Envoy. I love the Salvation Army. You will be sorry to hear that I have been very serious illness at the Hospital. Dangerous but successful operation in my stomach. They said wonderful. Glory be to God. My heart too determent [is determined] to fight for Jesus — to push on — to awake them — cure them who are half-hearted, lukewarm, selfish. . . . I will fight hard next October. My beloved wife and daughter both very happy in Heaven.

Now I have two sweet daughters. I will never to marry again, because I love my wife in Heaven. Thank God He comforts me very much. You will be happy to know that my heart too determent to fight till I die. God bless you.— Yours in Him, Malcolm Leon Weber.

A more interesting letter is preserved in the following appeal addressed to him by one of his earliest and most affectionate supporters, a lady living at that time in Cheltenham:

Dear General — God bless you! I have just been reading of your proposed Campaign for October in the September 5th

*War Cry*. It is the first I have heard of it. My heart was on fire in a moment. I have been a rebel from God and a deserter from His Army for twenty years. I have fared very badly in the enemy's camp, and suffered much, the bondage of sin and Satan became intolerable to me, and by the grace of God I capitulated at the Salvation Army penitent-form on August the 9th, when the evil spirit that held me so long was expelled, and I received the Spirit of Christ, and a free Pardon, and a clean Heart, and a burning desire that other backsliders who are in the enemy's ranks may be rescued.

I am writing to entreat you to let the return of backsliders be a special feature of the coming Campaign. Jesus declared He was sent to the lost sheep of the house of Israel (the backsliders). I am sure His sympathy and interest is more with them than with unawakened souls who cannot discern their right hand from the left. The fallen Angels remember Heaven, and the bondage of sin is galling to those who have been awakened but who have fallen back through not receiving Full Salvation.

My own experience is that sin brings sorrow: as much as my sin was, so was my sorrow. I am much touched by the sympathy and kindness the Soldiers showed in receiving me back. I tried very hard to repent elsewhere, but could not; it was revealed to me in a dream I must come back to the Salvation Army and begin again just where I had left off twenty years ago and take up the cross I could not or would not take up then. God has revealed many things to me concerning His purpose in raising up a Salvation Army, but — I cannot speak of them yet. He will bring all His purposes to pass in due time. One thing I may say, there is about to be poured out a great "Latter rain" of blessing on the Salvation Army, and the "Former rain" will be as nothing compared to the blessing that is about to fall.

"The Spirit of God like fire is burning, the latter day Glory begins to come forth."

I am going in the Country on business to-morrow for a little time. I have this Campaign very much on my heart. I shall cry to God about it on the Hills and Fields. Again begging you to call to Arms all deserters.— I remain, yours obediently for God and the War.

He writes to Bramwell:

——. Yes, he is sensational. They all are! It is one of the weaknesses from which the whole concern suffers. And the moment one tries to correct it there springs up a crop of *laissez faire* which is *worse*.

More and more as I have wrestled with the [new] Regula-

tions this week has it been borne in upon me that it is the *Officer* upon whom *all depends*. It has always been so. If Moses had not made a *priesthood* there would have been no Jewish nation. It was the priesthood of the Levites which kept them *alive*, saved them from their inherent rottenness, or at any rate from many of its consequences, and perpetuated the law which made them. Here is where I think your great work for the next ten years will lie. No one can begin to do it like you.

. . . . . .

But the people were not of the class I wanted to see, and for whom my talk was designed. The Church and Chapel class understand the useful art of being in time when a crowd is expected, and they fill up every nook and corner of the place, while the outsiders from religion came crawling up to be informed that the Hall was full. . . . I do not know what we are to do to get at the other kind of people whom I want to help, and who only are likely to make Salvationists and do something for the poor world when they are reached.

He gives us in the entry for October 27th an idea of his day's work in London at International Headquarters:

1. Conference on the Australian Campaign.
2. Photographed, with a flash light, for a full-paged portrait in the *Sphere Illustrated Newspaper*.
3. Interview with Mr. Tussaud, who wants to make an improved wax-work model of me for their Exhibition.
4. Further conferences on promotions at home, and work abroad.
5. Photographed from sides and back for Mr. Hampton, a Sculptor. Mr. Hampton is engaged by Lord Ashton, who is presenting to the town of Lancaster a large Monument including busts of the 40 principal characters in English life at the conclusion of the reign of the late Queen Victoria.
6. Interview with W. T. Stead, who was anxious to lay before the Chief and myself a scheme he has for a new London Daily.
7. Conferences with Lawyers, Editorial people, etc., etc.

Left for home at 6.30.

On October 29th we find the first entry concerning the last domestic tragedy of his life. His daughter, Emma Booth-Tucker, known as the Consul, was killed in a railway accident in the United States:

Better night's sleep, and feel proportionately refreshed. Hope to do something to-day, but expect ever so many inter-

ruptions. For one thing, this Sculptor comes at eleven a.m. and —— in the afternoon, if not before. "Oh, that I had in the wilderness a lodging place." But even then, I suppose I should feel that I must come back to the rushing world, and render it such help as in me lies. *Reflection.* What time is there?

Afternoon. Quietly sitting in my room, and gathering my senses about me after a refreshing little sleep. Commissioner —— was announced. "What has brought you here?" was my first inquiry. On this his face straightened out, and holding a foreign Cable in his hand announced that he had brought bad news. I seized the paper, and was staggered to find it contained the announcement that the Consul and Colonel Holland had been seriously injured in a Railway Accident in the far West.

I was dazed. I read it again and again. "The extent of injuries not known" was one of the sentences with which it closed. This gave me some ground for hope. But, alas, my hopefulness only lasted a short season, for in a few minutes the Chief entered and I guessed the worst. "You have further intelligence?" I queried. He assented. "Worse?" I said. "Yes," he replied with a face unutterably expressive of the distress that was in his heart. "Killed," I gasped. He bowed his head. My most agonizing fears were realized, my darling Emma for this world was no more.

All we know at present is that Colonel Holland was killed in the accident, and that the precious Consul died in the relief train.

It was a terrible blow. Bramwell feels it keenly, and so will every honest soul who has ever been privileged to have the most distant acquaintance with her, and those who never saw her face, or heard her voice, who knew anything of her work.

As for me — I cannot say — indeed I cannot realize my loss, much less write about it.

While the Chief was my "right hand" in this great enterprise, she was my "left," and I had fondly reckoned on her being his right hand when I had passed away. While all these years he has helped me so manfully and skilfully in brain, she has cheered and sustained me in heart, and yet both have excelled in the possession of each other's qualities, for she has had skill of the highest character and he has had the tenderest qualities of the soul.

But she has gone, and left, so far as human eyes can see and human minds can judge, her work half done. But the Great Father above knows, and all I can say is to repeat the dying President's [1] words: "This is His Way. His Will be done."

. . . . . .

[1] William McKinley, President of the U.S.A.

Letters and telegrams are pouring in that reveal the length and breadth and height and depth of the Sea of Sympathy flowing around me.

He writes next day:

She has toiled for America for 8 long years. She has laid down her life — at least it has been taken from her — while toiling for America, and it seems to me that she should be laid down in the last long sleep on American soil.

Of his son-in-law, Commissioner Booth-Tucker, he writes:

Dear fellow, what he must have suffered is fearful to contemplate; and the children, oh, my Lord, help them.

It is a heavy task to go over and over the sad event, and try in each case to supply some sort of comfort, which you feel at the time to be all but a hopeless task.

And so throughout the journal and in many of his letters of this period we find the storm-tossed spirit crying out for his dead child:

Dear Emma! All our talking and writing and weeping will not bring you back to us. I have had strange feelings stealing involuntarily over me to-day. At one hour I feel as though we had been ignominiously defeated by some unseen foe. A kind of shame has kindled in my heart at the thought of such a closure of such a career. But I am, I suppose, in a condition like unto some military general who has suddenly been deprived of some valiant leader, not in fair fight, but by some ambush or in some midnight fray.

Had only a poor night. I ought to have gone to sleep again this morning, but, alas, the moment I wake this sorrow rushes in on me with some new and strange suggestion, and although I continue in a more or less stunned condition, I am sensitive enough to the painful questions that are uppermost at the hour to make further slumber impossible.

He writes to his son:

My dear, *dear* Bramwell — My heart is torn at the thought of your anguish. You are overdone. Do get some extra sleep. *God will undertake for us and for you and yours.*

We must hold on to God, even though we have to *walk in densest darkness.* You have done wonders so far and been a strength and a stay to my soul.

*You know I love you with all my heart — I cannot say more* — I can say that. So far as I am concerned, I think you should rest in that. . . . My poor old heart with all its weaknesses and drawbacks is worth having.

God bless you and Flo and the *children* — the precious children.— Yours as ever and for ever, W. B.

Then in his diary:

Many things have happened since the last entry. The Funeral in New York, with all the excitement of public interest: the Memorial Service at the Congress Hall; tidings that Commissioner Booth-Hellberg is in danger of serious consumption[1]; and a letter from Mrs. Clibborn, full of assertions of her great love for myself and Bramwell, and her sympathy with us in the tragic death, and her lamentation over the loss suffered by the death of Emma.

A day of all sorts of conversations and attempts at work and correspondence, and coming together of head and heart with respect to the tragic sorrow that so unexpectedly has burst upon us.

A further cause for anxiety is a Cable from New York to say how ill Eva continues. Yesterday they had news to the effect that her life was in danger. But they spared her the sad news, and now she is reported to have had an improved night. . . .

Another Doctor also confirms the fear of Hellberg's being seriously threatened. The clouds are many and they hang lower and lower.

Wrote Eva in reply to a letter showing how deep her distress was at the time of the funeral.

Here is the letter mentioned in the journal:

MY DEAR DARLING EVA — Your precious letter of the 4th is just to hand. A few minutes before that time Bramwell gave me the Cable news that you were not so well again, and that the Doctor had recommended your getting back to Toronto as soon as you were able to travel. I do not know what to say to it all. God shield and sustain you.

I am afraid you will think my letter cold and hard in view of the greatness of the sorrow, and the terrible effect the disaster has had upon your own heart. *But I cannot write what I feel,* neither can I at this hour measure the greatness of my loss. It is beyond human measurement. I think I am the greatest loser of you all. . . .

*I loved Emma — You know I did.* She was a great deal to

[1] Happily not the case.

me, more than you can ever know, *but still I love the dear ones that are left behind.* I love the Army, the *precious Army.* I love the *poor* Sinners, and the poor Sufferers who are all around me, and *I love God, and lay myself afresh at His feet, and for Jesus Christ's sake, I want to be saved from the sin of Doubting Him.*

*I shall go on.* Time will dull the anguish, if it does not altogether heal the wound. Perhaps nothing will do this; anyway nothing will take away the pain altogether until once more I *embrace her blessed form on the plains of light, in company with our darling Mamma.*

*So, precious Eva, we will go on — we must go on — with our Mission,* and while mourning her absence, we will not fail to thank God that ever she was ours, and that we ever had the high privilege of following her example, listening to her counsel, securing her encouragement and sharing her tender, unselfish love. . . .

You say you wish you could come to me. Oh, how often I have desired that. If I do not go to Australia *you must try and get here and stay a long time — stay until you are strong once more.*

Bramwell is very good, and loves you very much, and will come nearer to you than ever, and by the blessing of God I shall live a little longer to cheer you on.

Good-bye. Keep on communing with God, and, above all, *trusting Him,* and telling Him you do.

Believe me, my dear Eva, to remain as ever and for ever,

Your affectionate and sympathetic Father — grateful beyond words for all your care, W. B., General.

In the journal we find the following account of a public ceremony in connection with Emma's death, characteristic of the Army's methods:

Meeting in Spurgeon's Tabernacle, lent us for the occasion, to express sympathy with the Commander and our American Comrades. Felt a good deal about it beforehand. However, it had to be faced. The sorrow is magnified by its having to be talked about so much in public.

Rode with Bramwell in a hansom from King's Cross to Newington, feeling anything but bright. When in a dark corner of Hatton Garden the legs shot out from under the horse, and it went down with a very considerable crash.

Startled, but not hurt, we got out, found another cab and arrived safely, five minutes before the hour for commencing the service. Beautiful Chapel. Quite full; a good many standing. They say it seats 3,000. I should have thought it held more. Three parts our people. Meeting stiff at com-

mencement. I did my best to make things free. It was a difficult task.

Tucker spoke in the most affecting manner. Simplicity itself. Motee [a daughter of Emma Booth-Tucker] sang, "There'll be no more parting." She was as cool and natural as possible. I brought her a chair and helped her on to it, and she stood before that imposing audience without the slightest evidence of excitement. In fact, she told me afterwards that she did not feel at all shy. She is a remarkable child in many ways; this among the number. . . .

I made the attempt, and partially succeeded. Most of the audience thought I did all that was possible under the circumstances.

Later Bramwell writes to his father:

I feel greatly overstrained and tried. I must not go under if I can help it. This has been a most trying ordeal for me — made infinitely more so by seeing you and others suffer, and by the consciousness of our loss in the poor struggle for Jesus Christ.

But we must go on. Enduring and remaining Grace is my great need. . . .

I only wish I had some way of cheering you in this time of sorrow and loss. Words are useless. I can do nothing but go on loving you. This you know that I do, and will do.

This letter, so simple and pathetic, is worthy of the man to whom it was addressed.

William Booth himself might have said, for he was the most honest of men, "Enduring and remaining Grace is my great need," and he could certainly have cried to his son, for he was a great lover, "I can do nothing but go on loving you."

In a lecture given during this year at the Royal Colonial Institute, General Booth said:

The Emigration I am contemplating will be on a scale in some measure proportionate to the present need. The mere sending forth of isolated groups of twenties, thirties, or even hundreds, appears to me to be little more than trifling with the evil we seek to remedy.

What I think is required, and what I should like to see realized, would be a bridge, as it were, leading across the seas to some land of plenty, over which there should be continuously passing, under conditions as favourable as the circumstances would allow, our surplus population, instead of being

compelled to witness its melancholy gravitation down to the filthy slums, the hated workhouses, the cruel casual wards, the hopeless prisons, and other semi-hells upon earth, as is, alas! too often the case to-day. . . .

In making our bargain for the transfer of the people from the Old Country to the New, I might truly say as respects them, and on their behalf:—

"You colonial gentlemen have the millions of acres, I might say the thousands of square miles, of fertile, life-preserving country unoccupied, or comparatively so, awaiting cultivation.

"We over here have the thousands, the tens of thousands of men, women, and children who are dying for want of that support which your unoccupied country will, when cultivated, readily produce.

"Your land means life and happiness, I might say Heaven, to our people. Our people mean power and satisfaction and prosperity, and I might say Heaven, to yours."

Here, then, we have, as I think I have already indicated, a good occasion for a "deal," as they say in the City.

We have the people. What do you offer in return?

We, I say, have the people. For instance, we sent out to Canada last year 4,000 souls. This year we shall send out at least 10,000, possibly more. . . .

I ought to say, perhaps, that we have, at the present time, attractive offers from countries outside the British flag; but we feel that within the four walls of the British Empire there ought to be room for the needy sons and daughters of the Mother Country.

## CHAPTER XXIV

WHICH NARRATES, AMONG OTHER MATTERS, HOW WILLIAM BOOTH WASHED HIS HANDS IN A WORKMAN'S PAIL BEFORE VISITING KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH

1904

Emma Booth-Tucker's tragic death in the United States contributed a further and more compassionating sympathy to the affectionate admiration in which General Booth was now held by many millions of people throughout the world. Whether individuals liked his ways or not, here indubitably it was felt, stood an old, sore-buffeted man knocking in the name of human pity on the door of the world's prosperity, reminding men, in the midst of his own griefs, of the griefs many and terrible which afflict the poor, the lonely, and the lost. That such a man should be so violently stricken in his extreme old age, moved the heart of the entire world. But he made not so much a pathetic as a really noble figure in this hour of dreadful desolation, as he rose up to shoulder, with his own burden, the burdens of the million poor, seeking pity for the unpitied, and still preaching his gospel of absolute faith in an inscrutable God, of confident hope in the felicities of an invisible world. He could have said, had he cared, but without any truculence of self-assertion:

> In the fell clutch of circumstance
> I have not winced or cried aloud;
> Under the bludgeonings of chance
> My head is bloody but unbowed.

He did wince and he did cry aloud in the privacy of his own soul, but if in public he referred to those things it was with the one purpose of moving the hearts of men to help the poor and sorrowful; he himself remained, not only unbowed, but unselfish and unembittered.

It cannot too often be said that in these years of suffering, pain, and dangerous popularity William Booth rested much

of the weight of his human needs on the love of his son Bramwell. The deep and chivalrous affection which bound the two men together, the Prophet and the Organizer, is all the more interesting from the fact that both were alive to each other's faults. But just as Bramwell Booth saw in his father's soul an excellence that outshone and consumed the trivial defects of an extraordinary temperament, so in Bramwell's unswerving loyalty, devoted love, and unfailing tenderness the old man beheld a virtue which outweighed the too careful and too critical anxiety in details of organization which sometimes irritated his impetuous nature. They formed together, however, in spite of this great love, no mutual admiration society. Their relationship in moments of devotion or in hours of sorrow was, it is true, almost feminine in its tender and gracious love; but nothing of this nature ever obtruded itself in business. There, the father would attack, criticise, chaff, and sometimes attempt to drive his son — "You'll stand arguing with Death," he would say — while the son, although in perfect good humour, would tell the father with blunt, outspoken faithfulness what he thought of the General's unwisdoms. To say that they never had a misunderstanding would perhaps border on exaggeration, but to say that they never once in all the long years of their devoted association seriously differed or ceased for one instant to love each other, is nothing but the plain truth of their very strenuous comradeship in arms. And certainly, as the letters and the journals testify, it was upon Bramwell Booth more than upon any living creature that the old patriarch leaned the heavy burden of his soul, especially in these the last years of his pilgrimage. "You are my Melancthon," the General would tell him. We may say that an entirely different narrative might have presented itself to our attention in these culminating years but for the wise and watchful love of the patriarch's son.

In some of the letters written by Bramwell to his father in 1904 we see how industriously, and with what humility he occasionally gave himself, amidst the immensely difficult work of organizing the international forces of the Salvation Army, to the worrying and inglorious task of turning

William Booth's rough notes for some pamphlet, which he had no time to finish himself, into coherent and printable English. The son tells how he has been sticking "to your last" all day and every day, and how frightened he is of spoiling "good leather." The modesty and earnestness with which he went about his work is exemplified by the following typical extract:

Doctrine. I made some progress yesterday, but there will be *much* to do after all my labours. I do not consider that it is exactly my forte—nor have you quite ordered the thing as I would have done. No doubt it is better, but it is more difficult for me. To-day I have not done so well — feel *slow* and *flat* and vexed with my *ignorance*. But I am persevering, and I suppose am, at the very least, improving my own education!

Bramwell very often addressed a humorous reproof to his father in the course of their correspondence. William Booth, for example, writes:

*Hanna's*[1] *death* is a great blow to me; I cannot write about it. The only consolation I have is that God lives. I sent a cable of sympathy to Mrs. Hanna yesterday; I think I shall write her, altho' I never saw her.

*Lord* ——: I have nothing more to say about him. We will settle the division of the money when you return. My present difficulty is this *very religious receipt* . . . but he gave me the money expressly to do as I liked with — but he knows nothing about religion — plays golf on Sundays — and it is no use slapping him in the face. When I gave him the University Memo' just as I was leaving, and saying to him it was a dream, he looked at me very significantly and said he supposed I wanted *him* to dream too! If he can make £170,000 a year profit he might dream to some purpose, but for Heaven's sake don't let us rely on *him* or on anybody else under the skies for the future.

To which Bramwell replies:

Lord ——. Good. But I do not see that playing golf on Sunday is a great evidence of irreligion! I should think it quite as pious as much Church and Chapel going, and much more charitable to one's horses, servants, etc. But you have evidently got hold of him! He will improve!

[1] Mark Hanna, a leading politician in the United States, and a friend both of the General and the Army.

Here is a very characteristic grumble from the father:

—— seems to have no idea of anything like a logical presentation of an argument. I gave him a lesson yesterday morning — quite an easy one, I thought. His answer, covering half a dozen pages, was as far from the mark as you would have expected from a lad of 17 or 18 untaught in reasoning; and the disconcerting part of the business was that he did not seem able to see it.

Why don't such people read Paley's *Natural Theology* instead of the "——," the "——," and other kinds of *rot* with which they regale themselves daily, hourly, and more than that?

I should like to know how many hours a week are consumed by a lot of noodles amongst us, who might be something, in the consumption of the stuff produced by ——, —— & Co.

The Russo-Japanese War enters into the correspondence of father and son. Bramwell writes in March:

Yes, that was an awful affair at Port Arthur, and now it seems quite clear that all was planned. The Japs drew the Russians out of the roadstead by a ruse and then drove them back on mines laid during the night previous in the neighbourhood of the entrance. One is almost inclined to wonder whether the use of these secret methods is not opposed to the principle of real fighting. The 800 people on that ship had no chance of striking a blow for themselves or their cause. It seems to me that you are in the near region of the explosive bullet and the poisoned spear with this do-you-in-the-dark business of the submarine — torpedo, etc. But what a humiliation it is all evidently felt to be in Russia; and what a forecast of what may happen when that other Kindred Eastern people get well on their feet.

And the old man makes answer:

*Japs and Russians.* Yes, I think so. When I was a boy it used to be looked upon as mean to slide up to a fellow and hit him in the back. Now it seems to be considered the proper thing to do — but after all it is an old adage that "all's fair in love or war." But the more I read and think about it, war seems to me to be the silliest and most devilish system of settling disputes — I wonder whether there is any other world where it is practised at all. As you say, it is indeed an awful humiliation for Russia. She won't get over it in my time — whatever she may do in yours.

In the following letter we get a good example of the way in which William Booth took a lecture from his son:

Your letter is a very nice, kind one, and has some sound philosophical remarks in it, and a fair share of good practical advice to your Pater, and I have read it with much interest — as well as, I trust, with profit. The only difficulty is that time is wanted to carry it into effect. What can I do?

You say "Go slowly." My condemnation is that I don't go fast enough: and yet I feel how just and wise your suggestion is. My whole life, my whole work, my whole circumstances, and my responsibilities are each and all more and more of a paradox to me, but I suppose that is nothing fresh with men who are called to occupy positions of leadership of any kind.

And then he goes on to say:

In the afternoon we had a crowd — Lawyers, Doctors, Generals, and nobody knows who, and I got hold of them like Children.— They all stood up at the finish in recognition.

What a hold I have upon the public mind, and its imagination, as well as upon its approbation! It can only be fostered and helped forward until I shall be like a charm for benefiting the world!

Don't suppose that I have the slightest idea that this is the result of any *desert* on *my* part — it is all an accident — nay, may we not say a Divine Arrangement, or the working out of the Divine principle so aptly described in the words, "*He hath put down the mighty from their seats and exalted them of low degree*"?

Anyway, my boy, that is how your father regards it: so if you ever quarrel with me, don't go and say that what I have said shows what a Nabob-spirit I had!

With this denial of a Nabob-spirit, a characteristic phrase, the old man concludes:

Have faith in God. All new movements have their rickety, rackety, jagged periods, when unless there is some strong hand and wise head to control them, they go to pieces, but with these very scarce qualities they will *last*.

—— ways are inexcusable — it makes me sick to hear him say "Let us pray" with such a spread as he does.

Temptation to cultivate a Nabob-spirit came to William Booth in June of this year, when he was informed that King Edward desired to see him at Buckingham Palace. What a change from days gone by, both for Monarch and Preacher! William Booth, let us say, was frankly delighted by this honour, and made no pretence of any other

feelings. He enjoyed recognition of this character, and enjoyed it for himself scarcely less than for the Army. The man never pretended.

He wrote and published an account of this Audience, but an account so flat and dull that we shall not add to the number of our pages by its incorporation even in small type. Fortunately he left behind him, however, the rough Notes which he made immediately after the audience, notes from which the dull article was "worked up," and these notes, because there was no thought of print before his eyes, are as real, as original, and as interesting as the man who made them. The reader, we feel sure, will very much prefer them, disconnected though they are, to the formal account of the interview which was eventually published in *The War Cry:*

It was a bright morning. The sun was warm, but a gentle north-east wind kept the atmosphere cool.

Left Hadley Wood with the Chief and Colonel Kitching by the 9.45 train. Went straight from King's Cross to the Strand Hall [1] for further inspection of the building and conference respecting position and height of the speaking-platform.

Found a large number of the 5,200 chairs required for the seating in their places. Was disappointed to find that, notwithstanding the addition of the chairs, there was a considerable ring almost amounting to an echo in the speaking.

After half an hour's discussion and experiments in talking to Lawley and others, fell back upon the hope that the draperies, matting, and most of all the crowd, would put this difficulty right.

I then washed my hands in a workman's pail, straightened myself out a little, and, in company with my A.D.C., took a hansom for Buckingham Palace for the interview with the King.

My A.D.C. asked for Lord Knollys, the King's private secretary, with whom the function was arranged.

Along intricate passages, some of them gorgeously upholstered — pictures of Kings and Queens of the Old Land for generations gone by looking down upon us in every direction, and up various winding flights of carpeted stairs, we were

[1] This hall was a large temporary building erected for the International Congress (1904) of the Salvation Army in the Strand. The International Congress was an event of great importance to William Booth, who believed in kindling encouragement by associating all the races of the earth together in a common religious enthusiasm.

conducted to a simple and plain waiting-room. A number of interesting water-colour pictures on the wall, among which was one of the city of Buda Pesth and another of a Review in the snow at the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg. On the tables were several very valuable and interesting Indian curios — testimonials, and the like, the presentation, I judged, during the King's visit to India when Prince of Wales.

We waited here some time. I was afraid there had been some misunderstanding and that we were forgotten. Gentlemen officials, dressed up in most picturesque and showy style, had not seemed very spry from the beginning. Perhaps they did not look upon the General as exactly in his right place in this Palace — so I sent —— out to see how the land lay.

He returned, saying all was in order, my name having gone up to the King.

So we settled down to possess our souls in patience — which was no very easy matter, seeing that I had always understood that His Majesty was renowned for his punctuality, and here we were, considerably over the 11.30 fixed for the interview — and made a further inspection of the great quadrangle outside, and the fine things within.

However, presently Lord Churchill, who is, I understand, Uncle to our Mrs. Colonel Pepper, entered to conduct me to the Audience Chamber.

One little colloquy as we went up the stairs, and the next moment the door opened and I was in the presence of the King of England, Emperor of India, and I know not what or where beside.

I had only seen the King once before, so far as I can remember, when Prince of Wales, at least 20 years ago, and then it was only a glance in a passing carriage.

I had been instructed by my A.D.C., who had held several conversations with the Secretary, and others, as to the etiquette of the occasion. A certain amount of bowing and salaaming seemed to be inseparable from intercourse with Royalty, and such Royalty as I was to meet to-day.

The simplicity and plain, brotherly intercourse which passed muster at the White House, Washington, in my intercourse, etc., with American President, Colonial Cabinet Ministers, etc., Indian Nabobs, was expected to be out of place, and I was prepared to stand and bow, to wait and follow such formalities as might be called for by Courtly usage or ancient styles.

But all these anticipations not only proved absolutely groundless, but vanished into thin air, and before Lord Churchill had well closed the door behind me, His Majesty had, with extended hand and cheery countenance, made me welcome, pointed me to an easy-chair within a few feet of himself, and told me how glad he was to meet me.

"You are doing a good work — a great work, General Booth."

I plunged off by expressing my gratitude for the privilege of speaking to His Majesty on the efforts we were making.

"I am interested in such work — have always been.— You will know something of my efforts for the Hospitals."

I interposed, "Yes, Lord Carrington had, when presiding for me on board the *Scot* Steamer, interested the Officers, etc., with the recital of some of His Majesty's experiences in Slumdom."

He smiled and said, "Ah, yes, Lord Carrington is an old friend of mine."

I resumed my recital in reply to a question, etc.

"Yes, I know — and I know that you have had great difficulties."

He asked me how the work commenced.

I made a little sketch of our beginnings.

The indifference, almost antipathy, of the classes whom we sought to benefit — from ordinary Christian operations.

"Yes," he said, "I could well understand that."

I described how this led us to go to the people with our processions and street preachings, and drums and contrivances which had been styled Harlequinades. Then I went on to show how the people would come to the Theatres, etc., who would not go to the sacred places.

I remarked how the work spread; and when I came to the Continent he interposed. . . . He had been hearing and reading about the Army results in Denmark. I said, "Yes, the Royalties of Denmark were friends — almost every member of the Royal family subscribing to our operations out there."

His remarks on Socialism? *No!*

Again and again reference was made to the Army being in favour of order.

I told him the story of the prisoner from ——. The story of the Canadian prisoner.

The remark of Sir William Laurier that we were the people who did the work.

I strove to show that in every country we worked in harmony with the ruling powers, no matter what the particular character of the different Governments might be. I instanced my interview with the Chicago pressmen.

"Yes, yes," said he, helping me out with the quotation, "Render unto Caesar," etc.

I then, as an extreme, mentioned Bobrikoff, of Finland.

"Oh," said he, with a burst of indignation, "what a cruel wretch! His own people said so."

"Your Congress . . . going to have a great time." Yes, etc.

We have had many difficulties [in Germany]. "In which way?"

I described the fears of the Police. But all that was changed now. Then I described my visit to Cologne. The Burgomaster, etc.

The Hall, the finest in Europe. Placed at my service, etc. The Station-Master and his "white gloves," and welcome by the crowd.

### The King.

1. King's geniality — humanness. Sympathy. Here was the author of Anglo-French Cordiality arrangement. Here was the advocate of Anglo-American — Anglo-Italian — and it won't surprise me if here is not the man who will bridge the wide gulf which has so long kept the Russians and the British apart.

2. His liberal notions as to religious liberty. He would have all men free to follow such religious creeds and customs as they preferred.

He enumerated specially the Hindoo and Mahometan faiths. I could see that his mind wandered away to his great Indian Empire. I did not understand him to mean that all creeds, etc., were of a like truth and importance in his estimation, but that he was an inheritor and exponent of the beliefs and motives of his predecessor William III., who seems to have fought and suffered because he would not allow the religionists of his day to tear one another to pieces.

3. During the conversation he made a remark or two which I do not feel at liberty to repeat, which seems to show his abhorrence of all and everything cruel in the enforcement of authority. He is not the stuff that tyrants are made of.

I thought as he talked that there was sadness, and looking back I can see the probability of the truth of what was whispered at the time of the pain he experienced over the South African War and his desire for its termination, although at some seeming sacrifice of . . . on the part of England.

In imagination I can hear him say — End the agony, although the flag is lowered a trifle — she will survive it, and wave all the more gloriously, etc.

4. And yet, at every turn you could see and hear the representative of law and order. To nothing did he more frequently refer than to those aspects of our work which showed them opposed to the lax notions with regard to law that prevail up and down the world.

### Oddments.

I was so taken back with the unexpected character that seemed at a glance to stand revealed before me.

I had never stopped to enquire, and I had not had any opportunity to observe — I knew really nothing of his public or

private life beyond some of the chatter of the press and irresponsible gossip.

I had come to expect a selfish, sensuous personage, popular because lending himself to the recreations, etc.— showy functions — a change from the quiet *rôle* his Queen Mother had played — unwilling to pose as treading in the shoes of Albert the Good.

And all at once the embodiment of a simple genial English gentleman was sprung upon me.

No attempt to pose as an intellectual philanthropist, much less religious; indeed, no attempt to pose at all: anything more natural could not be imagined; who cared for the poor, was not ashamed to say he was pleased to meet a man who for sixty years had made their interests the study and labour of his life.

In some still rougher notes we get one or two strokes of personality missing from the above:

The King referred to the interest he had always felt in the poor, referring specially to his efforts in connexion with Hospital work.

His Majesty asked me how I came to commence the movement.

I replied that I had long been engaged in aggressive action for the masses of the people. But my trouble was that the people reached by my efforts were mostly belonging to the Church class.

And then, I said, in those days, as still, there appeared to be two worlds:

The { Church / Religious } world and the worldly world, etc.

His abhorrence of Atheism.

*His geniality at parting.*

As I rose and stood before him I said, "I suppose I may tell my people that your Majesty ——"

Here he interrupted me.

"Tell them," he said, "that I have been delighted to meet their distinguished leader."

But I wanted a word or two further than this, and I went on, "And I may say that your Majesty watches our work with interest?"

"Yes, yes," he said, in the most emphatic manner.

"And regards its success as important to the well-being of the Empire?"

"Certainly, certainly," he rejoined, and then we shook hands, I am not sure if it was not twice over. By this time we were both gone past all questions of "behaviour" and as I

held his hand I said "God bless your Majesty. I shall pray for you."

He bowed and smiled adieu.

Whereupon I looked for the door of departure. There were two, and I was not sure of the one I had to leave by, and made for the wrong one.

"This is your way," he said cheerily. Whereupon I bowed myself out rather clumsily, I am afraid, through the right one, and was at once received by one of the Guards-in-waiting and conducted to the Waiting-room where my A.D.C. was no little relieved and pleased to find how satisfactory the interview had been.

The King almost rivalled Cecil Rhodes in his inquisitiveness, only being much more familiar with it. I suppose his lofty position gave him a kind of right to enquire into all and everything about people and places that may interest him. . . .

He asked me whether I was a native of London.

About my business before I become a minister.

And at parting asked my age, and complimented me on the manner I carried my years.

I spoke of my wife being a partner in the commencement of the work — the labouring at the West-End, and obtaining means to help me to assist the poor at the East-End.

This interview with the King, which seemed to put the seal of public approval on the Salvation Army's work, furnished a very considerable send-off for the International Congress of that year, and for the General's autumn campaign.[1] This campaign was made in the form of a motor-tour from one end of the Kingdom to the other, and was the first of its kind. It happened that I accompanied General Booth for the first few days of this adventure, and I can recall vividly enough the scenes through which we then passed — villages and towns beflagged, the country-

[1] The King sent the following message to the International Congress:

"I am commanded by the King and Queen to say that they feel greatly touched by the telegram which you have sent them on behalf of the Council of the Salvation Army.

"It afforded His Majesty much satisfaction to receive your General and to forward a message to the Salvation Army through him.

"The King sincerely appreciates the allusions in your telegram to his efforts to promote international peace and goodwill, and he rejoices to think that they have not been entirely without effect.

"Their Majesties direct me in conclusion to express their warm thanks to the Staff for their good wishes, and they trust that the good work which the Salvation Army has already achieved through their faith and energy may be constantly increased.

"(Signed) KNOLLYS."

side lined with spectators, the fluttering of handkerchiefs, the flash of smiles, the rumble of cheers, and the spectacle of black crowds surrounding every building in which the General spoke.

But more vividly than this I recall the moment when William Booth stood at Land's End, looking down from the sun-scorched cliff on the ledge of streaming rocks below, over which an almost purple sea was breaking sluggishly into waves of green and white. The General had motored from Penzance Station straight to this spot that he might begin his tour in very truth from the southernmost extremity of the Kingdom. No service was to be held, no speech was to be delivered, and the public were entirely unaware of this picturesque arrangement in his programme. Consequently, he was accompanied only by a few Officers, friends, and representatives of the Press. He seemed nervous and tired. He looked about him almost as though he wanted to escape from his bodyguard, and then inviting me to his side, he walked slowly forward to the slope of the cliff, spoke to me of Wesley in a somewhat disconnected way — at any rate, entirely without his usual directness — and then placing his arm over my shoulder, he recited, looking down at the ledge of rocks, that hymn of Wesley's which begins:

> Lo, on a narrow neck of land
> 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand.

The weariness of the old man made a more instant appeal than anything he said. One felt an infinite pity for him, and this feeling arose from the impression he made of unwillingness to be a chief figure, as though he shrank from publicity, as though he were ashamed of notoriety, as though he wanted to creep away and be a simple man of whom nothing was expected. He said something about his love for nature, and spoke of his desire for peace and quiet; but it was his manner more than his words which made the effect of this impression really pathetic. At the end of this rumination he returned to his alert and smiling bodyguard like a prisoner going back to his captors, and bade them "get on with the programme."

It must be remembered that he had spent the night in the train, and that he was setting forth on this motor-campaign after all the labour of the International Congress — labour that entailed not only a great deal of public speaking but an immense amount of actual business which required the most intense application, together with the tact of a statesman.

But something of this same weariness was noticeable at every meeting which the present writer attended. The General's voice for those first few days of the campaign was without strength and without ring. He walked to and fro on the platforms, waved his arms about, and said many bold and arresting things; but for the most part he spoke like a man in a hurry, a man who had said the same thing many times before and was tired of it, and his voice throughout was hoarse, nasal, and without power.

At this time of his life he was extremely thin, the colour of his face like ivory, his hair and beard white as snow. The dark eyes still glittered, but behind a dulling glaze, as lamps shine in a fog. His energy and vivacity seemed to be straining on a leash. He was like one striving to make his body do what the spirit wanted it to do, pushing it, beating it, because he had been so long accustomed to its instant obedience. He saved himself up for this effort at the end of his lectures. He began with a quick, almost a breathless, history of the Army; then he told a number of humorous stories — such as that of the ostler badgered into tardy conversion by a persistent Salvationist, who exclaimed as he surrendered in the end, "Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, hold this 'oss while I get on" — and, finally, while his audience were still laughing in the utmost good humour, he plunged, with bewildering suddenness, into a passionate appeal for sympathy and support, claiming for the drunkards and hopeless of the world, and for all who are unhappy and estranged from God, the active compassion of mankind.

And for myself I was tempted to feel that these appeals, which lasted some five or six minutes, were the flickering of the great light in his soul, which could no longer, because of the body's weakness, flame up and sweep an audience into enthusiasm. It seemed to me during those few days

that people everywhere regarded him with very great affection and very great indulgence, hailing him rather as the veteran returned from far-off and almost forgotten battles, than as a conquering knight, setting forth on a new crusade. The crowds which greeted him everywhere seemed to me rather to be taking farewell of him than giving him a welcome. But the wonderful old man lived for eight years after this first motor-tour, and during those eight years did a giant's work, his spirit again and again flaming up into an energy which recalled his middle age.

He motored on this journey a distance of 1,250 miles, he addressed 105 meetings. The effect upon him, after the almost superhuman demands of the International Congress, was one of great physical exhaustion. Where the enthusiasm was very considerable, as it was in the North, he speaks of it as "this hurricane," and declares himself to be oppressed by the thought of his unworthiness to receive such amazing tokens of affection. But in spite of this he set out for a Continental tour in the autumn.

He had interviews during this year with a retired bookmaker named George Herring, and also with Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, the publisher, who took an interest in the General's scheme for providing Shelters in advance of an expected bad winter. That his shrewdness and humour remained unaffected by the advance of age may be seen, we think, in the following extracts from his journal:

At eleven something — gave an interview to a representative of *The Daily Telegraph* on the subject of the poverty of the coming winter. As usual, I had an interesting talk; at least I think so, as far as my side of the conversation went; but whether anything will come out in paper of any use to either Army or the starving people is quite another question. After such talks I always have a wretched feeling arising from the thought that I have said something better unsaid, which can be twisted to bear some unfavourable aspect. I cannot ever be balancing my words so that they shall be incapable of being misunderstood.

I am billeted with a Sir Frederick Eldridge. Fine house and grounds, and received in a very friendly manner. My simple habits are a little bewildering to him. On being informed by Colonel W —— that I do not take flesh meat, or smoke, or

drink, he exclaimed, "Good Heavens, has the General no vices?"

. . . the Soldier's Meeting . . . had a real hard and bad time. . . . For one thing, sitting right at my elbow a parson and his wife. How they got in I could not find out, but they certainly crippled my power to set forth the weaknesses and shortcomings of my dear people.

The Mayor, Martin Hope Sutton,[1] presiding. He is a fine-looking man — a local magnate and a rich seed-merchant. His father had the reputation for being a Christian man of the P.B. type. I could never interest him in the S.A. beyond a sovereign or two. He was afraid that we were being carried away from religion by our Social Schemes.

His son, the Mayor, in opening the meeting, intimated that he inherited his father's fears . . . but, as the Mayor, he felt it to be his duty to encourage every effort honestly put forth for the benefit of his fellow-townsmen. It was that feeling that brought him there. . . . He then proceeded to say a few very kind things of me personally, and then I made my speech.

The Theatre was crowded in every corner — the audience was sympathetic, and I sailed away for an hour and a half carrying everything before me.

When I sat down the Mayor whispered, "You have removed all my prejudices. I shall give you a hundred a year." He afterwards got up and told the audience the same thing, and in a frank and manly manner, to the satisfaction of all concerned, at least all the friends of the Army who happened to be present.

In the afternoon met Adolf Beck, who wanted to thank me for the interest my people had taken in his affairs. He has been imprisoned twice, each time falsely, as the result of mistaken identity.

He wants me now to agitate for the S.A. having the work of dealing with the religion of the criminal, and the establishment of a Criminal Court of Appeal, and came to solicit my co-operation with him in this agitation. He appeared to me to be a sincere man, altho' a little elated with his sudden transformation from a supposed convict to a national hero.

Then there is a reference to "my motherless grandchildren" brought home from America by Commissioner Booth-Tucker:

Dear Motee is very dear to me — bringing back her mother's form. . . . She is a clever, affectionate, promising child, al-

[1] Mr. Sutton died in 1913.

ready very useful on and off the platform, altho' only just 13 years old.

There is this characteristic lament in a letter to Bramwell from The Hague:

I should think we had 10,000 people or more at the station. The Police kept excellent order, pushing and punching the people like cattle, and I drove off in a *closed* carriage by a side-road to the elegant Hall and the swell audience; *the people for whom we profess to live were outside. This is a strange arrangement, and must seem so to the angels and the . . .*

A matter that gave the General great pleasure was conveyed to him, in a letter from Falmouth, by a Salvationist to one of the Commissioners at Headquarters:

This is the story of the gentleman so influenced by the General at Falmouth, which you asked me to write and send you.

I noticed these people in that meeting, and managed a few days later to find out who they were. When I called (collecting), the wife, Mrs. Ayerst Ingram, told me the touching story. I should explain first that both were artists; his pictures exhibiting yearly at the Royal Academy, and socially they were among the first people in Falmouth.

When they came out they were much moved. He said, "What a man! what a message! My dear, can you tell me what I am doing with my life?" His wife replied, "Dear, I was just asking myself the same question." Then after a further pause she said, "I've got it. Collecting old furniture!" He said, "I'll come to a full stop with all that, and, God helping me, I'll live for an object."

In a very short time he had decided that he would work amongst the fisher lads of Falmouth. He went down among them, brought them into some place, and told them of his intention. He next went around to all his swell friends, the *élite* of Falmouth, and told them what General Booth had been the means of doing for him, and through him, he hoped, for these boys.

I afterwards got this story from some of these people themselves; they had been, alas! too indifferent to come to hear the General themselves, but hearing their friend's account of how he himself had been revolutionized, they much regretted that they had not allowed themselves to come. Some of them told me so, personally; they were Robert Fox — the richest man in Falmouth; General Aylmer, and H. S. Tuke, A.R.A., whose pictures command hundreds of pounds, an agnostic, but who was so impressed that he tried to arrange that I should

spend a night with him on the streets, watching our soup distribution.

This work had even caught on, and some of his friends were assisting him with these lads who were quite untouched by the Army or any good people in any way, and whose only happy hunting-ground was the streets, and whose companionship was chiefly girls, swelling the general evil of Cornwall.

Of course this gentleman, as did all his friends there, subscribed to me.

When, last month — a year after — I returned, I found this work had grown into a large and successful Working Boys' Club, with a membership of 160 and an average attendance at each of the Sunday meetings of 100.

The streets and dark lanes of Falmouth have been practically cleared of its Social evil. The Prince of Wales and the Bishop of Stepney, amongst other notabilities, have talked about the Club, and the latter specially advises Mr. Ingram, who, be it remembered, loses no opportunity of telling *everybody* that General Booth should have the credit for any good the Club is doing!

I ought to have said that a threefold pledge is extracted from every boy who would join the Club:

Never to drink.
" smoke.
" gamble.

## CHAPTER XXV

THE OLD CAMPAIGNER VISITS THE HOLY LAND — RECEIVES THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON — IS HONOURED IN HIS NATIVE TOWN — AND SWEARS BY THE SPADE

1905

CAMPAIGN by motor-car was now one of the General's established methods, and, startling though the innovation seemed, no doubt Wesley would have contracted the same habit. Both men loved a good horse, but Wesley was no less eager than Booth to cover the ground.

There were many people to inveigh against the idea; but, on the whole, it seems to have struck the imagination of the world with sympathy and approval that this very old man should adopt the latest device of science at the end of his life's work.

Writing to Bramwell on the motor-tour for 1905, he says:

We had a useful day yesterday. Dumfries was *tremendous*. It was *wonderfully* great. The whole town and country must have turned out, and the affectionate greeting of the people was as much as I could stand. One man pushed a £5 note on Lawley's car. We have had flowers, fruit, and kisses thrown at us; now comes the turn of the £5 notes. . . .

The reporting. What can you expect from —— and —— ? And what can you do if no better material turns up? Nobody seems to care about it. So we must hope and go forward. The work will speak for itself. *If we are not making much impression on the Press and the parsons, we are on the heart of the masses of the people.*

The following incident is recorded in January, 1905, during the General's motor-tour:

Canon Rogers, who entertained the General, went personally to Liverpool to purchase a particular blend of tea that he used for the General; he did this in order that there should be no mistake.

In conversation with one of the Lay Preachers of the

Anglican Church, the Canon told him, with the tears running down his face, that he considered the greatest honour of his life had been conferred upon him in the presence of the General in his house as a guest.

Instances of such kindly feeling are innumerable. William Booth himself was greatly heartened by the affectionate greetings he received in every part of the country, and many of his letters to Bramwell were almost joyous with enthusiasm. He wrote from Glasgow in January of this year:

These are nice people. Scotland is full of nice people — good wine — but we have only tasted it so far, and hardly that. *We want to get it on the tap.* The command of this country is worthy of a *Hallelujah Napoleon.*

Oh, for a *Revival.* There is something in what Hodder said to me on Monday morning — "He only believed in Revivals that broke out spontaneously." So far, I have had to work for all I have got, and that precious hard. Still I have got something worth having.

Wherever he went he encountered people who were glad to make his acquaintance and desired to discuss with him matters of national importance:

Left for London by the 9.30 Train. Sir Edward Clarke came into my compartment and spoke most kindly, complimenting me on many things, my vigour amongst others. I told him I wanted to have a talk with him, and he offered to ride up with me, but I declined, not feeling quite equal to it. I have regretted ever since I did not go into his compartment — Mr. Loder, M.P., for Brighton was with him — and gave a good pow-wow with them both.

Afternoon tea with Mr. Herring. Magnificent House, Piccadilly, looking on to the Park. Received me most kindly. He has just given us £3,600 to fit up one shelter, and is pledged for £3,000 more to fit up two others. He gave £100,000 to the King's Hospital Fund some time ago.

I wanted to talk to him about a Maternity Hospital I want to build, or acquire in some form or another. But alas! for my confidential talk on the subject — he had invited five or six ladies and gentlemen to meet me, among the rest Mr. Sydney Holland,[1] Treasurer of the London Hospital.

I talked to them; they seemed much interested, but I came away feeling that I had not advanced the work much, if any, for which I had planned the interview.

[1] Now Lord Knutsford.

That he kept his eye on the affairs of the world and was deeply concerned by the sufferings of all nations, is proved by entries in his journal:

The news of the Russian Revolutionary Upheaval, with its scenes of bloodshed and disorder, has upset me terribly. . . . To what will it lead and where will it end? Oh, my God, my God, what an awful suffering state this world has come to, notwithstanding all that has been done for it during the 2,000 years that have passed since Jesus Christ shed His Blood on its behalf!

How feeble and powerless all our efforts have been. I was awfully depressed yesterday — but there is no alternative but to push on. If we cannot remove the mountains of misery we can move some of the little hills.

A popular newspaper published at this time the following declaration:

*"If I were Czar."*

What General Booth would do if he were "Little Father."

I should at once abolish martial law; confer with the most benevolent, the wisest, and the most practical, and most intelligent men of all parties I could call into conference, and if their counsel concurred with what appeared to my judgment to be for the honour of God and the highest well-being of the nation, I should act accordingly.

In March of this year he set out on his last visit to Australia, and to spend a few days in the Holy Land on the way. The journal he kept of this travel is disappointing. One gets no real sense of his feelings and no clear notion of his experiences. The letters are scarcely more illuminating. The chief interest for the student of his career lies in the pretty evident fact that he was more busied in meetings than sight-seeing, and that no meeting was too small for the intensity of his fervour.

He left England on March 2, and the journal opens in this fashion:

Left home in a rush without much more concern than is usual on going to an ordinary week-end engagement, and yet if all goes well forward as arranged it will be six months before I again see Hadley Wood.

A few Officers gathered at Victoria Station — several photos

were taken standing on the platform or on the steps of the Railway Carriage, a few good-byes to Tucker, Motee, and some other comrades, and we were off.

Bramwell and Flo[1] accompanied me to Dover, where, as usual on such occasions, we had calculated on a little prayer and a few heart-spoken words; but alas! from some cause or other no private cabin had been secured — the call "All on shore" came almost at once, there was a hurried embrace, a hasty good-bye, and as the sea looked threatening I was glad to stretch myself on a couch in the Saloon.

The voyage was employed in correspondence, the usual Saloon Meetings, and drawing up a Manifesto to be issued at Jerusalem, calling on all who name the name of Christ to follow His example, and make a desperate effort on behalf of the Salvation of a lost world.[2]

The party arrived at Jaffa on March 7:

Getting on shore was now the difficulty. There is practically no harbour, and a finger of rocks faces the town with openings here and there through which the boats that land passengers and goods have to pass — that is, unless they make a sort of flank movement and go round one end of the ridge.

To get into the boat the passengers have to abandon themselves to the arms of the boatmen, who drop them down in the boat, just as they do the bales and packages.

These boatmen are surprisingly clever at their business, and going and coming managed their boat surprisingly, singing and shouting to cheer each other up and keep time with their oars.

After this fashion we got to Jaffa — once home of Simon the Tanner, and the port from which Jonah embarked when running away from the post of duty.

He does not tell us that, as the boat approached the shore, he knelt down and prayed, the rowers, who were racing another boat, resting on their oars. One of his companions tells us that the scene in the morning sunlight was enchanting. An armed police escort awaited them, and they were further received by the Cinematograph. The journal continues:

We had a service at ten o'clock A.M. at a Girls' Mission School, conducted by Miss Arnott. The Hall was quite full and the attention all but perfect . . . the girls I saw appeared

[1] Mrs. Bramwell Booth.

[2] This Manifesto was afterwards quoted in almost every part of the world.

a most interesting company; I coveted them for the work of the S.A.

By one we were at the Station of the first Railway constructed in the Holy Land. . . . We jogged along till five, and feeling unutterably weary I landed in the Holy City.

A Railway Station with a crowd of Porters or Coolies or something, yelling and rushing and fighting for your luggage is not a favourable introduction to the City of which you have been dreaming for a lifetime! But that method fell to my lot. I cannot describe the sentiments aroused by the situation, beyond saying how thankful I was to get quietly to my billet.

I was entertained by a Dutch Officer [of the S.A.] who obtained leave of absence to devote herself to the desire of her heart, the conversion of the Jews at Jerusalem.

Two days were spent, more or less, in visiting some of the sacred places. It is recorded by one of the General's companions that he shook hands with the monk in charge of the Garden of Gethsemane, and received from him a book of sermons and a piece of the root of the Tree of Agony as a farewell gift. The journal proceeds:

When Lawley and —— met me they had rather a disappointing announcement to make. The original plan of campaign in Jerusalem had been: To see the City and visit Bethlehem, etc., Thursday and Friday had been put apart. Saturday afternoon, a Select Meeting; and Sunday two Salvation Meetings. But when they came face to face with the difficulties of getting from the shore to the Steamer, which could only be done by the permission of the Governor of Jaffa, and frequently was prohibited altogether — and seeing further that I must (D.V.) be back at Port Said by Tuesday to catch my Steamer for Australia, they jointly and severally advised and insisted on my being back at Jaffa to have the choice of one or two days in case the weather continued unsettled.

So they recommended nothing more than the Saturday afternoon select meeting. That they were not very sure about, for they had discovered that the Sultan had telegraphed from Constantinople prohibiting all Moslems from attending my meetings.

After a little thought I decided that whatever might happen I would make an effort for Salvation in the "Holy City," and resolved on Salvation Meetings on each of the three evenings and a select meeting on Saturday as arranged, leaving the seeing of the City, which I regarded as a sacred duty, to the morning and afternoon of Thursday and Friday and the morning of Saturday.

The result proved the wisdom of the arrangement. . . .

At eight or soon after, the Hall, such as it was, holding about 250, was full. I explained the Army and then described and pushed Salvation upon the audience — finishing with an invitation to the penitent-form.

I felt myself that it was a bold stroke. The method was altogether unknown in these parts. I am afraid there was but little faith, but to my unspeakable satisfaction a young lady pushed her chair aside and came right out and knelt down and was soon joined by her companion. They were two American Tourists. They had heard me at Stuttgart last year and been deeply moved and now they settled the matter. The opinion of my comrades is that they were both properly saved.

I was very tired and had to sleep between the morning and afternoon, and the afternoon and evening meetings, to keep me on my feet. An irritating and painful itching of the skin on my left side which commenced some fortnight ago, gets worse every day. I cannot imagine what it can be — while night after night my throat ulcerates and swells, until it is difficult to swallow — I am evidently in rather a shaky condition. Night. We were crowded out, a large influx of visitors from the Hotels having found us out. Their presence does not help me with the Greeks and Jews, who are coming in considerable numbers.

In spite of the curiosity we had a good time, and nine came out. It was a great victory.

*Saturday*, 11.

Morning. Visited the Hall of Justice, and looked at the spot on which it is reputed Pilate sat when he sentenced my Saviour to die, afterwards Bethany, etc.

Afternoon. Select Meeting in the Hotel. About 150 were present, including the British Consul, Mr. Dickson, who presided, the American Consul, the Russian Consul and his daughters, and a number of other leading residents in the City.

I talked for 50 minutes, which was all the time the Hotel people could allow me, dinner being at hand. A collection of some £10 was taken up, and everybody seemed much interested and perhaps some profited.

Night. A bad storm, rain in torrents — a mimic deluge. Nearly all the Hotel people were away — and some others as well. Still we had a powerful meeting and eleven at the P.F. I bade them good-bye with a full heart and a strong longing to see them again. Perhaps I may. I can truly say that Jerusalem, changed and strange as it may be, has won a first place in my heart. . . .

Arrived at Jaffa we discovered that the journey was next to useless, as no Steamer had arrived. So there was nothing for it but to wait till to-morrow.

I at once put on a Meeting at Miss Newton's Mission, although for various reasons failure was predicted. It was too late — it would interfere with the ordinary meeting — it would do or not do some other thing that was undesirable. I said we would have the service whatever might follow.

The night was dark and unpromising, but the Hall holding 150 or 200 people was full, and full of people not expected, including a number of Greek young men — that is, men of the Greek faith. To the front were the girls of Miss Arnott's School, who had so deeply interested me on the previous Wednesday morning.

I talked through ——. His interpretation sounded stiff and cold, but I pushed the invitation to the P.F., and to the surprise of every one the first to walk out boldly was a young man who was known as a most bigoted Greek. So intense was his dislike to the Mission Doctrine that he would not allow any native Christian to talk about his faith in his house. He is educated, and they say one of the best, if not the very best, interpreters in Jaffa. Well, he went down like a little child and professed to have received forgiveness.

He was quickly followed by one of the Teachers in the School and all the elder girls followed. It was a wonderful sight. They all appeared to be in deep earnest, sobbing and wailing about their sins and praying for mercy.

Forty-three professed Salvation, and I have learned since that others knelt and sought God in other parts of the room. I have seldom been as deeply moved as I was that night.

Among his papers we find a fragment headed "Jerusalem, page two," which we take to be notes for the Manifesto mentioned in the journal during the voyage out:

What does it mean? — for what did He come?

The answer has come back, to seek and to save the lost.

That was the *purpose*. To save a world of Sinners from sin and Hell.

My heart impelled to call upon His followers throughout the world.

Let us afresh give ourselves to the same task.

2,000 years have passed away — still the millions are there — lost.

Look at them.

Let us make a truce as to differences. I don't ask you to think alike or worship alike or fight alike, but I do ask you in your own way. . . .

He writes to Bramwell from Jerusalem on March 8:

. . . yesterday it was a heavy drag to get up Mount Calvary

in the burning sun. Oh how I thought of the *Master's journey,* and how ashamed that and other incidents in His history make me feel of the trials of my own. . . .

I cannot tell you anything of what we see. I have been to Bethlehem. I go as a sheer matter of *duty.* I am going this afternoon to one of the few places I feel any very curious desire to see, and that I have felt ever since, in a Parsonage many years ago, I saw a plan of it set forth — the "Jewish place of wailing."

The hills and the vales and the most ancient ruins I must say interest me most, but I cannot stop to talk about them now. *Later.* Just come back from the afternoon round. I ride from place to place in an open carriage, and the springs are not bad and the horses are good and the driving is downright skilful, but the roads are simply execrable and shake me mercilessly.

We have seen the Jews wailing on what remains of the foundations of the walls of the City. *It is one of the most pathetic scenes I have ever witnessed.* It is like one long penitent-form with the people standing, instead of kneeling, with broken hearts and overflowing eyes. Oh to see the tears running down their poor wan faces and hear their cries, irrespective of the curious crowds of unmoved Tourists gazing at them, is a sight to move the angels, I should think. Oh if they were but weeping over their own sins and the desolation which they must ultimately bring on them, how still more pathetic it would be.

I am afraid the fact does not very much enter their minds that it was the rejection of mercy in Jesus that brought their destruction. It is the old and oft-repeated story, grieving for the consequences of their sin rather than the sin itself.

I knelt down and my party knelt with me and prayed aloud for light and salvation on the crowd and on the people whose wailings mingled with my prayers.

I am afraid my place of meeting will be much too small tonight. They say that never in the history of Jerusalem was there such a gathering of Christians before last night. They are coming from the hotels in force, so our little 300 hall will be simply gorged — which will defeat my purpose, I am afraid. . . .

I need not say that I have missed you at every turn. You would have doubled the gratification and interest of everything we have seen. I feel sometimes as though you were there — but turning round discover my mistake. *God bless and keep you.* Everything here of interest is associated with some individual or other — it is Abraham or Rachel or Moses or Elijah or Mahomet or Herod or Pilate or the Blessed Saviour or some one.

AT BETHANY — THE HOUSE OF MARTHA AND MARY (1905)

Ah, departing, may we be privileged, *you* and I, to leave behind us footsteps on the sands of time that will interest and guide and inspire some who follow after in the direction of holiness and service and sacrifice.

On leaving Palestine the party journeyed to Port Said and shipped for Australia. This journey was a great trial to the General. He was suffering from a mild attack of Herpes, his cabin was uncomfortable, and for many days the ship encountered foul weather. We are told that when a change of cabins was effected the General sent a letter of thanks and an autographed photograph to the captain, who was exceedingly courteous. Service in the saloon, when the captain read the prayers, is described as "a poor affair." The General worked as hard with his pen as the weather and his sickness would allow.

Very little trace of weariness or sickness appears in the journal when Australia is reached. He writes at Collingwood on June 10th:

. . . Mr. Deakin, one of the most prominent Politicians of the Country, came in just as I was finishing tea. He is a very excitable person, and I am very partial to him; he only came in to assure himself that the arrangements for my luncheon with him on Tuesday were all right, but he got into an argument *re* Emigration and some kindred matters which, as I say, he being an excitable person, did not help me. . . .

At Perth:

By invitation called at Government House to receive the welcome of His Excellency Sir Frederick Bedford, a retired Admiral, with his Lady and daughter, who received me most kindly. We had a nice little conversation about many things, they appeared very sympathetic, and no little anxious about Sunday's lecture, at which he promised to preside.

In remarkable contrast to the very simple and modest meetings in Palestine, with their audiences of two or three hundred, were the "mammoth" and "monster" meetings held in Australia. He gives an account of a particular gathering in Boulder City:

8 p.m. The meeting of the day. This was held in a great Shed, used to shelter Electric Cars at night. The Company

had emptied the place, helped our people to seat it, and when I entered it it was one of the sights of my life. There must have been over three thousand on the ground floor, a large number seated, and many standing, while men and boys clung to girders and filled up every niche and cranny of the walls, or hung spider fashion to the girders, where they remained clinging and listening till I had done. Some of them, with a measure of common sense, seated themselves in the Cars at the extreme end of the building, while the Cars outside, which had been ejected for our convenience, and every single spot both outside and in, both within and without of hearing distance was packed with another enormous crowd, waiting a chance of getting a single word, and remaining to the finish to get a single look.

There was a little confusion at the start, and I was rather fearful that my voice would not carry, but the eager attention which followed the utterance of the first sentence, as I rose to my feet, promised all to be well, and I went on for an hour and twenty minutes with scarce a soul moving. So far as the little power I possess to capture and hold the attention of a mass of people of every conceivable phase of thought, feeling, and character goes, the "Car-Barn" Speech was one of the triumphs of my life.

The last sentence of the following entry is characteristic:

The work of the last two days or so had tried my voice considerably, and the prospect of being turned out at 10 o'clock for another Civic Welcome at a place called Southern Cross was not too welcome.

However, there was no help for it, the Corps had erected a platform, ornamented it with flags, illuminated it with lanterns and torches, and a nice little crowd had assembled. To this people for the first and last time I spoke on questions of Life, Death, Judgment, and Eternity, and then settling myself in the [Railway] Car, I passed on.

Another Welcome. This time in the open air. Another Greeting, another platform, another Mayor, another Band. Crowds of people met us at the Station. I gave a short speech and then made for my billet.

1.30. Reception by the Cabinet. This being a Labour Government, as they call it, made the function a little more interesting than was the case with some other similar functions. I had met Mr. Daglish, the Premier, the day before at the Civic Reception.

The function passed off without anything very extraordinary occurring, the talk was very friendly, and I tried to urge upon

the gentlemen present the importance of our efforts for the reclamation of the criminal and other classes, for whom the Authorities were responsible, and that it must be equally their duty to pay for the reclamation of the people as it was for the punishment of the wrong-doer, to this all seemed to assent.

Mr. Daglish informing me that they had decided to present the Army with land near the City for the use of the Prison Gate Brigade, and at the same time hinting at the possibility that when the scheme was got in working order a grant still larger might be made. . . .

The Premier was very agreeable, and very respectful. It appears that he met me 14 years ago in my Exhibition Meetings at Melbourne, he was then acting as Police Inspector. He now received me at a costly Luncheon as the head of a State.

On going on deck [for Melbourne] I was surprised to find so large a crowd assembled on the Wharf. I had very little voice left, still less strength, but I managed to talk for ten minutes at a considerable elevation from my audience. Still, as an American Jew on board stated to Colonel Lawley, "I made a wonderful amount of religion in the time."

During all this time, as indeed on all his journeys, William Booth was receiving long letters from his Chief of Staff in London on subjects of great importance. We will quote from a few of these letters, not only to escape from the monotony of successful meetings, but to place the reader in a position to judge of some of the administrative affairs which occupied every spare hour of the General's time during a campaign.

As a rule, Bramwell endeavours to send cheerful news, and when ill tidings have to be transmitted — for the General was autocratic on the matter of being kept well posted in Army statesmanship — he strives to put as good a face on the business as possible. The following extracts from his correspondence will perhaps suffice for our purpose, though they only give a bare idea of the immense activities which occupied his attention in London. First we have a piece of good news:

I am quite convinced we are making a great impression on the country. Flo has just been telling me about her Meeting last night at Hereford, with the Bishop in the chair. He made a slashing speech for us which ought to do good, and the general impression he gave Flo was that we are exercising a great influence for good on the Church of England.

Then there is a reference to the great question of union with the Church of England:

This [a telegram from one of the Colonies referring to the matter] has created something of a stir here. There are the usual group of contradictory statements. I enclose you a cutting from *The Standard* on the matter. There have been two or three disagreeable allusions to it, and I said what I said in *The War Cry* on that account. Practically the same thing appears in *The Daily News*.

Any idea of the Salvation Army uniting itself with the Church of England, or indeed with any other religious concern at present in existence, is naturally very repugnant to a great many both of our people and our friends, and questions arise — in fact, I have been asked plump and plain this week whether you *could* organize such a union even if you *would*. I said frankly, "No, I do not think so, without an Act of Parliament, at any rate so far as this country is concerned and probably as regards others." This view of things has to be kept in mind in these matters. I received your telegram — "Do nothing until you hear further from me" — but I was obliged to say something to prevent misunderstanding. For my own part, you know I sympathize very much with the Church of England view and position, but I am quite satisfied that the great bulk of our friends, and certainly 90% of our own people, would resent any serious foregathering. . . .

The subject of emigration, particularly dear to the General's heart, occupies a considerable space in this correspondence:

The Emigrants for Canada. This party has turned out a great success. Fine people. We made quite a stir in London and again at Liverpool — a wonderful scene. We had a short meeting in the Board-room at Euston, holding 500, before the train started, and a wonderful sight on the platforms. Amongst others who were present was the Agent-General for Western Australia, James, a great, big, fine fellow; he wept like a child as the train went out. The singing and cheering and shouting and the playing of the Band, "God be with you till we meet again," made really a very remarkable affair. Then again at Liverpool was a repetition — most moving scenes. We have another thousand people to send — so that will make three thousand souls for Canada this year. A Minister concerned in Ottawa told Tucker, privately of course, that the emigrants we have sent out so far were in every way the very best people they had ever received in Canada under the

auspices of any Society or Fund, and he intends to say so at the first suitable opportunity in Parliament.

For myself I must say I felt rather bad. I said on leaving Euston on Wednesday morning, after looking at those splendid young families, fibre, pith, vim, marked in every feature, "What a melancholy thing it is that Old England has nothing better for such people than to show them the door!" Still, they are going under the British Flag, and, after all, that is something. The whole thing has made a great impression on the country. We shall do better yet.

Tucker had a very warm reception from Earl Grey.[1] He was most kind and showed himself to have been immensely impressed by what he saw of the Army here, and I think by all of us whom he met, by you, of course, beyond all else, and to have been almost equally taken hold of by what he has seen, especially of the Social Arrangements and Emigration in Canada since his arrival. Indeed, we may take it that Earl Grey is a convinced and determined friend who, in every way he properly can, means to see that we get a fair chance of doing all the good we can in the world, and although he is not rich (he says he is poor at present), will influence and help so far as is in his power.

The Canadian Government people whom Tucker saw were all most respectable and proper, and it was after a Meeting of the Cabinet that they intimated that a proposal would be made, as soon as the way is clear, to give us without conditions the fee simple of 25,000 acres of land in Canada, which we are to select for the purpose of Colonization. This assumes, of course, that the English Government will favour something of the kind, which we are working at, and they hope will find money as far as may be necessary.

We have been in communication with the Colonial Office as to whether the thing could be helped forward by calling a small Conference of important people interested in the matter. But they say "No, not at this moment." So, in order to keep the pot boiling we have arranged to have a question asked in the House of Commons to-day by Sir John Gorst, as to whether the Government will do anything, etc. Mr. Bernard Holland, who is Secretary to the Colonial Secretary, is most friendly, and says candidly, that he is most anxious the thing should be kept so that we shall have the first chance and the best chance of seeing what can be done.

Haggard's[2] interview with Rosebery was very important. Two or three things transpired which are significant. After Rosebery had talked the Report over, he said to Haggard, "Well now, what are you going to do? We must do some-

[1] At this time the Governor-General of Canada.
[2] Sir Rider Haggard.

thing." And added, "The first question is, to whom can we entrust it?" and then, without waiting for a reply, said, "The fact is, there is only one people who can do it, and that is the Salvation Army — stick to them." Haggard's interview with Rosebery was brought about partly that we might prepare his mind so that if you decide to put anything forward, we might hope to get him to say for the incoming Government that they will help us.

I have told Haggard I do not favour any suggestion of his seeing the King just at present. I think that would be premature.

We got Gorst to ask certain questions in the House, the result being that Mr. Lyttelton replied that a *Departmental Committee* would be formed to investigate the whole matter.

Tucker saw Lyttelton on Wednesday and lunched with him and Mrs. L. They were very warm, but it is evident that the Departmental people at the Colonial Office have frightened Lyttelton somewhat. . . . We sent an early copy of the Blue Book to Roosevelt. He replied thanking us, and writing to Haggard congratulating him on the Report, and saying that he meant to do something.

Difficulties at Headquarters are mentioned in as cheerful a spirit as possible:

I am more than ever impressed by the idea that we must do more for the Staff, and I can see at present no better way of helping them than to go about amongst them and show them how to meet their difficulties one by one. It is experience they lack more than anything, and perhaps experience is the only true way of teaching them anything. I am spending every hour I can get out of other work in this.

National Headquarters. The changes I have made are working out fairly well, but there will have to be others. There is a strange conservatism prevalent in the minds of some of the very best people. Because a thing has not been done before, or because it was attempted 15 years ago and failed, the whole stream of influence sets against it, and the action of one Division and one Province is greatly influenced by another.

The inevitable Mr. Stead also figures in the correspondence:

I am glad you saw the Editor of the Australian *Review of Reviews*. I believe he is a capital fellow. Stead has drawn off the last few months. I had a little difficulty with him just before you sailed, and walked into him very hot, and although

he climbed down and did what I asked him to do, I have felt more restrained with regard to him than for many years. He is a delightful and wonderful fellow, and yet there is a sense after all in which, alas! all men seek their own — not necessarily selfishly or wickedly, but still their own. I suppose he would say the same thing of me!

Then comes a serious matter, the facts of which must not be hidden from the absent General. It will be seen, however, that Bramwell writes with freedom and fullness on this subject only when the difficulty has been solved:

*Sweden.* Affairs here are still exceedingly uncertain and tempestuous, but out of the confusion two or three facts are emerging, good and bad.

1. It is evident that there will be established a Swedish Salvation Army. It will be led by —— and ——. Certain classes of the religious people will be favourable to it, but in the main they will be unfriendly to the introduction of another Society. A few of our people will undoubtedly join it; one or two of the Corps will probably go over, and there will be a great deal of trouble as between what will be called "The Swedish S.A." and "The English S.A.!" A great deal will depend on how far they are able to raise *money;* at present the greatest obscurity exists as to how they are being supported.

2. The Property position is a difficult one to justify or make plain to the country. I cannot go into details, but the fact that the law of Sweden does not recognize a Trusteeship,[1] makes it exceedingly difficult to impress upon the ordinary Swede that you are a Trustee. As a matter *of fact,* you are a Trustee, no matter whether there is law to make you so or not, and any misappropriation of Property in one country will utterly destroy you in all others. We are doing what we can. We may have to modify the position slightly in order to meet what seems to be a measure of real apprehension on the part of some of our own people as to the safety and titles of the S.A. in the event of serious troubles.

3. On the other side, there are several points which are equally important. To begin with, the commotion and confusion has not yet, so far as I know, lost us an Officer except two or three who have been dismissed, say *half a dozen altogether.* One or two Corps are still restive, but even those two Corps which went off in a body are now divided and some are returned.

4. It is pretty clear that the safety of the Property under the present system is secure; in fact, they have already given up

[1] Sweden has now, in its law establishing and controlling *Pious Foundations,* provisions which largely remove this disability.

the Sundsval Barracks, saying that they see they cannot lawfully keep it, and they will probably do something of the sort at the other place.

The above gives you a general idea of the position. I cannot usefully trouble you now with details. My own impression is that the thing will dribble down to a "split."

5. *The papers are to a man against us. That is one of the graver features of the whole thing.* The Mission Houses are being opened to the new affair, but we are trying to put a check on this through their top people, and D—— thinks we shall succeed, although I must confess that, with my usual scepticism about any friendly act from any religious body, I very much doubt it. Still they do not want to see another denomination, and much as they hate the S.A. they are averse to another Mission being established by the side of their own, especially as this would probably be a very much more democratic and "liberal" affair than theirs! —— and ——, leading spirits of the "split," publish the story of their dismissal and wrongs in a pamphlet by the former. It is too technically Salvation Armyish for the outsider, too old for the S.A. Soldiers, who have heard it all over and over again for three years. It fails therefore.

6. The King sent one of his Chamberlains to see Lagercrantz and to get to know the truth, and to say that if the statements made were true he hoped Lagercrantz would withdraw from the Army. This gave L. a splendid opportunity of putting the whole thing to the King, which was done with great effect, Lagercrantz concluding a two hours' interview by sending his duty to the King, and saying that he was willing to place his honour, his children, and his purse at the service of the Army; that he was more thoroughly satisfied of its principles, etc., etc., than ever.

7. We have certainly lost almost entirely six Corps, and there are others that are very much shaken. Still, the pleasing features are (1) that there is no combined effort; (2) that there is no serious complaint except upon little detailed matters; and (3) that there has now been a great revulsion of feeling owing to the slander of us, of you in particular. . . .

There is also a falling off in the sale of *The War Cry*, and what is much more serious, a decline in the public collections in many of the Corps, especially in the larger cities. The general impression seems to be that "This is a foreign affair; we can now have a Swedish Army. Why should we tolerate these foreigners?" Then there is a great deal of scandal. "All the profits of *The War Cry* are sent to General Booth! Enormous sums are sent out of Sweden to help the work in England! Many of the English Officers are rogues and thieves!"

Over against this, the persecution is doing a great deal of good in many towns. In some places there are wonderful revivals in full swing where nothing has been done for years. The position is distinctly improved. . . .

D. has had a very kind interview with the Queen of Sweden. I had a long talk with Mrs. P., who has returned. She says that the whole thing will prove a great blessing to the Army in Sweden, a bit of persecution will do them all good. They have been too popular and too conceited and set up in their own notions that they know best about everything. This has given them a rude awakening. In her opinion we have only lost one Officer who was of any real value to us. . . .

We take up the General's journal in September of this year, with a confession of blank pages for the months preceding:

Not written anything in the shape of journal so far as I can remember for nine or ten months gone by. Since then visited Australia and done the Motor-Tour of this year and had many other remarkable experiences. Amidst all have been preserved in remarkably good degree of health by the good hand of my Lord to His praise and glory. . . .

I finished the Motor-Journey on Saturday, the 9th of this month, and have been occupied with business of all kinds and characters almost from the hour I landed at Hadley Wood. I reached home between 11 and 12 on the Saturday night and by 9 the next morning was deep in Council on questions of great significance closely affecting the welfare of the Army. Day after day since then for now 16 days those Councils have continued with only such intermissions as have been called for by other pressing duties.

Yesterday and to-day have been taken up with the preparation of an appeal to the Country on behalf of the Emigration of the Unemployed. I am much exercised on the subject of having to give so much time to these Social Matters. I am hoping, praying, and believing for divine guidance. There must be some great and beneficial end in it all.

Closed the day working at my Albert Hall Address for the meeting "In memory of the Dead." This is a novel service for us, any way for me, although something on the same pattern was done at the International Congress. I was far from satisfied with that, and I am not very clear as to whether this is going to be an improvement. . . .

—— came back to-day from his fortnight's furlough. When will my turn come round? No answer to the question, except it be the old injunction to wait.

Interview with the Hon. Walter James, Agent General for

Western Australia, and the Emigration Agent for the same Colony, *re* our Emigration projects. Found them most interested in the question and anxious to secure a portion of the streams now being directed to Canada — but they are hampered by laws made to prevent the abuses of former days.

However, Australia rouses herself up, and we will use her awakening to the advantage of our poor people.

The City of London Corporation decided on Tuesday to present me with the Freedom of the City of London, together with a subscription of 100 guineas to our funds.

This is thought much of by the Press and by the people generally. . . .

A great honour which now fell to him was presented on November 2nd:

Received Freedom of the City of London at the Guildhall. It was very imposing to me. But I was so overcome by the sense of my own unworthiness of the honour and the kind things said by the City Chamberlain as to be scarcely able to speak. Indeed, before I rose up to discharge the task I felt as though I should not be able to utter a sentence.

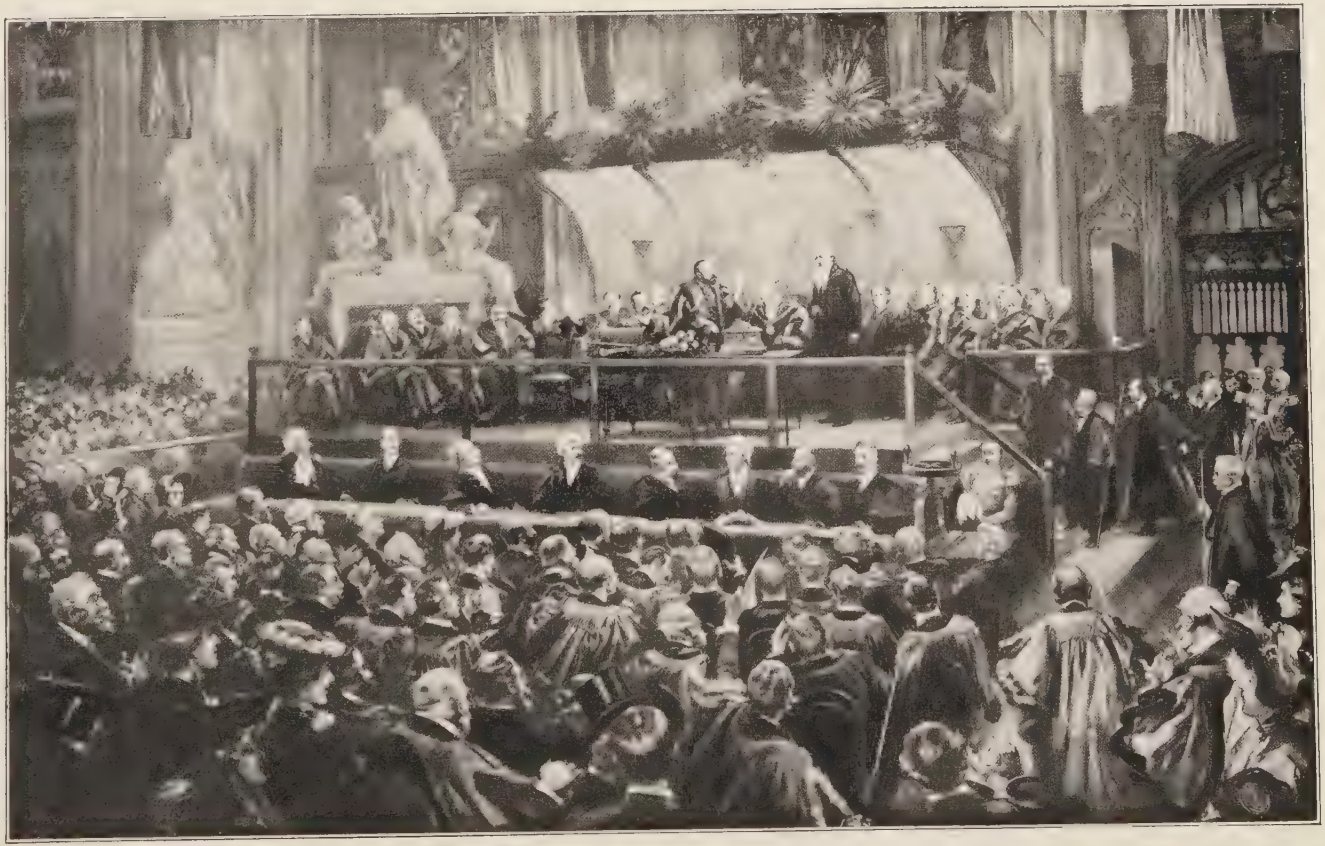
However, I had the duty to perform, and I went for it as is my custom and stammered through a speech which appeared to sound well to the crowded hall and certainly read very well in the Press the day after.

Lunched afterwards with the Lord Mayor and Select company at the Mansion House — all present appeared most interested and friendly.

The speech delivered by William Booth on this, a great occasion of his life, is very well worth reproduction, for it is characteristic of his modesty, his courage, and his loyalty, and seems to us in many ways one of his most affecting utterances. He said:

My Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Gentlemen of the City Council — I must confess to feeling at a loss, when I look the task in the face, to make any fitting response to the generous and gracious sentiments that have just been spoken by the City Chamberlain, or to adequately testify to the gratitude I feel for the gift of the Freedom of this great City.

I have all my lifetime, my Lord Mayor, faced audiences of varying descriptions. I have faced the howling mobs of Whitechapel and other places in the Empire: I have talked, with boulders flying through the windows of the buildings, on the Continent: I have spoken to thousands and tens of thou-



RECEIVING THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON (1905)

sands gathered in mighty conclaves in our Indian Empire; I have talked to the scattered populations of our Colonies up and down the world; but I have never faced an audience in which I have found so great a difficulty to construct my ideas or give expression to them.

And yet, my Lord Mayor, difficult as my task may appear, and very imperfectly as I may be able to discharge it, I must attempt something in the direction of expressing my personal thanks for the great honour which has been conferred upon me on this occasion.

My life has been a continual fight. Ever since, some sixty years ago, I turned my back upon a world of ease and pleasure and show, and entered on this battlefield to fight for the honour of my Heavenly King and for the Salvation of the lost, there has seldom been a day in which some bewildering perplexity has not come to my mind, and some heavy burden has not been laid upon my heart. But still the arms of Jehovah have sustained me, and the prayers of a multitude of the best and choicest spirits that the world contains have ascended continually to Heaven on my behalf. And now there comes along the sympathy — openly, beautifully, eloquently expressed — of the governing powers of this great City to urge me forward in the fight in which I am engaged.

It is quite true that there have been, and I suppose will continue to be, times of darkness and depression stealing over me, when the clouds seem to hang heavy and the way seems to be very difficult to perceive, and still more difficult to travel. But in these hours I shall remember this magnificent reception, and recollect the kind words that have been so freely spoken to me. They will walk into my memory not only in the dark days, but in the bright days, and they will help me forward till the call comes that takes me to another City, where sorrow and trial will be no more.

I shall hand this casket to my children, and my children's children; nay, it will be bequeathed to my own people, and I am quite sure they will guard it among their most precious records as showing the feelings with which the City of London regarded the Army's first General and Founder.

The Salvation Army, as has been mentioned in the Chamberlain's eloquent address, is certainly a very great undertaking. It is a large business. It has stretched out its arms to different parts of the world, and has been received in all directions as a great blessing. I can very well understand the feelings (and some friends here will understand them too) with which a General in the French Army approached me at the close of an address delivered in Paris. Reaching out his hand, he said, "General Booth, you are not an Englishman, you belong to no nation — you belong to humanity."

I am quite sure, my Lord Mayor, that it is true of the Organization with which I am so closely identified. But this great work could not have been done without the co-operation of the thousands and tens of thousands of other hands and hearts. It is quite true that from the beginning my hand has been upon it, and I suppose is likely to be to the very end of my life; but there are hearts equal to my own in devotion to its interests, or it would not be what it is.

There has also been, my Lord Mayor, the co-operation, the partnership, in this undertaking which has been referred to by the City Chamberlain — that of my late beloved wife. Her inflexible will, her sanctified intellect, her indomitable courage, her (I was almost going to say) matchless eloquence, the echoes of which are sounding round the world to-day — for I very seldom put my foot upon a shore or enter any considerable city in which some hand is not placed in mine with expressed recollections of blessings received through the ministry of my now glorified wife — were all placed at the service of this great Organization.

And I have had the co-operation of my own family. I have been greatly favoured in this respect. There is my eldest son, who is at present my Chief of the Staff. He has worked by my side for something like thirty years, and he is likely to be by my side until I cross the River. He has never failed me in any hour of difficulty, and he never will. His value and work are, perhaps, not so widely known as they ought to be, and as they will be, but nevertheless they are well known to his General.

Then there are thousands of men and women Officers, and thousands of Soldiers — men, women, and children — not only in this country, but throughout the world, who will read with the deepest interest the story of the transactions of this day, and who will be greatly cheered by the recognition of this greatest city in the world.

My Lord Mayor, it will be known to you — it is known to most men — that a great change has come over the opinion of the world with respect to the Salvation Army. It might be said that it has just been discovered, as America was discovered by Columbus and Australia by Captain Cook.

So the Salvation Army has just been found out and perceived to be a really valuable and important Organization. The Government of this country has discovered it, and sent it to a Departmental Committee. The Church has discovered it, the municipal authorities up and down the world have discovered it; and last, but not least, the City of London has discovered it. In fact, the Salvation Army is coming to be known as, and to be seen to be what it professes to be, the friend of the hopeless. Forty years ago, when it commenced in the old

burial-ground, to which reference has been made, it was then that I consecrated myself, and my wife and children, and all I possessed to labour for the benefit of the poor and outcast. I resolved that their God should be my God, and their people should be my people. I have travelled in this line until now, when the light and the kindness of the Lord Mayor and City Council beam so beneficently upon me.

The Salvation Army has followed the injunctions of our Lord, who said when we made our feast we were not to invite those who could invite us back again. In that sense the City Corporation has acted upon that principle in inviting the Salvation Army here to-day. And yet, my Lord Mayor, they may have an invitation, before many days are gone by, to subscribe to the funds for the service of the people.

But the Army has invited the drunkard, the harlot, the criminal, the pauper, the friendless, the giddy, dancing, frivolous throngs to come and seek God. It has gone to those classes who are not found in the Churches, who are without hope and help, who are friendless. A little time ago I heard of an incident which has relation to the late Boer war, and that will serve to illustrate our position. In one of the besieged cities the people were on the point of starvation, and the rich men met together and resolved to do something to keep them from starving. Money, food, and other things were got together, but difficulty was experienced in distributing them satisfactorily. At last the Episcopalian clergyman got up and said, "All who belong to my communion, follow me." The Methodist, Baptist, and Congregationalist said, "All who come to my chapel, follow me." And I have no doubt the Minister of the Society of Friends, if there was one, said the same.

Then the Salvation Army Captain's turn came. He said, "All you chaps who belong to nobody, follow me."

The Salvation Army is acting on that principle to-day, and I would say here this morning, If there are any chaps here, on the platform or off, who belong to nobody, I shall be very happy if they will follow me.

My Lord Mayor, you will be aware that round about this great City there is a sea of misery, vice, and crime. But the more I travel about the world, the more insight I have into the miseries of human kind, the more satisfied I am that a very large measure of it is never known even to the religious and benevolent classes.

There the poor wretches are. A great many of them, I can truly say, are in hell already. They are a disgrace to our civilization — and I am bound to say they are a disgrace to this very centre, this very hub of civilization. They are the despair of our Churches.

To these classes the Salvation Army sends out invitations

every now and then, "Come, drunk or sober." Sometimes, when they are drunk, we are able to sober them and get them saved. In fact, not infrequently, we have no chance with them unless they are in a state of intoxication, for there are some people who never get religious except when they are intoxicated.

I am not going to say that we always succeed, or that our warfare means unvarying success. That would be impossible; but ours is a real warfare. We are fighting foemen worthy of our steel — the world, the flesh, and the Devil.

The religion of the Salvation Army is very simple; any one can understand it. It says to a man, "You must worship God, consecrate yourself to His service, and do what you can for the benefit of those who are round you. You must be good and true and honest and kind, and do all you can for the benefit of your family and friends. You must persevere as the days go by, and so shall you have a peaceful dying-bed and a blissful immortality."

We have done something, my Lord Mayor, to preach that religion up and down the earth, and to reach the godless, Christless crowds with it. We have also done something for the starving poor; for the rescue of women, and to prevent them sinking down to vice and crime; for the inebriate classes, concerning whom I find there is a cloud of hopelessness resting upon magistrates and civil authorities, but with whom the Salvation Army has to a certain extent succeeded. Indeed, I say sometimes that if the Government would find the means we would undertake to deal with all the drunkards in the British nation. We have done something in many other directions, and hope to be able to do something further still.

The business men of this great City say there can be no question that a great work has been accomplished; that the present General has pioneered this movement effectively and successfully for many years; but in time he will pass away. The time, however, has not arrived for that translation. One of the London daily papers, a little time ago, commenting on the honour to be conferred upon me by the City, said the ceremony would be a suitable crowning-stone to my career. I hope, my Lord Mayor, you won't think me ungrateful in saying so, but I trust it will not be so. I cherish the hope that the years still left to me will be years of harder and more successful work than any that have gone before.

But though the General of the Salvation Army will have to pass away — and I hope I will be ready for that event — (we shall all have to pass away, my Lord Mayor, and I trust we shall all be ready) — the Salvation Army, I believe, has come to stay.

I believe that so long as the sun and the moon endure this

Movement will be found to the front in the direction in which it commenced, and has been going ever since. And I trust that so long as this great City shall last, as long as that high magisterial chair, which is at present so ably filled by your Lordship, is occupied, the Salvation Army will be at work. And in those far-distant times, when the story of this day's ceremony is rehearsed, I trust the Army will be a greater power for usefulness than ever before.

Then men will say, when they look back upon this occasion, the London City Council and the Lord Mayor and Aldermen were justified in the recognition they made of the work, and the honour they bestowed upon the General of the Salvation Army.

After the ceremony there was a luncheon at the Mansion House, and then a tour was made through the streets of the City:

Started to visit the different refuges, with shelters and the like, where 5,000 of our submerged fraternity are being regaled with a substantial meal.

We had several carriages. I was in the leading one. . . . Suddenly one of the pair of horses in our conveyance fell, and one of the pair behind, on being pulled up so short, fell also, and there we were with two horses struggling on the ground. We were soon out and the horses up, and as neither were in any way disabled we were soon off again.

The sight of so many men and women down so low affected me greatly.

A few days later William Booth went to his native City of Nottingham:

The Ceremony of presenting the Freedom of the City followed. The crowds in the street were very great — the Mechanics' Hall was full to its utmost capacity and dreadfully hot. I was much fettered in speaking.

Tea with the Mayor and a select Company afterwards, leaving at 7 something for London, arrived home about 10 P.M.

He is not very happy as one of many preachers:

Bible Society Centenary meeting at the Albert Hall. It was a highly fashionable audience. There were five or six bishops on the platform, and I know not how many peers and other high-placed people.

I was much disappointed at the powerlessness of the exercises — the talking, singing, and praying appeared to me to be very insipid. I spoke for 14 minutes — the utmost limit

of each speaker being 12. It was not pleasant to be rung down just as I had got hold — but I had to conform to rule. I hope my performance was of some use, but I must say I left the building without any definite assurance in my own mind that it had been so.

Lord Northampton, it may be stated, had written, as President of the Bible Society, to William Booth in April of this year, charged "with the very agreeable duty of asking him to be a Vice-President of the Society."

Of a triumphant visit to Germany and Switzerland in November of 1905, he says:

. . . a wonderful journey it has been. Such a journey as I never expected to travel. . . . We have had crowds and enthusiasm and souls and £1,000 in collections and gate-money, which, considering the prejudice and direct opposition of only a year or two ago, is really a wonderful thing.[1]

I am thankful for all. My health has kept up wonderfully. I have not missed an appointment nor has a meeting missed fire.

One of those who was with him on this tour, and who wrote descriptions of it in a London newspaper, tells me that he never saw William Booth so moved and impressed by public acclaim as he was on this occasion. The Germans were extraordinarily fervorous. Everywhere the General was greeted as a veritable hero. And in the midst of all this turbulence of welcome there was a deep and earnest spirit of real affection.

Writing to Bramwell from Cologne, where twenty years before the Army uniform was hardly tolerated, and where a crimson carpet was now spread for him along the Kaiser's private subway at the railway-station, he speaks briefly of all these experiences, and then proceeds to a question much nearer to his heart, the question of the "Unemployed":

*The Spade is the solution.* I maintained it 16 years ago. I am stronger for it than ever. Think of the stuff 3 acres of decent land would produce cultivated to the uttermost by the sweat of a man's — not a horse's — or a hired labourer's — but his *own brow.*

[1] These, and all such collections and receipts, were for the work in the country in which they were taken.

I must wind up — I have said nothing. I shall go in here — and if I can keep off the Catholics' and the Socialists' and the Kaiser's toes I may do some good.

In a letter of condolence, written from Essen to one of his Colonels, he comes back to this question of emigration, and speaks his mind with no little vigour on Australian procrastination. There is no doubt that next to his spiritual work, the idea of emigration occupied the chief place in his mind at this time. It was a part of his dream of converting the world:

My dear Colonel — What can I say to you that will in any way comfort your troubled heart in the terrible loss that has so unexpectedly fallen upon you? I really know not.

Words are such poor things, specially written ones, to express the deeper feelings of the soul, and yet they are the best media for making known the sympathies of our hearts.

The tidings of your bereavement came so suddenly that I was dumb, and my cable which said unspeakable sympathy truly expresses the experience of the hour.

Well, I have passed through this dark valley before you and know something of its agony, and can testify to the comforting power of the Blessed Spirit of the Living God.

Cast yourself on Him. However mysterious His dealings with us may be, one thing is certain, "*He doeth all things well.*"

My life has been altogether a different thing since my beloved went to Heaven. . . . The days have been difficult and the nights very often inconsolable, but still I would not have my lot different if I had the ordering of it for myself and could have it even as I wished.

God be with you and the dear children.

Two words will signify the chief source of your consolation in the future: one will be *faith,* and the other *work.* . . . What those words signify has been my help, indeed has saved me from desolation, if not actual despair.

Thanks for your letter on the "Emigration Question." I promised Mr. Deakin an Official Communication in my last note to him, but I have been so busy with one thing or another that I really have not had time to write.

Moreover, I am puzzled to know what to say. I cannot understand the attitude of Australia. Its Authorities pretend to want an increase of population, and when the opportunity is offered raise all sorts of difficulties, appearing to be unwill-

reaped.

In our case we must select the people, pilot them to the ports, ing to put forth any effort in return for the advantages to be pay the passage-money, land them with £100 in their pockets, fix them in a position to earn their livelihood, and look after them afterwards, and all Australia has as yet offered is to receive from them the revenue they will furnish.

It is true that West Australia has offered certain advantages, but they are little more than those within reach of every individual emigrant.

However, so far as Australia is concerned in the effort I am making, she must wait. I love her so much that I am sorry to find that she is missing the best opportunity she has had for many a day for bringing herself to the front — doing a good turn to the Old Country while benefiting herself to a remarkable degree.

Good-bye, my dear Friend and Comrade. Kiss the precious children for their General. I shall bear in mind the request contained in yours of a month ago. All will be well. God lives, and His presence will go with you.— Your affectionate General,

WILLIAM BOOTH.

In an undated scrap of this year — evidently part of a letter to Bramwell, he wrote:

Good-bye. Cheer up, General! All the storms will soon be over with *you* — but what about the poor world you leave behind?

Well, we must not only live by faith, but die in faith. God will abide.

W. B.

# CHAPTER XXVI

## IN WHICH THE MODERN MOSES, IN THE CHARACTER OF EMPIRE-BUILDER, DREAMS OF A PROMISED LAND

### 1906

Few dreams that entered the mind of the General in old age were dearer to his affection or became more fibred into his ambition than the dream of a vast Salvation Army Colony in Rhodesia. It was a dream which foreshadowed the fulfilment of that other and far greater dream, the conversion of the world. Our patriarch believed that by an immense plantation of humanity in Rhodesia, a plantation scientifically conceived, scientifically directed, and scientifically developed, he could arrest and capture the attention of the whole world. It was his belief that mankind wanted mothering or shepherding, and he was convinced that he knew how this process should be ordered. His faith in discipline plus spiritual affection was unbounded. He thought that he could make masses of people blissfully happy, and richly prosperous in a State of this kind.

The year 1906 witnessed a sustained effort on the General's part to bring this dream out of the shadows of aspiration and to give it the substance of accomplished fact. His journal and letters are full of this idea. He gave months in London to interviewing South African magnates and British statesmen. We shall see that to the last days of his life he nourished this brave dream and never wholly despaired of its realization. One must suppose that he often grieved over it in those final days of his blindness and pain. Certainly he passed into the spirit-world stubbornly believing that some day a triumphant Salvation Army Flag would fly in Rhodesia over the happiest community under Heaven.

We find in the early days of January, 1906, the following entries in his journal:

Saw Tilden Smith, who reported that at a meeting of Chartered Company Directors previous night all opposition to giving us every reasonable assistance in the Rhodesian Scheme had vanished.

Two Chartered Directors and one or two others came round to see me. There were present Mr. Maguire, Dr. Jameson, Mr. Govett, Mr. Tilden Smith, Mr. Wilson Fox. They were prepared to work in harmony with us so far as they had power, any way to give land, etc.

Then comes a note of opposition:

Got a letter from Stead, who has been trying to disarm the antagonism of John Burns — but in vain. The latter has got hold of some slanders that he clings to.

In spite of this, the General pays his court in February to more amenable Ministers:

Saw Herbert Gladstone and Winston Churchill in the afternoon. Both very friendly.

Early in March he called by appointment on Lord Rosebery.

His Lordship received me very cordially, and we had quite a free and friendly conversation. He made all sorts of enquiries about the character of our Emigration Work.

I gave him a few facts which surprised him not a little. He assured me of his sympathy and of the Rhodes' Trust with my Scheme for colonizing Rhodesia, and promised to speak of it at a meeting which was to take place on the following day.

The next entry tempts us, when we remember the savage attack once made on the General in the early days of his struggle, to exclaim *tempora mutandis:*

By appointment called at *The Times* Office for an interview with Dr. Buckle, the Editor.

It is some 16 years ago since I saw the Doctor in the same building. Then he was cold, hard, and apparently unsympathetic — on this occasion he was as far the opposite as is almost possible.

My errand was to ascertain something of the attitude *The Times* would take with reference to my Rhodesian Scheme if it came to the front.

I started right away with the purpose of my call and explained its character, how it came about, and noted some of the benefits it promised to the country.

The Doctor assented most heartily to all I said, proposed to send a gentleman on his staff to gather further particulars and the judgment of the different parties mixed up with the scheme so as to be able to present a fair introductory (?) article to the public.

I said we were not quite ready for that, but on being so would send the information along.

With promises of strict confidence and assurances of good wishes a very agreeable interview closed.

We are glad to think that Mr. Buckle gave this interview to William Booth, for it is impossible to associate his kind, benignant, and tolerant nature with the cruelty of those persistent attacks in the early days of the Salvation Army.

The journal continues:

Interview with Captain Wise, representing the S.A.C. He was with Hellberg and Jacobs through Rhodesia. In fact, has been engaged by the company to push Emigration.

He is intelligent, has had a good deal of experience in Small Holdings, and thinks very highly indeed of Rhodesia and of our scheme for it.

I said plainly to him at parting that I thought that if the S.A.C. intended putting any money into Emigration they should assist me and not start some Competition Scheme just as we got afloat. He promised that he would represent my view to the Directors.

Called by appointment on Lord Elgin, the Colonial Secretary, *re* Rhodesia.

He was very friendly and appeared interested in my plan — but had no money at his command, which I frankly told him was the sort of assistance I required. He said he would let his people consider the memorandum I left him, thanked me very cordially for calling, and there the matter will end I fancy.

Thus he goes on, stubbornly fighting for his scheme, and shrewdly estimating the character of those who smiled upon it — no dreamer less disposed to be dazzled by a promise.

He saw, among other people, Mr. Otto Beit; Sir William Hartley, of jam fame; Sir John Willoughby; Mr. Munro Ferguson; Sir John Forrest, of the Australian Commonwealth ("not much impressed by him; as usual, only occupied with his Colony and Government"), and Mr. John

Morley, "the Indian Secretary, who has promised us help for our Indian hospitals and Village Banks."

In May he sees the Prime Minister:

Interview with Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman at Whitehall.

Received me in a most friendly manner. Had a long talk *re* Rhodesian Scheme and our Army Operations generally.

Interview lasted an hour and a quarter, and when I apologized for detaining him so long he would not have it that it was any inconvenience; he said the obligation was all on the other side; he was grateful for my being at the trouble to see him and give him the information I had done.

Among other things, he remarked that it was perfectly appalling, using the word twice over, that we should be doing so great a work with our limited resources, while organizations with so much wealth and power should be spending their strength on useless contention, etc., etc.

Altogether, I think the interview must be productive of further good, although he did not make any promise of practical help in the shape of money for my scheme.

However, he promised consideration, and I believe he will give it and do something if it is to be done.

One of his friends at this time was an ex-racing man, Mr. George Herring.

Mr. Herring came in during the afternoon. He is in good spirits. Told me how he had been talking to Lord Rosebery, who confessed to him to having been much impressed with me at the interview of two months ago.

The present writer recalls a dinner-party at Mr. Herring's house in Hamilton Place, and a private colloquy with his host on the subject of the Salvation Army after the other guests had departed. The old bookmaker was supplied with endless documents, and went over case after case of conversion, saying every now and then, "The thing works, it's a fact; they take a bad fellow and make him a good fellow, or a weak chap and make him a strong chap; there's no deception about it — the thing works," and he chuckled as if he had hit upon something very amusing and strange.

In September we read:

Dr. Jameson called — very hearty — very anxious for the

ON A MOTOR CAMPAIGN (1906)
(His eldest grandchild, Brigadier Catherine Booth, is seen with him)

success of the R. Scheme. They have a meeting to-morrow of the Chartered Board. Said, "Send me your terms and I will put them through."

The Chartered Company have accepted our proposals for the contract and given us some of the privileges we ask for. Dr. Jameson has served us efficiently in this respect. His heart is evidently with our scheme.

Found Sir John Dickson-Poynder, M.P.,[1] waiting for me at H.Q. He is considered a great man on African Colonization questions. I found him most genial and much interested. He was pleased on his part for he told —— as he went out that the interview had been one of the pleasantest hours of his life. He will do anything in his power to help the Rhodesian Scheme, but that is the assurance I receive from almost every individual to whom the plan is mentioned.

In December the following article appeared in *The Mining World,* the first reference in journalism, we believe, to William Booth's effect on the stock markets:

General Booth has his eyes on Rhodesia. He does not think the time has yet come when a Salvation Army Colony can be established there, but he is evidently of opinion that it will come. It is perhaps out of place — and yet, why should it be? — to refer in a purely class paper such as this to the religious and social work of General Booth and the immense organizations that he, almost alone, has been the means of creating. The commencement of the Salvation Army, as the General himself would admit, was on Mile End Waste. . . . It was on this waste ground, and practically alone, that General Booth commenced the Salvation Army, the name and work of which are renowned throughout the earth. We will not go further into the matter than to express our deep conviction that, since the days of Peter the Hermit, there has not arisen in the religious and social world a man greater than General Booth. We are not forgetting John Wesley or Whitefield, Luther or Father Mathew. We believe that 50 years hence, when much of the prejudice and passion his work has excited in our own times has died its natural death, General Booth will be ranked by the historian as the leading religious and social reformer of several centuries of the Christian era. That the Rhodesian market should have been firmer at the very mention of a proposal to extend his works to that territory, shows the fascinating influence of his personality and the immense power for good he wields over men and things.

Something of a check was given to this great scheme

[1] Now Lord Islington.

by the sudden illness and death of George Herring. There is no doubt that William Booth liked this man, for he was always drawn to rough and original characters, whatever their faith might be and whatever their habits. And George Herring was real enough, a man who made no religious professions, but did in his own way many acts of noble kindness, going to some pains to see that he was not duped in the business. But apart from his liking for George Herring, and in spite of his knowledge that Herring was opposed to this particular scheme, William Booth had built many financial hopes on him, hopes which were dashed to the ground by his unexpected death.

From Coleraine, in November of this year, the General writes to his son:

Your wire just in—"reports on Herring not good."

That I interpret to mean that they are too bad to send me and that this wire is really intended to pave the way for what is worse. Well, all I can say is, "Thy will be done!" It certainly is not my will, but *He* knows what is best.

*It might have been worse. Suppose it had been you.* What a calamity! But I will not follow imagination. *I will bow down and wait.* God has helped me in dark hours before, and He will help me again. I should like him to have lived so that I could have done *more for his soul.* Oh this uncertainty of life. Nothing was further from my thoughts than that he should go. But it is no use talking about might-have-beens.

*Later.*

Your wire containing the painful news of Mr. Herring's decease just in. I have to leave in a few moments for my meeting, and your letter must go.

*How mysterious!* It will try me a good deal, but I shall be sustained.

I do not know what to say. God will comfort you. I am sure it will be a real blow. I should like to have left him behind when I went, as a friend.

Then, in December, we get this entry in the journal:

Called on Dr. Harry Campbell at 23 Wimpole Street. He was Mr. Herring's physician. I was impressed very favourably once at Mr. H.'s house.

He says Mr. H. died of Septic Peritonitis, and that nothing could have saved him.

Had some very friendly conversation *re* Mr. H. Had been

rather nervous about the relations in which Mrs. Murray stood, the lady who was with Mr. H. when he died. But Campbell says he believes they were simply intimate friends, that their relations were purely Platonic. Mr. H. had lived for many years separated from his wife. Poor fellow, he must have been very lonely in his wealth and luxury.

There was a subsequent dispute about the Will in which Mrs. Murray figured — a beautiful and engaging woman who died very shortly after George Herring. The Salvation Army benefited by this Will to the extent of £5,000.

In all the extraordinary activities of this period there are times when the General turns his face away from the things of life and dreams wistfully of Heaven. He writes to Bramwell, from Paddington Station:

> . . . I wish I could have a little more time for *meditation* about *Eternal* things. I must not let my soul get dried up with secular affairs — even though they concern the highest earthly interest of my fellows. After all, *soul* matters are of infinite importance and are really most closely concerned with earthly advantages.

This letter is signed, "Your affectionate *Father*," the word Father being underlined three times. As a rule, his letters to his children are signed "Your affectionate General."

Sometimes he wonders if he has done well in striving to use the mammon of unrighteousness for his great and holy purposes:

> . . . I am very flat this morning and have been feeling unutterably *lonely*. Surely, surely, I am as a *pelican* in a wilderness — no, not in a wilderness, but among a multitude of other pelicans or something! Imagery breaks down, so I must turn to *hard work as my consolation*. Perhaps we have been wrong in our journeys down to Egypt. Only think to whom we have gone for help. . . .

And here follow the names of some famous men for whose manner of living the General evidently entertained very small respect.

A letter from Paris reminds us once again of the difficulties he encountered on his journeys:

An actress who has rooms alongside our Hall has set up an opposition in the shape of musical performances. It has really spoiled our doings this morning and ended in her having hysterics and flinging water in the face of the concierge! I know not what the next move will be.

One of his letters to Bramwell from Scotland shows us how he was still sighing after the souls of the wretched, and how he was always happy in breaking new ground:

I began with the prison at Inverness and was greatly moved by the Service. Oh, if we had only an open door to these people and power over them in our own hands, what might we not do for them!

I did a simple talk and they cried like children, I believe if we could have a penitent-form three-quarters of them would have come out; one of the first extras I shall do after this campaign will be to find out one of the big prisons where I can do a meeting on our own lines.

We then motored to Fort-George; the Colonel received me very kindly indeed, the men were drawn up in three sides of a square formation, and we reckon there were about a thousand men, made up of the Seaforth Highlanders and the Black Watch. The Colonel assured me that it was perfectly voluntary whether they came out or not. I talked 15 minutes and was listened to with breathless attention. I believe real conviction was produced in their minds. At parting, the Officers shook hands, introduced the ladies; one of the Officers — the Adjutant of the Regiment — was a nephew of the Duke of Atholl. I came away with hearty thanks from all.

In another letter from Scotland he speaks intimately of his spiritual depression, and seeks to comfort his son for the days that must follow when he is no longer on earth:

. . But I do think we should find more satisfaction in the recollections of the great mercies of the past.

All the books in the world would scarcely contain the record of the difficulties and dangers which have threatened our destruction from time to time,

> But out of all,
> The Lord has brought us by His love;
> And still He does His help afford,
> And hides our lives above.

It is this sinking down of the soul that is my trouble and has been all the way through. *I had a great fight yesterday.* To

have followed the bent of my feelings would have been to have thrown up the sponge and vanished out of sight! At such times reasoning seems powerless to afford any comfort, and even faith fails to bring the needed cheer. There is nothing for it but to set your teeth and clench your hands and go forward.

. . . I cannot help feeling that in the case of my death there will be such an overflow of kindly sympathetic feeling towards my memory, and through that towards the Army, that instead of anything like stoppage of supplies or failure of confidence, there will be an increase in every direction. But, however, we must go on, *and go on in faith* for *life* and *death*.

One of his interviews this year was with Lord Armitstead, an old friend, and from time to time a somewhat generous helper.

At 3.30 called on Lord Armitstead. He has been bed-ridden with gout for a long period. He is interested in Japan. I wanted to obtain his help for the Maternity Hospital. But he did not seem to care.

He was exceedingly kind. I prayed with him, and hope I did him good. . . . He is, I understand 84, immensely wealthy, and, as he lay swathed in rugs, he appeared one of the handsomest old men I ever set eyes on.

One of the most interesting letters of this year was one addressed to William Booth from Toronto by Professor Goldwin Smith. This letter is chiefly interesting, of course, because of its writer; but it also seems to us to express very simply and admirably the particular estimation in which William Booth was now held by all liberal-minded people, whatever their opinions might be on the subject of dogmatic theology:

Toronto.

My dear General Booth — This will reach you long after your birthday, of which I have only just seen the notice. But if it is behind other expressions of feeling on the occasion in time, it will not be behind them in heartiness. I have always thought with pleasure of my meeting with you here, and I earnestly hope that you may be long spared to carry on your work, the happy effects of which in redeeming from vice and misery it seems to me impossible to doubt. It is a signal testimony to the spiritual power of the Founder of Christendom that so many centuries after His death such a work

should be done under His inspiration and in His name. I read the other day the assertion that the name of Cæsar was the greatest in history. There is at least one in history greater than Cæsar's and far more beneficent: that name under which the Salvation Army has been arrayed.— Yours very truly,

GOLDWIN SMITH.

AT THE HOUSE OF A FRIEND (1907)

# CHAPTER XXVII

FROM INTERVIEWS WITH ROYALTIES WILLIAM BOOTH PASSES TO THE BANZAI OF JAPAN, ENTERS THE FIRST SHADOWS OF BLINDNESS, AND RECEIVES THE HON. D.C.L. (OXON.) DEGREE

## 1907

THE journal of 1907 begins late in January:

Arrived safe at Copenhagen at about 10.30 A.M.
Press interviews at 11 A.M.
Interview with the King and Queen in the afternoon. . . . Most friendly. . . . Interview lasted, to the amazement of the Equerry and the people in the ante-room, an hour and a quarter.
The King expressed his interest in the Army and the pleasure with which he regarded our success.
He spoke very confidentially about his difficulties. The dissatisfaction of unreasonable men. . . . That it was no little unpleasant to find that after striving for the well-being of the nation, and supposing that everything was right and bright for the future, all at once in some unaccountable manner a black cloud was upon and around you with circumstances difficult to deal with.

Then follows the charming conclusion:

I advised him in the most unassuming manner I could.

The journal continues:

I was much impressed by the Queen. She appeared to be rather a serious personage. Dressed very neatly without any attempt to do the grand or queenly. Both expressed again and again their admiration of our work, and their sympathy with me.

CHRISTIANIA.

Interview with the King 12 noon. A very agreeable young man. Most assume "sit tight and be patient."

One takes this somewhat awkward sentence to imply an assumption on the part of most observers as to the King's policy. The journal continues:

The conflicts of the Political Parties have somewhat disconcerted, if they have not disappointed, him.

I did not see the Queen, although I must confess that a glance at her young Majesty would have given me pleasure, none the less because she is a daughter of their Majesties of Great Britain.

Then follows an entry which is additional evidence to that already given in this book as to William Booth's suspicion and dislike of that very religious excitation which for so long he was popularly supposed to foster — religious hysteria with nothing calm and practical at the back of it:

Soldiers' and ex-Soldiers' Meeting. Hall packed. . . . talked with some power. . . . Great expectations for a proper smash — but, alas! an old man broke out with a wild incoherent prayer, and others in shouts of Hallelujah, and strange sounds which are supposed to be some visitation of a Holy Spirit. . . . These things took attention away from what I was saying, and spoiled the result.

Nevertheless we had 74 out, many backsliders among them.

It appears that two or three Corps are divided on this question of "tongues," and it will be a good thing if abiding evil does not ensue.

Still in Christiania, he writes:

Meeting in the Royal Opera House at 1 P.M. Fine audience — a real representation of the leading people of the City. Much liberty and great acceptance. Spoke an hour and three-quarters. At the close, the Vice-President of the Parliament rose spontaneously from his place, and gave expression to the thanks of the congregation for the Lecture, their admiration of our work, and their sympathy with the General.

The entire audience rose to endorse the sentiment.

They say that the celebrated Norwegian poet, Bjornsen, was present, anyway his son was. He is the Manager of the Theatre and a prominent personage in the City. He and several other Artists expressed to Poulsen the pleasure and profit they derived from the Meeting.

His following visit to Stockholm resulted in a friendly conversation with that very admirable, good, and charming woman, the late Queen of Sweden:

Afternoon at 3.30. Interview with the Queen. The King

is too ill to see any one. One of the attendants in the outer chamber of the Castle told Colonel —— (travelling with me) that His Majesty had intended to come into the room when the Queen met me during the Interview, but he was too ill to face this slight ordeal. I found Her Majesty a very superior woman — to me she was a genuine surprise. I had been coming and going from these Countries for over 20 years, and during that time had heard all manners of compliments respecting the different Royal Personages, but I don't remember in a single instance any one extolling the Queen of Sweden, and yet I must say that so far as I could judge in a fifty minutes' interview, for all the qualities that make a woman interesting to me, I found the Queen of Sweden one of the most interesting individuals I ever met.

She appeared to me to be very religious, and religious with the Religion of the Salvation Army; believing in a conscious salvation coming direct from God Almighty, and not ashamed to avow it. With a perfectly free and easy manner. I felt interested in her right away.

Our Colonel D., who met the Queen two or three years ago, calculated on her being somewhat stiff and "proper," and was surprised to hear that when I came to the door of her room she gave me her hand and at once began to congratulate me on the success of the Army.

Right away through the Interview her intelligence on the questions discussed, and her desire to learn more about our methods, the pleasure with which she listened to my stories of conversion were really delightful. Indeed, she spoke about Religion as though she had been a Salvationist herself.

Then comes this characteristic grunt:

Stayed . . . at the Grand Hotel. Oh, I do hate these fine places — but what am I to do? I have ceaseless disturbances with my people about the swell way in which they make my arrangements. They will have a carriage and pair, etc., etc.

He ends, however, on a note of resignation:

I have to take things as I find them.

He went to Canada in March, and in the following entry in his journal at Toronto we get not only a further impression of his popularity, and not only a very amusing comment on "gloved and dressed-up" ladies, but the first reference in all his numerous writings to trouble with his eyes:

3.30 P.M. Set apart for speaking at Legislature. On ar-

rival I found it was proposed to dissolve the Assembly in order to give the Members an opportunity of shaking hands with me, and also to furnish me with the opportunity of speaking to the House.

Accordingly, after a few preliminaries, the Premier, preceded by his Mace-Bearer, came out to meet me in the Ante-Chamber. Mr. V., a fine-looking man, welcomed me in a most genial manner, and at once conducted me into the House. This sudden move was quite unexpected both on my own part and on that of the friends who intended to confer with me first before introducing me. The House was crowded with the full complement of Members — who occupied the seats on both sides — but they flocked down to the floor of the House, shook hands with me one by one, with an introduction by the Premier, then on reseating, Mr. Whitney make a remark or two of further introduction from the Speaker's Dais, and then I had to rise and make an harangue. I did fairly well, saying most of the things I wanted to say. A vote of thanks was made by the Speaker, seconded by the Leader of the Opposition, and the function closed.

We went straight off to the Central Prison to have a cup of tea, as I thought, with Dr. Gilmore, one of our true Canadian friends — the Governor of the Prison — but instead of a quiet talk with him I found the Prison Committee, who had accompanied me from the House, and another Official Personage or two with quite a lot of ladies, gloved and dressed-up for afternoon tea — most of whom flocked into the Prison and sat during my address, much to my annoyance.

I do not object to women who have some practical acquaintance with prison work, or who take some active part, being present — although I am not sure whether they help the effect of such a service — unless indeed they sit out of sight.

If it is a mixture of men and women prisoners, it would be different; but when it is a crowd of men only, they ought to let me have a turn alone with them, on their own ground and in their own language.

There were 250 short-time men present, whose term of imprisonment would be under 2 years.

I talked to them, I think, with convincing power; but only having half-an-hour, what could I do? I shall be curious to know what satisfactory results follow.

Without a pause we rode off to the Canadian Club. A Banquet had been arranged — there were parties of 200 in each room. After the eating, they all gathered up in one. . . . Every corner was crowded with humanity, all of them, they say, being doctors, lawyers, and leading business men, mostly young, with some middle-aged people.

It was an interesting gathering. I was very tired. It was

my 14th meeting in less than six days. My eyes failed me for reading my notes, so I plunged in anyhow, and Eadie reckons it was the best speech he ever heard me make of the kind.

I got into a lively cue, cannoned off the Chairman's remarks, and certainly pleased every one present; hope I did some good. The Chairman thought I had talked half-an-hour — in reality I had spoken one hour and forty minutes.

At Ottawa he encounters more of earth's strange ones, and writes in the character of "some strange animal":

Captain Newton, one of Earl Grey's A.D.C.'s, met us at the town station with a carriage and two footmen in wonderful bear-skin capes and caps which looked quite formidable.

We were soon at Government House, an extensive and comfortable old building. The Earl gave us a very friendly greeting and I lunched with the family, the company consisting of the usual household. Major Pond, Captain Newton, Lady Morley, who is Her Excellency's sister — together with the Earl's two daughters, and the Postmaster-General, completed the party.

They seemed to regard me with the utmost curiosity, as though I were some strange animal imported from some far away region! However, I got through the function, had a little talk with the Earl about arrangements, and got away to my room.

The suite of rooms allotted me were admirable and very comfortable.

I had expected to meet Sir Wilfrid Laurier and some other leading persons of the community, but no arrangements had been made, so nothing of the sort happened beyond an interview with Mr. Whitney, who is brother to the Premier of Ontario.

One of Lord Grey's daughters gave me an interesting account of this visit. General Booth, she said, kept to his own apartments, as a general rule, but on the evening of his departure, while they were in the midst of a great dinner-party, one of the members of his Staff came in to announce that the General wished to bid good-bye to his host and hostess. "After he had shaken hands with my father and mother," says this lady, "the General suddenly announced that he was going to pray, and then and there we all had to get up and kneel down at our chairs, while flunkeys in scarlet stood with dishes in their hands like so many statues looking down at us. I am afraid a great

many people, overcome by the oddity of the situation, had to put their handkerchiefs to their mouths; but no sooner had we got up from our knees, the ladies in their silks and diamonds, and the men in their uniforms and Orders, than my father exclaimed with the greatest enthusiasm and with immense earnestness, "Wasn't that a beautiful prayer? I think that was the most beautiful prayer I ever listened to!"

The journal goes on:

At 1 P.M., the Canadian Club, to which the Earl accompanied me, and spoke very eulogistically of our Social Operations. Sir Wilfrid Laurier sat on my left hand, but did not stay to the speaking.

I rambled on a few topics when my turn came, but did not say anything of any account.

At 3.30, by arrangement, I went down to the Parliament Buildings, where Sir Wilfrid Laurier introduced me to the Members of his Cabinet, while the Speaker introduced me to the Members of both Houses.

It was a very nice, kindly, homely affair. I don't think there was much in it, however, neither can I see anything particularly useful at the end of it.

At night I talked in the Great Opera House, a large building, packed from floor to ceiling. The Earl and his family were present, also his household, together with most of the Members of both Houses, and altogether we had a good time.

I talked for one hour and a half with all my might, and at the end of the evening parted with the Earl who was quite affectionate, and then went straight to my car.

Afternoon, met the Attorney-General, Mr. Colin Campbell. They are building a new prison, and want us to take control of the prisoners, which may prove a new and important departure. Mr. Campbell studied law in the offices of our Solicitors at Toronto, and therefore knows something about us; he is a very nice fellow. His wife was sick in bed, and so could not come to see me, but sent her little son, four years old, for me to lay my hands upon and give him my blessing, which I did, while the tears stood in his father's eyes.

During his stay in Winnipeg he makes an entry in his journal on the subject of Old Age Pensions. His policy, of course, was one of prevention. He believed that Old Age could be prosperous and self-respecting:

If they would lend a million to benefit those who will come

upon the Pension Fund, it would be a deal more sensible; but it is the Socialistic phantom that will lure them to destruction!

In the same city he remarks:

The Attorney-General said yesterday, amid thunderous applause, that Winnipeg gave a more enthusiastic reception to the General than it would have accorded the King!

He goes on to tell an interesting story of a burglar:

Interview with Chief Judge Howell of Manitoba, and Mr. Bayertz, the editor of the *Dunedin Triad*. The Chief Judge is a real nice and capable man. I thought especially well of his heart and ability because his views so nearly coincide with mine in the treatment of criminals!

He told me a good story of a man who lived by crime for 30 years. He was just passing a two years' sentence upon him, and asked him why, considering he had ability, he gave up living in an honest manner, and preferred the criminal profession. He answered, "Well, largely, loneliness. It was the excitement of the thing that held me." He asked the Judge, "Do you ever gamble?" The Judge said, "No." "Because," said he, "it is the excitement of gambling that makes men run such risks. And my life is the most exciting of all. No one can tell, except those who have actually followed the trade, of the fascination there is in the life of a burglar. What with first getting into the house, creeping about the room, searching for jewellery and money, and taking it often from under the very pillow of the sleeper, and then the excitement of getting away again, and the police and so on, and you are not more than out of one adventure than you are looking for another."

No doubt there is a great deal in this, and perhaps what we put down to the miseries of life, and the fear of punishment, is but part of the spell that binds the criminal to his life.

The Judge wound up by recommending that we should acquire the Island of St. Helena, and receive criminals from all English speaking parts of the world, see that they did not get away, and leave them to govern themselves. I replied that the first part of the suggestion was all right, and carefully thought out, but as to their governing themselves, I thought that it would be an impossibility. "Well," said he, "let the Salvation Army manage them, that is more like it." And promised that he would be most happy to give us every co-operation. We shook hands and parted.

At Seattle we have this interesting experience:

On the way to the boat, —— who was riding on the box, was told the following story. The driver said he came from Lincolnshire. —— said, "My word, there is a good deal of difference between Lincolnshire and Seattle." "Yes," said the driver, "I come from Spalding. Do you know Spalding? Well," he continued, "old Mr. Shadford said to me, laying his hand on my shoulder before I left there — 20 years back that is —'My boy, if ever you meet with the Rev. William Booth, and you are in trouble, he will help you'; and now fancy, I am driving the old gentleman himself."

He spent his 78th birthday on board ship in the Pacific on his way from Vancouver to Japan:

The birthday function came off and I had a really good time in talking, and gave them a lot of Salvation, which was most heartily received. In fact, the whole audience opened and presented themselves in quite a new character, and there was no end of shaking hands at the end. Then two or three ladies made a collection and got together over one hundred dollars, and besides this they have promised to devote next Sunday morning's collection to the Army Funds.

. . . . . .

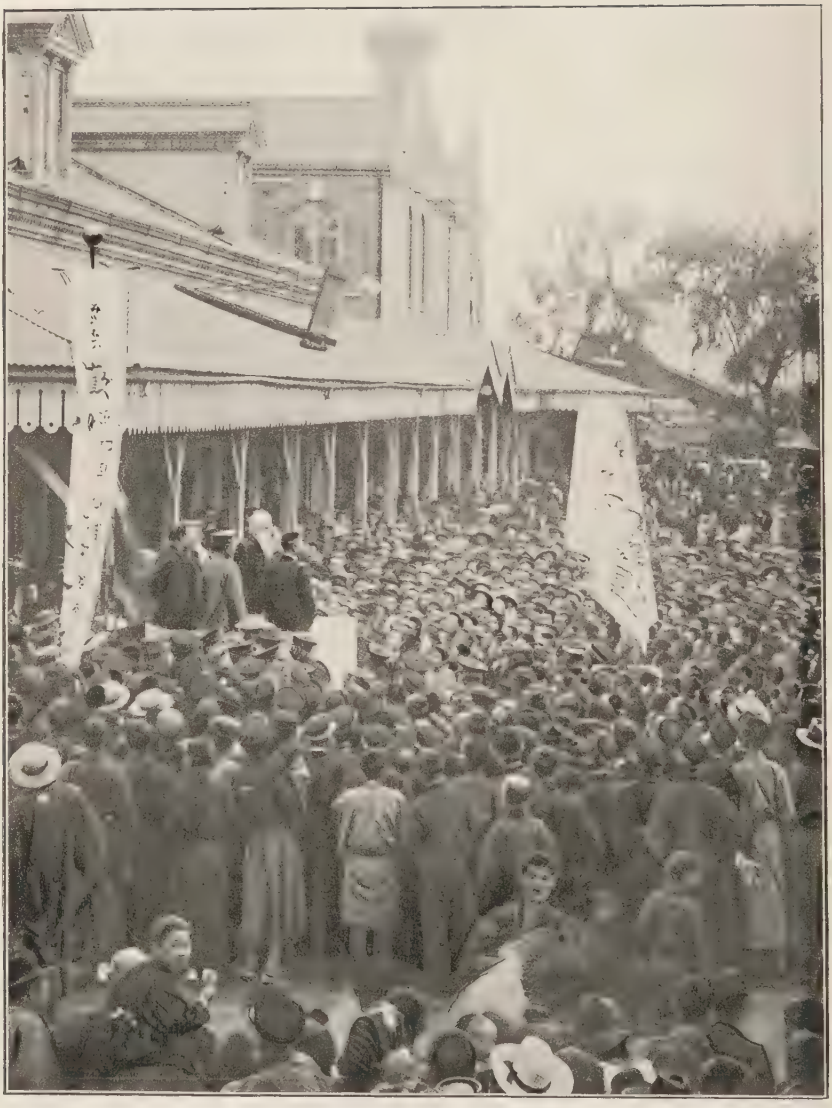
Every one talking about the Lecture. An engineer on board from New York told —— how much impressed he was, adding that religion had been presented in quite a new aspect, and that he believed that General Booth was the only man that could make Christianity a going concern!

He reaches Kyoto on May 8th:

Immense concourse of people, including students and military cadets, met me at the station. The Governor and Mayor welcomed me in the name of the City, and Colonel Lino of the Japanese Imperial Army and a hero of the last War with China, and wearing about a dozen medals on his breast, led me to a stand erected for the occasion, round which the crowd gathered, shouting and beating a pair of brass cymbals as he went.

After speaking to the people, I was driven in the Governor's carriage to my billet, and for the space of two miles the roads were lined with people all more or less friendly. Many British as well as Japanese flags were displayed up and down the line of route.

I lectured at night. The City Hall was jammed in every corner. . . . The Audience was very enthusiastic, which is the



SPEAKING IN THE OPEN AIR, JAPAN (1907)

more remarkable considering that Kyoto is counted the Headquarters (in Japan) of the Buddhist religion.

At night I addressed a meeting composed entirely of Students from the various Colleges. The Hall was gorged, never being so full before, I was told. The Manager was afraid that the Galleries would come down with the weight of the people. Dr. Harrada, the President of the Doshissa College, the largest in Japan of its kind, acted as Chairman. . . .

It was one of the most intensely interesting meetings of my life. I don't attempt to describe it; that would be impossible for me or any one else to do. . . .

I lay awake that night with my heart thrilling with the excitement caused by the sense of the night's opportunity I had been faced with, and wondering whether I ought not to have brought out the penitent-form and gone for Salvation right away.

There was certainly one excuse, if excuse were needed, for not doing so, and that was that it would have been doubtful, if not impossible, to have found room for the seekers to have come out if they had desired it.

Oh, Japan, Japan, what an open door is here!

Then at Kobe:

Held two of the most remarkable meetings in my experience. In the Prayer Meetings no less than 500 people came on to the stage seeking with cries and tears the Salvation of God.

People came for Salvation who had not so much as read or heard of Christ by name, and who had therefore the dimmest notion of Salvation.

Some of the incidents were very affecting, and proved the reality and depth of the repentance of the weeping crowds.

In the midst of a rush for Mercy, a Lady Missionary came to me and said: "Oh General, here is a dear old man seeking God. He says he never heard of Christianity before, but that now his heart is like the General's heart, and he wants to shake hands with you and then go home and tell his children the good news."

Of course I gave my hand to the dear old man, which he grasped and kissed in a most reverent manner.

At night there was an equally touching incident. An interesting young girl was pointed out to me on the stage in the evening meeting. She had found Salvation in the afternoon, and now she appeared with a face beaming with peace and joy, leading her Grandmother to the Saviour, an old woman of 84. It was a lovely sight.

The rush of the young men to the Mercy-Seat at the onset was most thrilling.

There had been no manifestation of special excitement all the way through my address, and the closing part of it was particularly solemn. Every one had their eyes fixed in attention, or closed in thought, and when the invitation was given there was a few moments' dead silence. Then two or three braver than the rest came out and the audience could contain themselves no longer; three or four Japanese Pastors rose up and called out to the people to come and seek God, and before we knew where we were, the great Stage was covered with weeping men and women.

My Staff says that never before did they see such a sobbing crowd or witness so many flowing tears.

In one corner thirteen young women were counted, all weeping together.

This triumph was destined to meet with determined opposition:

Farewell Meeting in the Theatre, our finish up in Japan, has been spoilt by fanatics. An outburst on the part of some Buddhist Devotees, I suppose. . . .

Indignation Meetings have been held . . . the Police have been no little disturbed, and it is said they have cause to be.

At one of the Tokyo Meetings 1,500 people assembled; there was much disorder, and when it was stated that General Booth wanted to force Jesus on the nation, some people shrieked out: "Kill the General." Others replied: "No, don't kill his body, but kill his soul," and many more things of the same sort.

. . . the Police persuaded us to abandon the intended Good-bye Meeting in a large square near the Theatre, and from which we were to have been driven to the Station. Instead of this, we simply said good-bye to the Mayor, Baron Shibusawa, and a few friends at the Station, and so moved straight on to Yokohama, the place of our embarkation.

I felt no little desire to visit the Chinese and Russian Ambassadors; my people, however, did not think it would be worth my while so to do, especially seeing that every moment of my time was fully occupied.

However, when I heard that Captain Smythe — one of the European Officers — had been kindly received when calling to sell Tickets, and was even allowed to pray with the Russian Ambassador and his Lady, I said I must run in on my way to the Station.

Accordingly, an appointment was made. . . . We were received with great kindness by the Chinese Ambassador, who

appeared to be a very kindly, intelligent, and sympathetic person. We had only a few moments, but there was time for a little real pleasant conversation. His Excellency assured me that he would help so far as he had ability, especially should I visit China.

From the Chinese to the Russian Embassy was not very far; here we were received and entertained in a most genial fashion although we only remained about ten minutes. The Ambassador used very good English, and he spoke thoughtfully and sympathetically as to our entrance to Russia, and promised to help me in any effort I might be led to make. I was very much impressed with both these gentlemen, especially the latter. It is not often I meet men in so high rank and position who appear to be so unpretending.

He picks up his triumph as he goes along:

Okayama. Received magnificent reception from Governor of Province, Mayor, and if not the entire adult population of the place, a very fair representation of it. After the crowd at the station, for nearly two miles the streets were lined with all manner and conditions of people.

Addressed the celebrated Okayama Orphanage. . . . A great Institution of 1,200 Children all in one establishment in various residential houses, and managed — so far as these places go — in a superb manner. The Founder of the Institution, Dr. Ishii, was led to do this through reading my book, *In Darkest England.*

He writes to Bramwell:

I love the people very much already, there seems such a combination of simplicity and dignity about them — such an anxiety to improve themselves and their country — that you cannot help but admire them if you have any simplicity of soul yourself.

I am receiving Photos and the most beautiful letters from the leading people of the land.

Since starting this letter I have a Photograph and kind message from Admiral Togo, brought by his Private Secretary.

Also a letter and photos from the wife of Baron Goto, the President of the Manchurian Railway, who has offered to place a private car on the line at my disposal if I go to Pekin. Is it not all wonderful?

You cannot possibly exaggerate the interest inspired in the Press, one and all of whom have written in our favour, while the respect of the noblest and greatest as well as the poorest in a city of a million and a half is truly astonishing.

And there is a promise of the continuance of the same thing throughout the whole campaign.

. . . . . .

The welcome by the Nobles and leading people of the City yesterday afternoon was a wonderful affair. The richest man in Japan — at least they say he is — read an address of welcome. Count Okuma, one of the highest nobles and one of the most eloquent men in the Country, presided, while the Governor of the Province initiated the Proceedings.

Marshal Oyama sat by my side.

This morning I have called on the Prime Minister, the Mayor, the Governor, and Count Okuma. This afternoon I have seen the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Baron Hayashi, and Baron Goto. Nothing could exceed the kindness of these people or the affection they expressed for me and the Army.

I see the Emperor to-morrow morning, D.V. . . . We have a message from His Majesty that there is no need to impose any restrictions upon me about my dress.

We have just had a note from Mr. Lowther [1] saying that he will send his carriage round for me in the morning and will acompany me to the audience with the Emperor. Baron Hayashi thought the introduction would be a very formal affair; that the Emperor had to walk very carefully, having so many different interests, religious and otherwise, centering in himself.

There is no account of this interview with the Emperor in his journal, but he gave a personal version of the ceremony in the following circular-letter to his grandchildren:

. . . Among the most interesting incidents of this Campaign, if not the most important, has been my audience with the Emperor.

When first proposed, the suggestion was thought impossible. So great is the reverence, and so profound the devotion felt by the entire nation for His Majesty, and so unusual is it for any but princes of kingly blood or the direct representatives of friendly Governments to be admitted into the royal presence, that it was thought very improbable that a simple individual like myself should be allowed so great a privilege as to stand in the presence of His Majesty. My only claims for such a distinction were simply religion and philanthropy, and seeing that my religion was foreign to the nation, and my philanthropy but little known in Japan, it could hardly be expected that these should be thought of sufficient importance to secure for me so great a distinction.

[1] Now Sir Henry Lowther.

However, the event proved that we had been mistaken in our forebodings. No sooner had the wish been expressed by my dear people than it received a ready compliance.

The British Ambassador was the proper person to introduce me, but as he was in England the duty fell upon his representative, Mr. Lowther, who accompanied me to the Palace at the appointed hour.

We were ushered into a room of considerable dimensions; here we were joined by another gentleman, also in Court dress, and then the Master of Ceremonies left us for a moment. I suppose he went to see if all were in order. During his absence we had a little chat with the newcomer, from whom we gathered that he had studied in England at the Cambridge University.

Then the Master of Ceremonies returned and conducted us through another long passage, out of which we passed into a room at the further end of which His Majesty was standing with his interpreter by his side, whilst to left and right stood three gorgeously-apparelled individuals who appeared to belong to his personal retinue.

Although His Majesty was wearing what, I suppose, would be styled royal costume, with various stars, representing different Orders, glittering on his breast, there was nothing particularly showy about his appearance. But I was so taken up with the study of His Majesty's countenance that I had but little time or inclination for the study of his clothes.

His face appeared, during the few moments I had the opportunity of observing him, to indicate determination. strength, and kindliness. His eyes were bright and piercing, and their fixed gaze seemed to show interest and curiosity in his strange visitor. His hands twitched a little nervously, as though his mind was involuntarily saying, "Come along, why this delay? Get the ceremony over."

Now the British Representative advanced and, in a few words, translated by the royal interpreter, formally introduced me.

With a soft, kindly, and musical voice the Emperor, through his interpreter, said that he had heard of the good work of which I was the leader, expressed his sympathy with it, and then made a few personal inquiries as to the time I had been in the country, and the length of my further stay.

Then, with a few words on my part expressing my thanks for the privilege of the interview, and my gratitude for the friendship of His Majesty's representatives with my people in their loving labours, I bowed myself from the royal presence, and the interview closed.

His letters to Bramwell continue:

It is impossible for me to record more than the bare facts *re* the reception here. . . .

Around the station were 25,000 people. The rapturous and vociferous "banzai" broke *all* records: not even the Emperor has received such manifestations! *Again, so I am told.* Two editors confirmed this to me.

His account of a sea-voyage is a useful exhibition of his psychology:

All days seem much alike here, except for gatherings together in the Saloon for what is called Divine Service. The passengers conducted themselves very much the same fashion as on Saturday, eating the same food, dressing in the same way, and playing at the same games, and spending the precious hours in the same useless, if not injurious, manner.

The stamping of people over my head, and the ever changing positions of chairs from one side the deck to the other, also over my head, and the slamming of doors by passengers and stewards alike is, I must confess, very trying to me. Indeed, the constant clashing of doors on the iron bulkheads, as my Brigadier describes them — I don't know exactly what a bulkhead is, unless he means the partition on which the door bangs — but I do know that the incessant clash, crash, bang of these doors is like the firing of a whole park of artillery.

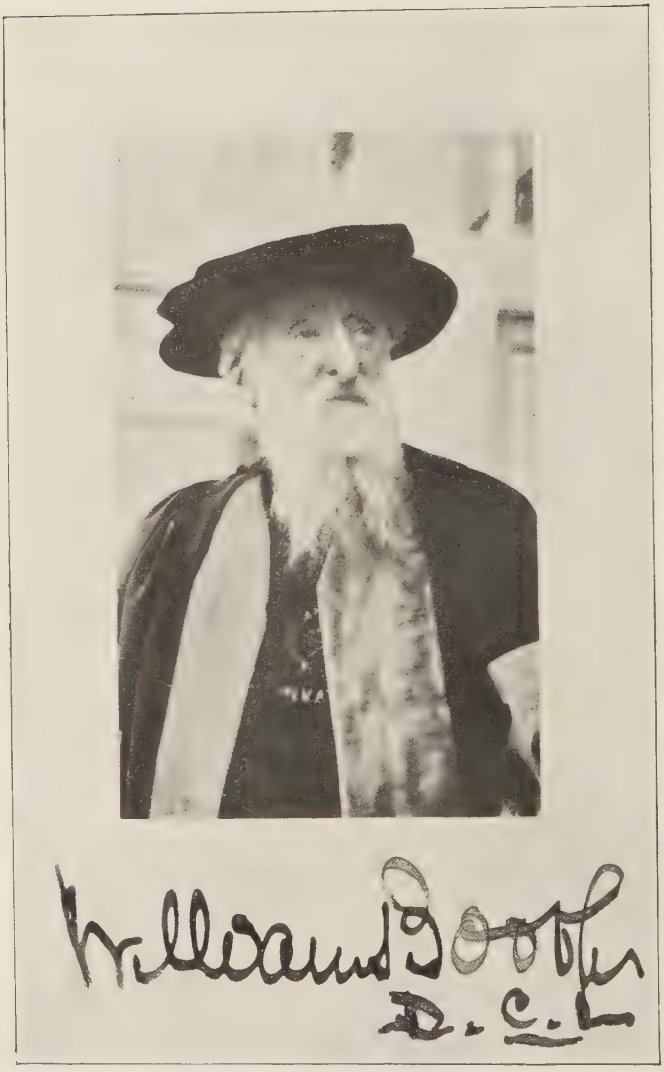
While I dictate this the hooter is going every few minutes, and that is endurable, because one feels it to be a necessity, for a noise like that is preferable to a collision; so the mind accepts it.

Same as yesterday, or nearly so. The revels at midnight continue; however women reckoning to be ladies can shriek with hysterical laughter, and invite friends to champagne suppers and other stimulants in their own cabins, is a puzzle to me. And how a respectable vessel like this can allow it I candidly do not understand.

Went out last night and protested, so I am hoping; but, I don't want a broil on board ship. It is, I fear, hoping against hope.

In June of this year he received the honorary degree of D.C.L. at Oxford, making a friendly acquaintance with Lord Curzon, who had written to him with regard to the matter in the following terms:

"This is probably one of the few honours which you would be willing to accept. To me it would be an even higher honour to be the instrument of conferring it: for I should like the



AS D. C. L., OXFORD (1907)

famous and ancient University, of which I am now the Head, and which has played so notable a part in the history of our country — to have the privilege of setting its seal upon the noble work that you have done for so many years, and are continuing to do, for the people of all countries — a work excelled in range and beneficence by that of no living man. No speech will be required; only the cap, hood, and gown (which can be hired for the morning), and the ceremony itself."

In the autumn he visited America and met with another "hurricane" welcome. He writes in Chicago on October 7:

Met Press Club at noon, with 250 present, made up of Literary men, Publishers, and the like. It was quite an important meeting. It appears I am an honorary member of this Club, which fact I had forgotten. The complimentary speeches, and the kindly feelings expressed, nearly knocked all the talking out of me. Still I occupied 25 minutes with my reply, and although I thought I did very poorly every one else was pleased. It was a remarkable affair.

1.30. Met the President in company with Eva, by special invitation.

The last time I lunched at the White House I met nearly all the members of the Cabinet and there were no ladies, but on this occasion I suppose they thought the presence of Eva — one lady — demanded the presence of others also.

Whether their company made the interview more profitable or not it certainly did not render it any the less agreeable.

On entering we were welcomed by an attendant who took charge of our wraps, then we shook hands with a couple of other gentlemen of whom we had no knowledge, and then, conducted by a youthful-looking Cavalry Officer — a Captain Ney by name — into an inner room, we found Commissioner McFarland and his lady with Mrs. Cortelyou. We had a nice little talk; all seemed deeply interested in what we were doing, and the Commissioner, who they say is the most influential man in Washington local affairs, repeated over and over again that he would be delighted to do anything he could to assist us. This gentleman will preside at my meeting tonight.

At this point, accompanied by Captain Ney, the President came in with a nice little friendly bounce, and shook hands all round, and then commenced a conversation, but had not proceeded far before Mrs. Roosevelt, dressed up in what I suppose would be considered a luxurious and gorgeous fashion, entered the apartment.

I had not met her before; she did the lady of the house in

a very cheerful manner, and we formed up, the President and his Lady leading the way.

Eva sat on the President's right hand at one end of the table, and I was honoured with a similar place by Mrs. Roosevelt at the opposite end, Mrs. McFarland sitting to my right, and she and I were soon engaged in conversation. . . .

A great deal was said and a good many questions were asked that showed that the President was interested in the Salvation Army. Amongst other things he expressed his curiosity as to the way the Army in one nationality dealt with that of another in the way of government. He did not see how the American could deal with the English, and the German with the Scot, and so on, and so on.

On this subject we gave him information in which Eva, being the nearest to him, took the lion's share.

The President expressed his admiration that we raised Officers of each nationality, and said that the fact gave him real pleasure.

Commissioner McFarland interposed the remark, "Interesting as this subject is, I am sure the President would be pleased to hear about the Oxford Function; would the General sketch it out? All about Lord Curzon, and so on."

The President at once said, "Yes, General, I would like to hear about it very much." Whereupon I described the scene, in all of which details he appeared much interested.

Then came on another suggestion from McFarland, saying that some facts concerning my recent visit to Japan would surely be of interest to the President. This gave me the opportunity of describing my visit and also giving my own convictions with regard to that country, specially dwelling upon the quiet manner in which the nation took their recent triumph in the late war.

I ventured to make the suggestion that this was the opportunity for the nation dealing with Japan to cultivate friendliness, specially in view of the possible coming power and activity of China; to which the President made a very natural reply for a man in his position, that he thought it would pay to cultivate friendliness with China, and then the conversation wandered away again to the future of the Army, and so on, until the hour had passed and the signal was given for adjournment.

We rose to our feet, the President took my hands in his, and assured me of the pleasure the visit had given him, and with a general handshake we parted.

There was not as much dignity, seriousness ,and intelligence about this visit as I should have liked, or indeed expected, still it served the Army to good purpose and will do, still more, in the days to come.

At Philadelphia he had John Wanamaker for chairman of his meeting, a man of superabundant energy, great kindness of heart, and the most charming manner — always giving his visitor the impression that he has nothing to do. Mr. Wanamaker has been and continues a liberal supporter of the Salvation Army in the United States:

Press. A real interesting gathering in the afternoon and a mighty meeting at night in a large Baptist Church presided over by Mr. John Wanamaker. . . . He appeared to be a little out of health. However, he made a very good and interesting speech on the line of the service I had rendered the Church, the Kingdom, and the World, stating, as his opinion, that there was no living man capable of filling my shoes!

## CHAPTER XXVIII

THE GENERAL DOES A LITTLE LOBBYING, FALLS AMONG POLITICIANS, SHAKES HANDS WITH A BISHOP AND A POLICE INSPECTOR, AND UNDERGOES HIS FIRST OPERATION

### 1908

ADVANCING another step into the Picturesque Period, the year 1908 was for William Booth a year of still greater influence. He began it, humbly enough, by going in January to open a Home for Destitute Men in Birmingham. Here he encountered Sir Oliver Lodge, and gives us his estimate of that adventurous man of science:

Select gathering and very fair meeting. Did a good and effective talk. Mr. Lloyd, a Banker, presided. A fine spirit. He had given £50 — he added a hundred after my speech. Sir Oliver Lodge moved a vote of thanks. Very much impressed by his appearance, manner, and matter. If I am not mistaken, he is an honest-hearted man. He wants me to stay with him on my next visit to Birmingham.

Soon after interviews in London, concerned with Rhodesia, he went on Salvation Army business to Belfast and was billeted with Sir William Whitla:[1]

Had a long talk with Sir William Whitla about Irish affairs, the relationships of Catholics and Protestants, the condition of the Country, etc.

We should have liked a record of this conversation, but none is given. It appears that the General soon edged himself clear of Irish politics and got Sir William Whitla transported to South Africa:

On the Saturday I planted a tree at the request of my host in his beautiful garden. He is interested in my Rhodesian Scheme, and called the tree by that name. Before we started

[1] A President of the British Medical Association, and a prominent leader in the affairs of North Ireland.

for Lurgan this morning he would have me down in his garden, where a brother practitioner photographed me with the spade in my hand. It was not much trouble to me and seemed to be of great interest to them.

In April he received disquieting news about his great scheme:

London letters anything but pleasant reading; among the rest was a copy of Hawkesley's letter to Ranger declaring that the Chartered Company could not carry out their intention in providing the money promised to work the Rhodesian Scheme, so there is an end once more to my Colony-over-the-Sea dream, anyway so far as South Africa is concerned, after two years and five months spent in anxious negotiation, and more money than I like to calculate spent in the inspection of the country, drawing up legal documents and other matters. It may turn out useful in the future; but I don't know — God's will be done.

We shall see, however, that he revived from this disappointment. But while he had not abandoned the hope of this great project, his soul was still ruled by the supreme idea of his life, the conversion of men's wills to the will of God. He writes to Bramwell:

I thought again as I was speaking last night that nearly all the things I said that cut into the hearts of the people, and the incidents I produced for their wondering amazement, were the result of Blood-and-Fire Salvation; the Social is the bait, but it is Salvation that is the hook that lands the fish.

Then again, what a thing it would be if, after a life's struggle to keep clear of Political Agitation, I am going to land my People in the bosom of the Liberal Party, and make eternal enemies of the Conservatives and Publicans — shutting the door in our own faces that leads to their souls, and promises their Salvation.

And yet, and yet, and yet I feel we must make a Declaration, and a Declaration we will make.[1] How it is to be done I cannot now stop to enquire.

I feel that my days are numbered, and I want to spend them in real work, and not upon plans that will be dashed aside almost before they are placed upon paper.

We have to do the best we can with the tools that are to our hand, as all leaders of revolutions of all kinds have had to do before us. It is no use our worrying ourselves into the grave

[1] This refers to the Licensing Bill of that year.

on the subject. I fancy sometimes in the World to Come we shall see that we were in error in wanting to do so much in so short a space of time.

An entry in his journal for April shows a friendlier feeling for W. T. Stead:

Mr. Stead wants to interview me for *The Chronicle* on the subject of the Licensing Bill. I refused the interview on the ground that I would not be drawn into Political Controversy, so he is coming to see me on other important questions, hoping, I expect, to get something about the Licensing Bill any way.

. . . . . .

Stead has been — had an hour and a half's talk as hard as both of us could go. —— was present to his great entertainment.

Stead seems to be much improved in spirit, treating the Army and our aims and difficulties with much more respect, and a reasonable measure of increased deference.

I am not sure whether I am responsible for the change, but he certainly appeared much more sympathetic with our position, our difficulties, and anxious to render us more assistance in his capacity as a Journalist than he has done for some time gone by.

In May the General was quoted by Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree in *The Times* newspaper as having said that, "Had the Children of Israel been managed by a Committee they would never have crossed the Red Sea." This saying, characteristic of the man's mind and character, will better commend itself to the judgment of men than the following onslaught, equally characteristic, upon the poets. He appears to have gathered something of the New Theology from Bramwell, and writes back to him:

——, I suppose, would know what the modern heresies respecting the Atonement are.

What you say about Campbell getting them from Ibsen I can readily believe. It is only another proof of the opinion you know I hold about the leading poets. Nobody would have read the rotten stuff in prose, but dressed up in the sentiment of poetry it finds its way with its destructive consequences into the minds of the young and imaginative section of mankind.

But he blazes out, with almost equal warmth, against some members of the Staff:

I think it hard lines that I should be left to struggle with this huge undertaking, and the only man to whom I can speak is again and again jerked away from me. I have little or no *fellowship* from some cause or another with ——; he and —— and other leading Officers who cross my path seem to regard me as a kind of ornamental or figurehead arrangement, with which they must get on, and get away from, with the least possible trouble!

Then we get a glimpse of his activities, and a terse piece of irony:

I have no more time, as I am off again at 10.30; have 44 miles to travel; two Workhouse-Meetings, and a reception when I arrive at 1.10. You will please note this is my holiday.

Throughout the whole of this period he longed again and again to be rid of patronage and free to lead a fierce and uncompromising attack against evil and indifference. Nevertheless, he was, now and then, gratified by an original compliment:

Earl Carrington [1] moved the vote of thanks in very neat and well-chosen language, saying, among other things, that amongst his most esteemed friends were Cardinal Manning, the Bishop of London, and General Booth. To him, the first represented Faith, the second Hope, and the third Charity; and he thought he might be allowed to say in Scriptural phrase, the greatest of these is Charity.

We must now follow the General for a time as he sets out to capture the politicians for his Rhodesian Scheme. He begins modestly with an old and well-tried friend:

Hitchin was reached in due course, where the meeting was presided over by Sir John Gorst, who made some very kindly remarks bearing on the Army and the General.

Sir John is an old friend. For 20 years or more he has not only been ever ready to stand up in our defence, whether in the House of Commons or on the public platform, in the columns of *The Times* or elsewhere, but to urge upon Governments and authorities generally the value to the community of our Social plans and enterprises.

Since I saw him last he has visited New Zealand, and gathered some valuable information respecting our operations

[1] Now the Marquis of Lincolnshire.

in those countries. I was glad to see Sir John once more and to find him apparently more vigorous than when we met before. Interested in the Garden City, Letchworth, where he had built himself a snug little villa where the experiment is being tried. Here I lunched with him after the meeting. On parting he assured me that he would be pleased to do anything helpful to the Army's interests that lay within his power. He made me the same promise 17 years ago and he has proved true to his word.

From this point we are suddenly projected into the more exalted political circles, the General's journal for July 28th beginning in a manner which will excite the envy of the *feuilletonist:*

"Earl Rosebery can see the General at 6 o'clock this evening at Berkeley Square. Wire reply."

Such was the message received in the midst of a Council on Foreign Affairs, at Hadley Wood.

At a few minutes to six I was at the door of the Berkeley Square Mansion, and immediately the bell was rung his Lordship opened the door himself. I had naturally expected the usual uniformed attendant, and was consequently somewhat taken aback at the Earl's presence. At first I thought I must be mistaken, thinking that my imperfect eyes must have deceived me; but there was no mistake, as the footman, a tall young fellow in a fashionable dress, came running out to discharge the task, but too late. His Lordship, with a friendly greeting, led the way into a large room, which had the appearance of a superior business office, offering me tea, and the choice of another room or the garden, and generally trying to make me feel that I was welcome.

I plunged into the reason for the call I was making. My Rhodesian Colonization Scheme after slumbering for a season had revived, and I wanted his Lordship's advice on the matter.

Before I had got well started with the explanatory reason for my visit his Lordship informed me that the coffers of the Rhodesian Trust were absolutely empty. In fact, he said, "We are bankrupt; no, not bankrupt, but insolvent." "Not so bad as that," I suggested. "Well, we are only just able to pay our way." But it was only a temporary difficulty following on the American Financial trouble, I suggested, and in another year all would be rectified. "Yes," he admitted, "it might be so."

Stating that I had not come to ask for money, but for advice, I started to explain how that my journey to Africa was planned on the supposition that this scheme of colonization was going to be carried out, together with the prospects of a large

amount of unemployment in this country, which had re-awakened the desire to find a home for some of these work-less people in Rhodesia, and in order to do this I wondered if there was any hope of securing the Government aid that had been refused me during the previous year.

He asked me several questions bearing on the topic, and then said, "Well, I advise you to see the Chancellor of the Exchequer," remarking that the question belonged to his province.

"Mr. Lloyd George," he said, "has an open mind, and is both willing and able to take up new subjects. I was talking to him this afternoon in the House of Lords." His Lordship did not say that my Rhodesian Scheme was in any way connected with the subject of that conversation, but what has happened since then made me think that it was.

Our conversation ranged over several subjects, including stories of some remarkable reclamations we had succeeded in effecting — one of which was that of the young sub-editor of the ——. This incident evidently impressed him, and I shall not forget the abstracted and intensely earnest look with which he gazed upwards as though the story awakened in him thoughts of some other wanderer in whose well-being he felt more than ordinary interest.

The interview had now lasted over an hour, and I rose to leave. Several times his Lordship assured me of the pleasure the conversation had given him, and as we shook hands he said: "Go and see Mr. Lloyd George; send me your autographed photograph, and don't go to South Africa."

He had more than once during our conversation urged on me the duty of taking care of myself, and it was on that ground he thought the journey involved a risk that ought not to be taken.

As Colonel ——, who had waited for me in the outer room, asked the footman to call me a hansom, his Lordship said, "No, here is my car at your service," and again saying, "Go and see Lloyd George," on the steps of his mansion I bade him "Good-bye."

The Earl soon afterwards left for the Goodwood Races, and the General found his way to Hadley Wood.

This ending, we venture to think, is full worthy of the beginning. A few "Extra Notes" are appended to this account:

"Is not such a journey a risk for you to take?"

"I never stay to consider risks when Duty calls," was my natural reply.

We talked of John Burns. "He is not a Socialist," his Lordship insisted, etc.

The danger arising out of the spread of Socialism.

The appalling distress.

Emigration, etc.

The impossibility of forming a moderate Political Party caused by the Caucus Electoral system.

On the following day the General called upon Mr. Lloyd George at the House of Commons. The reader, we think, will agree that while these accounts of extremely interesting conversations are marred by an unmistakable sense of future publication, nevertheless few diarists of our time have left behind them more entertaining, at any rate more original, records of their encounters with famous people:

"Mr. Lloyd George is taking tea at a quarter to five on the Terrace with the Queensland Premier, and the daughter of the Duchess of St. Albans, and will be pleased if the General will make one of the party."

I was not feeling very well — the day was abnormally warm — the wound made by the refusal of the Government to help me, after keeping me expectant for over a year, was not healed. Moreover, fancy tea drinkings or any other functions of the same class are not in my line, so I simply replied that I really had not time for the Terrace. I wanted to see the Chancellor alone; could he oblige me with a private interview in his room? Certainly, was the answer — come along at five.

At five, with the burning sun flaring in our faces, I drove down the Embankment with Colonel ——, alighted at the entrance, and passed into the far-famed British Houses of Parliament.

The Policeman guarding the doors saluted me, the retiring visitors who had been regaling their eyes on the wonders of the building, with occasional glances at the Members, saluted me, M.P.'s sauntering about saluted me — everybody saluted me.

On my A.D.C. sending in my name we were ushered — not into the Chancellor's private office, but on to the far-famed Terrace.

On the way down the stairs the Colonel said, "Here is Mr. Winston Churchill," and sure enough, on looking round, there were the piercing eyes and glowing countenance of the President of the Board of Trade.

As he came along I said, "Oh, I don't want to meet Mr.

Churchill except in a room with seconds and a brace of pistols."

"Come," said Churchill, "what have I done?"

"Kept me waiting and expecting all those long months, and then dismissed me with a sentence."

"Indeed," he said, in the most friendly manner, "I did all I could to bring the matter off."

I could not help replying, "I believe you did."

"Come and see me alone in my room," he rejoined in the warmest manner. "All right," I replied, and with the repetition of the invitation to come and see him, he went on his way, and I went on mine.

Here was the Terrace, etc. It was certainly an attractive picture in itself, bordering as it does on the world-renowned river, beautifully shaded and cool with the golden sun shining all round. Every man on it remarkable for some reason or other, representing some part of the Empire.

Conservatives, Liberals, Radicals, Home-Rulers, Labour Members, and Socialists or those going under that name, all mixed up together.

Then there were ladies — wives, daughters, sisters, and friends, etc.,. etc. The Church was not unrepresented. Bishops belonging to the Pan-Anglican Council, and other Spiritual dignitaries of different creeds and sections, were here and there.

All are merry with that light and cheery spirit which so often accompanies [word omitted], and drinking tea in the most harmonious fashion.

The tables were ranged in a double row, with a space to promenade down the centre, at one end of which sat Mr. Lloyd George with his guests. I had met —— the Queensland Premier at a luncheon with his Cabinet at Brisbane three years before. . . .

Tea for two was ordered by Mr. George at once, and before I could put in a word I was caught in the net and engaged in the convivialities — with the friendliness that more or less attends the tea-table.

But there was no rest. Almost the first to attack me was Sir Benjamin Stone, Member for one of the Sections of Birmingham. He was accustomed to photograph every celebrity he could lay his hands on, who came on to the Terrace, lodging the picture in the Museum for the benefit of posterity.

I must give him a sitting, said Mr. George. It was an historical event, and thereby would be recorded as such. I assented.

In due course the photographing was accomplished in company with Mr. Lloyd George and the Queensland Premier.

And after I don't know how many introductions, shaking

hands with M.P.'s who had entertained me, or presided for me, or felt some sort of interest in my work, I claimed the promised interview, and we threaded our way through the tables to the Chancellor's private room.

My heart was full of the purport of my errand — once more the object I had striven for so many years appeared to be within sight. It is true that I had received encouragement from the same Government before — but changes had been made — the member of it, E——, who had been named as the chief obstacle to my success, had been removed and younger and more adventurous members had been promoted to leading positions.

However, here we are at the private room, when with but little privacy I urged my request.

"I want £100,000," I said, "on condition that the South African Company, in conjunction with some other Company or group, will furnish £150,000 for an experimental effort."

"Do you want the money at once?"

"No," I said. "£20,000 per annum for the next five years."

"How many people will you settle for that amount?" I promised to let him have the calculation.

Then came the usual question, "To what class will these people belong?" and answered after the same fashion.

After some further conversation on the theme, he turned to his Private Secretary, "Just see if the Prime Minister is at liberty. I would like the General to see him."

The Secretary came back saying, "Yes," and we hurried to Mr. Asquith's office.

I had met Mr. Asquith once before — soon after his marriage. Mrs. A., with whom I had some very friendly intercourse, wished me to meet her husband — invited me to lunch.

On that occasion I thought Mr. Asquith very stiff and distant. That, I was given to understand, was his ordinary manner. I expected to find the same brusqueness on this occasion. My errand was not of a kind which readily unlocks the heart and loosens the kindly sentiments of Cabinet Ministers.

However, nothing could very well have been more friendly than Mr. A.'s demeanour on this occasion.

"The General wants money for a Colonization scheme. The Queensland Premier, who, by the way, has just left the room, has been appealing to me for £70,000 per annum, the General wants £20,000 per annum for five years."

"Gift or loan?" said Mr. Asquith. "Loan," said I; "but you will never ask for it in return." At this they both smiled.

A few more words, then he said to Mr. George, "The General had better see Lord Crewe." Mr. George agreed and I assented.

On shaking hands Mr. Asquith asked me if I remembered

his wife. "Yes," I replied, "very well." "Do you remember when you first met her?" "Certainly." "When was it? Let me try your memory." "On a journey from Paddington to Swindon." "That is right," said he, and I left the Prime Minister of this Great Empire feeling how human he was after all.

Now for Lord Crewe; was he on the premises? Yes, in the House of Lords. Good. We will try for him at once.

After threading the endless passages of that wonderful building, and shaking hands with a bunch of Colonial Bishops on the way, we came to the Peers' Chamber.

We followed the usual custom by sending in my name and saying that I wished a few words with his Lordship.

To this the reply came back, "Cannot leave during present debate," would I like to come in for a time?

Being then on the chance of the debate, which had something to do with Irish business, suddenly collapsing we went in to wait and listen.

I had hardly got inside the gilded chamber and glanced round at the 30 or 40 elderly gentlemen, who were discussing in the most sedate manner the important question before them, than I was challenged by Sir Samuel Evans, Solicitor-General, in the kindliest manner. He had the appearance of being a very capable man.

After a few moments we decided to come away and see Lord Crewe at the Colonial Office on the following day.

Caught the 7.35 from King's Cross, feeling that whether anything of immediate value came out of the Terrace and the interviews that followed it, fruit at some date near or far must be borne for advancement of the objects ever before me.

On July 30th William Booth and Arthur James Balfour met for the first time. The General's account of his preconceived notion of the Conservative Leader will delight caricaturists and surprise the rest of the world. As for the General, Mr. Balfour tells me that he was "deeply impressed by the strength and charm of his character":

Among a number of other engagements for the day stood Lord Crewe at the Colonial Office at 3, and the Right Honourable Arthur Balfour at the House of Commons at 6.

I found Lord Crewe a man of commanding appearance — thoughtful, and so far as my visit was concerned, sympathetic demeanour. My business was soon before him. He gave me at once to understand that he was familiar with the question on which I came to consult him.

Whether he needed it or not, I gave him a résumé of the

nature and position of my scheme, and of the assistance I wanted from the Government in order to carry it into effect.

He said he could not give me an answer right off, which I did not expect, but would consult his colleagues and let me know the result.

While very friendly, as I have said, there was nothing in what the Colonial Secretary said, or in his manner of saying it, calculated to raise any expectations of success or to strengthen any that I might have already entertained.

Still, here was evidently a man of the future, of ancient family, rich, and well related, the son-in-law of Lord Rosebery, and of considerable natural capacity, occupying a high position, having climbed to the Government Leadership in the House of Lords, who made no secret of his friendliness with the aims and work of the Army.

At six o'clock we drove off once more to the House, as it is familiarly styled by those who have business in it.

A few yards from the entrance we passed a Bishop with a homely, intelligent, friendly countenance. I had hardly got inside, having to wait a few moments for ——, who was discharging the cabman, and having a word with him while he was paying him his fare, as is the Salvationist's usage, when the Bishop we had just passed overtook me.

He put out his hand, congratulated me on my appearance, health, etc., and on the safe and successful result of my recent Motor Campaign. I asked to what diocese he might belong, he answered "Peterboro."[1] I did not recollect at the moment, otherwise I would have thanked him for his wish to entertain me on a recent visit to his City.

Now for Mr. Balfour. I had imagined him in physique as short in stature, round and stout in construction, with a dark complexion, and a hard, cynical, forbidding countenance — in mind thoughtful, intelligent, etc., while in disposition, cynical, etc.

As he rose to meet me, offering a choice of chairs, saying that he had been desiring the pleasure of meeting me, I looked upon him with little short of wonderment.

At my first glance at his countenance, the fabric of my preconceived notions dissolved and vanished for ever. The features that I had expected to find so stern and unbending, while retaining every element of strength I had expected, appeared to indicate a nature as tender as a woman's.

Once seated, our conversation flowed on, not only with pleasure inspired by our mutual interest in the theme, but, I flatter myself, with the sympathy which inspires all true soul intercourse.

[1] The Hon. and Rt. Rev. E. C. Glyn.

We had not gone very far when a gentleman came in, whom Mr. Balfour introduced to me as being not only his Secretary, but as a kind of colleague in literary and other labours, at least that was the impression made on me.

The conversation between them turned on a visit from a person whom they styled Jim, ultimately fixing on seven as the hour for Jim to come along. I judged that Jim was a nephew or some other young body who was making a call.

We then resumed the story. Mr. Balfour being evidently comparatively ignorant of my project, I summarized the scheme with a little particularity. When I apologized for entering on details, he begged me to proceed, as he wanted to understand the thing.

Occasionally I dwelt on the necessity for this New World I wanted to create, and then led to a little side discussion on Poverty, Drunkenness, and the like.

On the question of effecting a permanent cure for the inebriate, he was evidently in considerable doubt. This led me to describe a case or two, so landing us on the question of Conversion, and so we rambled on, while all the time his soft and yet commanding eyes revealed the sincerity and seriousness of the soul behind.

I know nothing of the "unreality" of Mr. B. . . . in politics, as complained of by his opponents, but on the question of Starvation, Immorality, and Misery, and I might add Religion, I felt I had found a true human if not a spiritual heart.

Of course we had never met before, and having been so long outside the Political realm with all its controversial changes, I had no real knowledge of the man. I am only jotting down the impressions made during that short hour.

"What can I do?" at length he inquired, when all had been said that seemed necessary in such a preliminary discussion. "It appears to me that if Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith have sent you to Lord Crewe, they admit that there is nothing opposed in principle to granting your request. If the Government were to propose the grant you ask for, I certainly would not offer any opposition to it."

I sprang at that in a moment, saying that that was the very thing I had hoped for in the interview.

He then added, "I say that for myself, but I cannot pledge my colleagues," and then he turned to his Secretary, asking if he knew whether Mr. Alfred Lyttelton was still in the House.

He did not know, but would inquire.

After a time Mr. Lyttelton was found and brought in.

I had heard a good deal about Mr. Lyttelton before. He was the Colonial Secretary under the late Government, and while in that position had much to do with the Rider Haggard

expedition to the United States and Canada to inquire into our Colonization Scheme there.

It was under his direction that the report of Mr. Haggard was sent to a Departmental Committee with the Chairmanship of Lord Tennyson — the report of which Committee we counted a very one-sided affair.

Mr. Balfour now introduced me to Mr. Lyttelton, who sat down beside me and commenced a little course of cross-examination on the prospects of the scheme; his inquiries all being made in a most friendly spirit. But not understanding his difficulties, or the way in which he approached the subject, I am afraid that I did not give him the satisfaction he wanted.

His contention was, now I perceive, "Don't ask for anything on the plea that the Settlers under your scheme will ever repay it. They never have done so, and they never will."

My reply was, "While some may not and will not repay, a large proportion will," giving him some Emigration Statistics in the way of proof, and arguing still further that if a proportion of poor Emigrants, on whom we have no claim beyond their honour, repay, we may hope for still better results from Colonists whose possessions we hold for a pledge for the amount advanced.

Whether I satisfied him or not on that particular aspect of the plan, he admitted its utility and the importance of its having Government assistance for the experiment, adding, that most certainly he would not oppose it if the desired grant was proposed in the House.

It was now seven o'clock, and "Jim" was announced! As the door opened, a slightly-built, gentlemanly young man entered, whom Mr. Balfour introduced to me as the Marquis of Salisbury. I must confess that the transformation of Jim into a real living Marquis was a trifling surprise!

I had just time to catch my train and meet the Chief as per appointment, and having had a fair innings — so far as staying at the wickets was concerned — I said Good-bye.

Mr. . . . showed us a private staircase that carried us into the Palace Yard.

Here I gave the Police Inspector on duty the pleasure of a handshake, receiving from him the assurance of the usefulness of our People to them in difficult cases, and by a bit of a rush reached King's Cross in time for the train, and the meeting with the Chief.

In this account, so far as we have discovered, the General indulged himself for the first and the last time in a sporting metaphor, although, as the reader may remember, in one of his writings there is a confused reference to a cue and a

cannon. He never played cricket, we think, and certainly never played billiards.

Lord Rosebery wrote to him on August 3:

Dear General Booth — Many thanks for your letter, and for the excellent photograph.

I have not been photographed for innumerable years, and therefore I do not know what to send you. The only thing that at all represents my venerable appearance now is a postal card which would be beneath your notice.

On consideration I have determined to tell Messrs. Graves to send you an engraving of me, which was done when my hair still had a colour of its own, but which really is all that exists. If you do not like it put it in the fire.

I, too, wish you had seen Lloyd George earlier. I am in rather a delicate position with the present Government, and do not care to approach them, even in the person of my son-in-law.

My own belief is that the forces of unemployment will appeal in your favour much more strongly than anything else.

I wish you were not going to South Africa, but as you are, I wish you God-speed and a prosperous return. Believe me, Yours sincerely, Ry.

On the same day that brought him this letter we read in his journal:

Yesterday Mr. Stead's long letter *re* his recent visit to St. Petersburg appeared in *The Times*. It is a remarkable production, especially that part referring to his conversation with M. Stolypin[1] *re* the permission for the S.A. to enter Russia. This is itself important, but to have the open approval of the strongest, some say the only real strong public man in the Empire, and that chronicled in the leading newspaper of Europe is something worthy of note.[2]

He writes to Mr. Stead as follows:

I must thank you for the straight and courageous manner in which you expounded the truth about the S.A. to M. Stolypin, and for the very interesting manner in which you described the interview in *The Times*.

The incident may constitute an important step forward to operations that will prove of vast beneficent magnitude to

[1] Then Prime Minister.

[2] Mr. Stead's article contained the following passage: "M. Stolypin said he thought the Salvation Army might come to Russia. It would at any rate interest the people and might be useful." There were, of course, other references to the work of the Army.

Russia. We are big with desire and busy with preparations for the event. May God guide and succeed us.

God willing, I am off to South Africa on Saturday. I can neither go forward nor backward with Rhodesia. When I want to proceed with the undertaking some obstacle ever blocks my way, and when I want to give it up and know it no more, I am equally withheld.

Almost accidentally, if there is such a thing, I was led last week into interviews with Lord Rosebery, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Crewe, Mr. Lyttelton, and Mr. Balfour on the subject. All were cordial and friendly to a remarkable degree, and none more sympathetic than Mr. Balfour. I had not met him before; he impressed me very much. With all this, I feel how blessed are they that expect nothing, etc.

Your intercourse with Bramwell[1] in the train on the way to St. Petersburg deeply interested him, and from the summary he gave me impressed me also. But you are ever interesting to us. Why, oh why, are you not a Salvationist!!

To which Mr. Stead replied:

MY DEAR GENERAL — What an unbelieving Turk you are! Do you not see, and can you not understand, that your path and mine are both marked out for us by One who is wiser than both of us put together? You find your way mysteriously hindered about Rhodesia, so that you neither seem to be able to go backwards or forwards. The meaning of this seems to me plain enough, namely, that you have a work to do there, but the time has not yet come for action; so with regard to my becoming a Salvationist. You know as well as any one that, looked at from the Salvation Army standpoint alone, God Almighty is making a great deal more use of me outside the Army than even He could have done inside. But I have no patience with such rank infidels as you and Bramwell! But this is an old story, and I have got to put up with you as you have got to put up with me. . . . Yours sincerely,

W. T. STEAD.

He left in the same month of August for the visit to South Africa, against which Lord Rosebery had warned him.

Lunched with the Governor [of Cape Colony], Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson.

On returning to the Hotel I found a card from the Prime Minister, Mr. Merriman. He is residing at the Hotel and wished an interview. I looked in on him and Mrs. Merriman at 6.25.

[1] Bramwell Booth was travelling to Stockholm.

He is a forcible and capable man. Very tall. He must be six feet five inches at least. He threw plenty of cold water on the Rhodesian Scheme, and I put all the religion into him I could. They say he is an infidel. I don't know; but he was very civil, nay, kindly, with me — but full of unbelief about any good coming out of my colonization plans. Oh, oh, oh, who can decide when so many professed experts disagree?

At Johannesburg the General was welcomed by Mr. (now Sir) Abe Bailey.

Mr. Abe Bailey took me in his motor to his magnificent mansion.

After lunch I had a long talk with him respecting Rhodesian affairs. I found him deeply interested and under the supposition that everything was settled, and that I was to visit Rhodesia and inaugurate the Scheme. He was very vexed to find that the thing was still in the air, and immediately cabled Dr. Jameson, saying, in substance, that my being in the country made it imperative that this matter should now be brought to an issue.

Kitching [the General's devoted Secretary] has had more talk with Mr. Bailey, who came in after I had retired, and he expresses himself most emphatically as to his going to help the Army in the future.

He has told Kitching to-night that he owns the most important newspapers in the country, and whatever there is that is important that he does not own, he intends to. He is going to wire the Government to-morrow morning, and tell them that if they will push this scheme, he will help them. He reckons that he has great influence with them.

At Bloemfontein:

The Governor, Sir Hamilton Goold-Adams, is a remarkably agreeable person. Has resided many years in Africa — was General in Command in Rhodesia during the Matabele rebellion, and was Governor of the Orange Free State during the Boer War.

He is much interested in my colonization plans, presided at my evening lecture, and, generally speaking, made my stay very agreeable.

At Pietermaritzburg:

9.30. Interview with the Governor.[1] Rather surprised to find him a Socialist — on the usual lines of theory and not practice. Had some really interesting converse with him.

[1] Sir Matthew Nathan.

11.0. Called by appointment on the Prime Minister. . . . I found that he had most of the Cabinet with him, and that the purpose he had in view was to know how far we could help them with their Reformating Young People.

The interview did not come to very much, seeing that at every turn their financial straitness barred the way.

However, we got out some facts and opened their eyes a little, I fancy.

As we broke up, the Secretary of the Premier informed me that he was a Sunday Scholar at Spalding, knowing a number of my old friends there.

Last night's lecture — excellent platform — members of the Natal Cabinet, three judges, representatives of all classes of the people greeted me when I rose to speak, upon the introduction of the Governor of the Colony, Sir Matthew Nathan. At the close the Prime Minister moved a vote of thanks, while the Chief Justice seconded the same.

Then follows an interesting observation concerning Jews:

The Governor, as I have conversed with him, has turned out to be a thoughtful, kindly, intelligent man — a Jew in Religion and Nationality, and in a further conversation I had with him yesterday I find he is a Socialist in theory, which, when put together with a Representative of the English Government in so important a position as that he occupies, makes rather a curious combination. He was evidently very much impressed last night, and asked, as I arrived at the door of the Government House, to see him again next morning. Dealing with Jews, like dealing with High Caste Hindus, is always a very difficult business. One reason for this is the inward abhorrence they have of making any change in their convictions. Giving up the Jewish Faith is so closely allied with giving up the Jewish Nationality, and so strongly is the attachment felt in this direction that it is very near akin to impossible to get them to alter.

He reflects in passing:

I suppose, although I am much impressed by the human brotherhood idea, that it would be very difficult to make me give up the English reticence which has been bred in me since my babyhood; but I have no time for reflections — I must go to the interview.

Back in England, we read in his journal on November 11:

. . . left for Nottingham to see Dr. Bell-Taylor about the cataract in my eye, which has become very troublesome. I am past reading, except large type, and then with difficulty. Everybody marvels that I am able to write so legibly, and I do myself. Still that is becoming more trying.

Dr. Taylor says I have cataract in both eyes, one of which is ready for operation, but recommends that I wait for the other to ripen also, so that both can be operated upon at the same time.

On the following day he appears to forget all about the cataract in critical news concerning his Rhodesian Scheme, that great hope of his latter days which is eluding him; but other subjects occur to keep his brain busy, as he waits for the operation on his dimming eyes. He writes to Bramwell on December 10, heading the letter: "To be *read*, but may wait for a *leisure moment*."

I cannot help feeling that we ought at once to arrange in our own minds, and as openly as it will be safe to do it, for the creation of a *superior* class of *Staff Officer*.

There is something in breeding and education and *conceit*— well, a sense of superiority — which carries immense weight, and is a source of great force in the individual possessing it and in the individuals on whom it is exercised. . . .

Would a Staff College do this? If so, the foundation of the Institution ought to be put in this very day. . . .

Of course, access to this superior Staff ought to be open to all the world, but only by extra *talent* combined with extra devotion. No more on this strain at the moment. . . .

On December 16 he underwent his first operation:

This is the day fixed for the operation. It is to be performed by Mr. Higgens, chief oculist of Guy's Hospital. I hope the Lord will hold and guide his hands, and make this thing a success.

Just got a letter from some friend at Bournemouth who says that he had five operations on his eyes, and that they were all a failure, and he had arranged to have his eyeball taken out on the Saturday, but on the day previous it took a turn for the better, and finally his sight came back and he has seen all right for the last four years. He attributes this restoration to the prayers of the Salvationists round and about.

12 noon. The Nurse, about whom we felt a little curious, has just arrived. She seems a very kind person — friendly

and manageable. I don't get on well with hard, dictatorial members of this class.

Shortly after I was summoned up stairs with the announcement that the Doctors had arrived, and that all was ready. I found the Doctor with his shirt sleeves turned up looking like business, and I was requested to sit down, and receive what I suppose was a baptism of cocaine in both eyes, and then undressed, got myself ready for bed, after which I mounted the Operating Table that had been extemporized in the middle of the room.

It was 3 o'clock. The afternoon was foggy — the light consequently imperfect, but the Doctor announced that he had brought with him an Electric lamp which would enable him to operate with or without the light of day.

I must say I felt rather curious as I lay myself down, and as he grasped my head and commenced his work, but I simply felt that all I could do was, as I said to the operator when he was giving me some directions — "All right, I am in the hands of God and you."

The effect of the cocaine was marvellous. After putting his needle into the eye in order to make a stitch to hold it in position, he thrust his knife into it — turned it round and then the darkened lens was brought forth. A little friction of the eyelid on the eyeball, very gently done, finished the operation. The actual work on the eye did not last more than two minutes. Both eyes were then bandaged up with sticking-plaster to prevent any movement whatever; a pad of wadding held in its place, elastic bands round the head completed the business, and I was piloted to bed, and lay down, full of gratitude that the long-looked-for was successfully commenced. I have to spend 48 hours in this entire darkness before the Doctor is to remove the bandage to inspect his work.

In his journal for December 21 we find the dictated entry:

Received a kind message of sympathy from Her Majesty the Queen, reading as follows: "Have felt so much for you, and hope the operation successful, and trust you are getting on towards complete recovery, and that the sight you need so much will soon be completely restored. THE QUEEN."

I replied as follows:

"General Booth thanks Her Majesty for Her gracious sympathy with him in the operation he has found necessary, and for the kind expressions in her telegram. Mr. Higgens has

just seen the eye and says that it could not possibly be doing better. The General begs to offer his best wishes for Her Majesty's happiness."

On Christmas Day, her birthday, he telegraphed to Eva Booth in New York:

Love unchanging, increasing, eternal. GENERAL.

## CHAPTER XXIX

AFFORDING FURTHER EVIDENCE OF ROYAL FAVOUR AND CONCLUDING WITH ANOTHER STAGE ON THE ROAD TO BLINDNESS

1909

In the journal for 1909 we find a Royal beginning to which an amusing story is appended:

Florence (Mrs. Bramwell Booth) had a long interview with H.R.H. Princess Louise, who was very much interested in what she saw and heard. At the same time, she was utterly astounded to find we had any financial difficulty — she supposed we were rolling in money. She thinks she can influence Lord Strathcona in our Emigration Work . . . and secure some further practical co-operation. She told Flo a good story of a friend of hers in discussing the question of the unemployed.

She said her manservant asked for a day's holiday, which was willingly granted. During the morning she had to go to her Club on business, and while conversing with a friend a procession of unemployed was announced as coming along the street. She out of curiosity went to the window to have a look at the unfortunate throng, and who should she find at the head of it, and directing its course and cheering its progress, but her servant.

He has now become so interesting to mankind that he cannot take a walk without suffering the inconvenience of what he calls his "public position." He writes on January 15:

I see that they have got rather a grotesque portrait of me in the papers, copied from a picture that a Pressman took while I walked out for a little exercise yesterday. It is rather awkward that I cannot move without either being caricatured or made to say things that you either don't want to say or never have thought of saying; but I suppose it is part of the price one has to pay for the public position occupied.

An admirable example of his "begging letters"— outspoken, honest, and yet unmistakably adroit — may be

found in the following effort to raid the coffers of Mr. (now Sir) Abe Bailey even when on the departure platform of Waterloo Station. This letter was written in January:

MY DEAR MR. BAILEY — Colonel Kitching brought me late last night the purport of his interview with you, and I must say that it was a considerable disappointment. I would have liked very much to have seen you again before leaving, but I could not for a moment expect you to come here, suffering, as I am informed you are, from a heavy cold, or, apart from that, involved as you must be in an unavoidable rush of business arrangements consequent upon your departure. But I did hope that you might before leaving have seen your way to giving me a little practical encouragement in the heavy fight I am waging with the miseries and vices and misfortunes of men.

Rhodesia is evidently gone; anyway, it has nearly faded out of sight.

I have heard such promises as Mr. Asquith seems to have hinted at to you yesterday, until their repetition only makes me sick at heart. They have ceased to have any influence upon my hopes or activities. The time extracted from my busy life, and the money drawn from our limited exchequer, and expended on Rhodesia during the last few years, I now regard as all but wasted. If the scheme ever comes back, it must be dealt with on its merits at the time. I have not changed my views for a moment as to the conviction that Colonization must be the natural outlet for the overplus population of this country, or that Rhodesia is the most likely, if not the only possible country for such a Scheme to be tried with the possibility of success; but, as I have said, the door at present is closed.

Meanwhile, here are these world-wide necessities, you might say agonies, with which God and humanity call me to grapple, and I had entertained the hope that you were going to assist me in the struggle, but you find difficulties in the way of doing so.

For instance, you won't help these poor wretches that are down, these poor wretches who from misfortune have fallen on the highway of life; you regard them as beyond hope.

But if a drunken stoker had been half scalded to death on board your steamer, would you for the sake of a sovereign or two leave him to be thrown overboard or left to die in agony in the hold of the ship? You know you would not.

At the present moment there are 1,800 able-bodied men in my Industrial Homes,[1] who are stranded and wounded and

[1] All the figures quoted in this letter relate to London only.

cannot get up again. They cost me something like £2,000 per annum, and but for rent and taxes they would cost the public charity nothing. On the contrary, I could even make it better for them or make a profit out of them to do good to somebody else.

But, never mind. Elevators, Shelters, Hospitals, Slums, Emigration, or other Schemes, don't appeal to you; but there are the boys.

Good! Let us help the boys, and here is an illustration, the particulars of which were brought to my notice after our interview, of what the vitality, skill, and religion of the Salvation Army can do for the boys.

During the last year 486 boys came creeping in with the men in the shelters, or brought to us by the Police, or appealed to us themselves for help, were taken out of the streets in London, and dealt with after the following fashion. There were 486, I say, in the whole, and here is what became of them:

| | |
|---|---|
| Ran away, sent back to parents or guardians . . . | 156 |
| Sent to trades, industries, such as mining, farming, and the like . . . . . | 186 |
| Sent to institutions belonging to other societies . . | 74 |
| Emigrated . . . . . | 8 |
| Sent to the navy . . . . . | 6 |
| Feeble-minded . . . . . | 56 |
| | 486 |

That scheme is, in deed and truth, the by-product of the Salvation Army. Worked without any proper building or without any direction from the General or the Chief of the Staff.

Well, let us do something on a large scale for the boys. I have held off the ordinary systems because they are so costly. A boy taken into such institutions costs from first to last from a hundred to a hundred and fifty pounds; whereas here is a plan of dealing with them effectively, but upon a much more economic fashion. But it must be improved upon.

I am better: my sight is gradually coming back again, and it is possible that I may continue to occupy my place in the front of the battle for some years to come.

At present, finance is my difficulty. It does seem rather strange that where a movement has developed such immense capacities in not only doing good, but for using money with such effect and economy, that we should be left to the straitened condition as we find ourselves [in] at the present moment.

I had thought it possible, as I hinted in my last letter, that on this visit you would have said to me, "General, I have looked at you, I have inspected a little of your work, I see its beneficial character, I admire your system of action, and the business-like way in which you go about matters, and I gladly hail the privilege of helping you." But this is evidently not your feeling at the present moment.

And now, my dear friend, you are going away. In six months' time you send me word you will come back again, and do something to help me with this heavy burden.

Before six months we may both have gone beyond the power of doing anything to either please God or help man, so far as this world goes.

However, I must persevere with my work, and that I certainly shall do, and look to Him whom I serve to supply my need.

Good-bye; you know that from the bottom of my heart I wish you a pleasant voyage and all prosperity that will be for your highest and everlasting profit.

I hope you will find the boy and girl well. I should have liked to have known them. It may be that I shall at some future time.— Believe me, Your sincere, and I think I can say, Your affectionate friend, WILLIAM BOOTH.

William Booth, it must be remembered, was constantly harassed for want of money, an irksome and distressing destiny which he has passed on to his successor. He was never once in all his long and indefatigable life free from money worries. It was his bitterest complaint against the world that it would not let him save the lost and the sorrowful.

Perhaps it was the eternal want of pence, which vexes philanthropists as well as literary men, that made him write in February of this year to Bramwell announcing his intention to abandon some literary undertaking which was then occupying his attention:

Don't bother to come over here! I shan't be able to look at you for very mortification with my failure. . . .

I live and move and have my being in you more than ever.

A visit to the then Prince and Princess of Wales on February 17 inspired only this formal entry in the journal, and no useful rough notes are to be discovered:

Marlborough House at 11.30 for interview with Prince and Princess of Wales. Colonel —— accompanied me.

The Private Secretaries to the Prince and Princess were most agreeable, and so was Sir William Carrington, the Comptroller of the Household.

Marlborough House is a fine, spacious and imposing building. More imposing entrance halls I have seldom seen.

The Prince and Princess were interested in the extreme. I stayed with them an hour and twenty minutes, and then their Royal Highnesses seemed reluctant to let me leave.

On the following day he writes:

It appears that John Burns made a bitter attack on us in the House the other night. Will Crooks, a leading Labour Member, answered. But still it is awkward that a leading member of the Cabinet should attack private individuals . . . when the same individuals have no opportunity of answering.

The Chief sent —— off to ask Churchill what this means.

The Report of the Poor Law Commission is out and appears to be a weighty and sensible document. All the recommendations made by me are embodied in it.

In the train to Hamburg, on February 24, he writes to Bramwell, referring to an attack on one of the Social Scheme institutions by Socialists:

The Socialistic raving — I can't help but think that by putting our heads together we might produce a paper that would show how utterly mistaken and undeserved and unjust they are, without attacking them. Something on this line might do:—

Things objected to; and then enumerate a number, with illustrations of our efforts with respect to them, and ask the question, "What objection can there be to this?"

I am not supposing for a moment that we shall make any impression on the genuine Socialist, although I am not sure, but we shall make an impression on the average working man. . . .

Stead, on Monday night, gave expression to a principle on which I have acted, although very imperfectly from my boyhood — of never letting the opportunity pass of explaining what we are doing, and why we do it.

I felt quite vexed with myself for being unwilling to put myself out of the way a little . . . to let that photographer have a shot at me as I left the house. . . .

Only think what a position I have reached, or rather to what a position I have been raised by the providence of God, that my features or a sentence of my speech should speak to the

minds and hearts of men everywhere and be considered by them. God help me to make the most of the privilege! . . .

In Copenhagen the General was billeted with the Count and Countess Moltke:

The Countess accompanied me (to his Meeting). She is a great light in the Plymouth Brethren fashion; she expressed her bewilderment at what I said about Backsliders, saying that if a man, as she put it, had Eternal Life given him how was it possible for him ever to be lost. I did not argue with the lady, but turned the conversation on to some practical aspect of the remarkable meeting we had just left. . . .

The Countess was present at all the meetings, went with me down to the boat on the following morning. She got lost in the crowd as I went on board the boat, but wrote to me a beautiful letter, which shows that some effect had been produced in her heart.

The Count was present at the night meeting, and much affected.

He writes to Bramwell from Christiania, in March:

My reception here is truly marvellous. The people really love me and love the S.A. You ought to make the most you can of me, *only* don't kill me right off.

I hear this morning that the leader of the "Young Socialists' Party"— that is, the party of *force*, and the party from whom the most is feared here — telegraphed to the leader of the same party at Gothenburg yesterday, saying: "I heard General Booth last night; go and hear him to-night. He has got something to say worth hearing."

At Stockholm, on March 16, he writes in his journal:

One of my first duties was to meet the Minister of the Interior, who came to see me to express the kind sentiments entertained by the King, and his wishes for the success of my visit to Stockholm. He was exceedingly nice, evidently a shrewd politician, a man of the world, possessed of some considerable knowledge, and, with it all, is in sympathy with the S.A.

In the course of the conversation I mentioned some of my suggestions for dealing with the poor and outcast classes, and I discovered that he was familiar with what I had been saying up and down the country, and in a large measure approved of the same.

The General who introduced me to the meeting was a General Rappe, Ex-Minister of War, and a few years ago a prom-

inent General in the Army. Fine appearance. Made a few remarks . . . very friendly, but rather stiff and cold. Closed with reading a passage of Scripture, announcing beforehand that if he read the passage in question there would at least be something in his speech worth listening to.

A copy of General Rappe's speech is appended to this entry:

The great men of this world have added to our knowledge in different directions; but you, General, have tried to meet the deepest needs of humanity — their cravings with regard to the matters of eternity.

The brilliant successes of the Salvation Army are due to the fact that its leader has led the way to what is the kernel and essence of Christianity. And by that I mean our Saviour's farewell command to His Disciples, to spread all over the world the glorious message of salvation by grace. That Gospel is God's power.

But the Salvation Army has not been content only to proclaim the Gospel. It has added to this duty a marvellous work of benevolence, a network of agencies which stands alone in its extent, scope, and success.

On March 16 he writes:

Difficulties have sprung up during the last two or three days in Russia as to my visit to St. Petersburg, which are likely to extend even to Finland, and when Count Hamilton informed me that the King, having a Political crisis on hand, was afraid he would not be able to see me, I intimated that a friendly interview, if it only lasted five minutes, might be of some service. I thought I could see that he understood the position, and went to arrange it if possible.

My next business was an interview with the British Minister, Sir Cecil Spring Rice. He came with a letter from the Russian Ambassador here, who had heard from St. Petersburg that I could only be allowed to enter Russia on condition that I held no meetings, and that this also applied to Finland. This was appalling, as we were to leave the following night. Sir Cecil was most sympathetic. He had already been to a great deal of trouble, and was willing to do anything that could be done. The difficulties appeared insurmountable. To disappoint Finland, now that all the Officers are in Helsingfors or on the way there, whilst meetings are announced and expectations are at the highest point, appears to be a calamity of no small importance.

However, it was arranged that Commr. Higgins, who

reached Stockholm yesterday noon, should join the British Minister in an interview with the Russian Ambassador at 3.0 this afternoon, and hear what could be done. Meanwhile we have telegraphed London, Finland, etc., so that if it can be it will be; if it can't be we must go back to London, and bear the disappointment as best we can. It is not our disappointment, but the disappointment of the Finns, I am concerned about. We shall see.

And later:

. . . news came to hand from St. Petersburg to the effect that the objection with respect to visiting Finland had been withdrawn. Thus, after endless telegrams, interviews with British Representatives, Russian Representatives, and all sorts of conferences and wonderments, we are informed that the way is clear, and we are not only allowed to carry out our programme in Finland, but, on the condition named — "No meetings or speeches" — to pass through St. Petersburg on our way to London.

All this is puzzling, remembering that Stolypin, the Russian Prime Minister, had consented to our commencing public operations in the country and approved the publication of the fact in the English *Times* some eight or nine weeks ago.

The following account of his doings in Stockholm is composed of extracts from the journal and reports written by the General himself:

One of the first pieces of information I get this morning, after I had finished my correspondence with London, is a message that the King desired my attendance at the Palace at 12 o'clock. . . . The officials received me with more than friendliness, really sympathy. I went in to see His Majesty alone.

The apartment in which my interview with the King took place was sumptuously luxurious beyond my power of description.

Every wall and niche and corner was crowded with pictures, statuary, porcelain, and art curios. The carpets and tapestries were exquisite, the gold and silver treasures without number, and, on the whole, this accumulation of artistic tastes for beauty made a palace of delight.

In this apartment the recently crowned King was seated. He rose on my entrance, at once took my hand in his, and in kindly tones delivered a little speech, in which he assured me of his sympathy with me personally, and offered his con-

gratulations on the great work for humanity that had been accomplished through the agency of the Army.

Then, sitting down, he motioned me to a seat, and conversed freely on the Army, the present aspect of Society, the different difficult social problems that Governments have to grapple with, and other matters that showed his genuine interest in the welfare of his people.

I congratulated His Majesty on the great opportunity for benefiting his people that lay before him. He demurred to my somewhat roseate description of these opportunities, remarking that, difficult as my position must be, his task was more difficult still.

Here it was my turn to demur, and in a half-serious manner I indicated that I had been imagining, during the wakeful hours of the past night, what I would do were I a king, and a king in such circumstances as was His Majesty. He at once, with a genuine smile, asked me to tell him.

I did so, but I have not time to tell you. . . .

His Majesty could not have been more genial. He is tall, slender, and apparently anything but vigorous. We conversed for half an hour or more in the most familiar manner. I don't know that I have ever met any Royalty with whom I have felt as free, and I hope that what passed between us may be of some little interest and profit to His Majesty.

An interesting speech by Prince Bernadotte, brother of King Gustav, was delivered at "a select meeting" conducted by William Booth. From this speech we gather some idea of the General's position in Sweden:

Before we hear anything as to that which constitutes the reason of our presence here this afternoon, I beg to present to our honoured guest, General Booth, our sincere thanks that he, in the midst of a rigorous winter, regardless of the inconveniences of such a journey, and notwithstanding his advanced age, has not hesitated to pay a visit to our Northern clime.

We thank him, however, not only for this, but also that his great love for the fallen embraces the lost ones even among our own people, and for the splendid work which he and his devoted followers have performed.

I have solicited permission, before I close, to render the General the greatest service that can be rendered to a warrior of the Cross, namely, to present him and his work in prayer before God, from whom all power comes.

The wickedness of these days is great; sin comes to the front in a more undiguised form and in a more dreadful man-

ner than before. The contrast between different classes and different positions of Society make the fight more and more acute. He who sets out upon this struggle must despair if he doesn't realize that when he fights the Lord's battles He Himself is with you.

That a great deal of the suffering that falls on men and women is a consequence of sin, I firmly believe. On the other hand, I am sure that this suffering constitutes God's most glorious opportunity to prepare the way for His Kingdom. If such were not the case, we would become depressed and hopeless at sight of all the sorrow round about us. God has put us in the school here, in order to prepare us for our place in Heaven.

The Salvation Army and its beloved General have kept this view of matters ever before them. They have never forgotten that their first and greatest task is to help those who are heart-broken by sin and suffering, and to endeavour to direct their look upwards, towards Him who is able to help.

I believe that the success of the Salvation Army is, in the first place, due to the fact that, in all its duties in the years that are past, it has never forgotten to walk in the footsteps of John the Baptist, and point to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world. That is the object. All other things are only so many different means by which the attention of men and women is drawn to God's gift in Jesus Christ.

The Archbishop of Upsala stepped on the platform after a speech by the General, and, grasping his hand, thanked him most warmly for his address.

Delighted by his reception, William Booth wrote in his journal at Helsingfors:

The Press has been unanimous in proclaiming the great good the Army has brought to their much-loved land. The most influential afternoon paper published in the country printed the following:

"There are many kings and princes in this world, many great men, ecclesiastical or worldly, civilians and military, and if you want to refer to any of them you are compelled to add the name to the attribute, but when you speak of 'The General,' then it is not needed, for all the world knows that it is a question of General Booth. The other great men are many, but he is a unique one, like the Pope."

The visit to Petersburg, as it was then called, proved to be a success. William Booth was received in a most friendly fashion by Grand Dukes and Duchesses, by Princes

and by Cabinet Ministers. He held a drawing-room meeting during this two days' stay in the Russian Capital, occupied a seat in the Diplomatic circle at a meeting of the Duma, and was entertained at the British Embassy.

He returned to England, and after a business-like interview with Sir Edward Henry, First Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, in which he asked that a good character might be given to the Russian Police if they inquired about the Salvation Army, on April 6 he paid his second visit to Buckingham Palace, this time to see Queen Alexandra:

I left Headquarters at 2.45 . . . for Buckingham Palace. After waiting a short time — during which I amused myself by gazing at the stiff angular portraits on the walls, and looking through the window at the Memorial of the late Queen — the Queen and Dowager Empress entered. After the usual assurances of welcome and expressions of the pleasure my visit gave them the Queen seized a chair, turned it round, asked me to sit down opposite one of the lounges, and with the Empress seated herself in front of me, and the conversation at once began.

We had not been talking long before a lady entered, and was introduced by the Queen as her daughter. This individual I found was the Princess Victoria. She was a little serious and dignified, but nevertheless she had a calm, self-composed, and interesting manner. She stayed with us throughout the interview and occasionally took part in the conversation.

The Queen appeared to me even younger than when I saw her before, and being more closely seated I had the opportunity of more carefully observing her. I readily perceived how she must have been a really beautiful woman, and I can readily understand the raptures into which the community was thrown by her appearance when she first landed in this country to be the bride of His Majesty.

The Dowager Empress is shorter in stature, and with as dark complexion as the Queen is light. I should certainly not have taken them for sisters, but the friendly manner of both soon made me forget outward appearances.

The Queen led the way in the conversation. I tried to state as well as I could the reason for my desire to see the Empress, referred to my recent visit to St. Petersburg, to the individuals whom I supposed were known to Her Majesty, whom I had had the privilege to meet there. We talked about what would happen if the Salvation Army commenced operations. The only difficulty expressed by the Empress was that she was

afraid that it would be thought that we should be likely to clash with the Church. She remarked that the Russian was naturally religious, deeply attached to his Church, and she thought it would be expected that the Army would take them away from the Church and lead to the formation of another Sect, which was very objectionable to the Russian Authorities. I remarked that there were multitudes of people who never entered the Church, to which statement she objected. I said, well perhaps they go once a year; she said, many of them once a day.

It was neither time nor place for me to controvert the Empress's statement, but certainly it was capable of modification. At the same time, great masses of the Russian people are slavishly attached to the Church and its forms and ceremonies, although, practically speaking, uninfluenced by its teaching or its example.

To instance the necessity for the Army, I mentioned the prevalence of drunkenness. Here it was admitted at once that the Church Festivals were often seasons of frightful intemperance.

I spoke of our work in Cologne in this respect, and in many other parts of the world.

At this time, or soon afterwards, the Queen asked Princess Victoria if she would fetch her Album, as she wanted the General to subscribe his name. It was brought, and my Birthday was found. With my fountain-pen I wrote my name across the page. In doing so the Queen observed that I had inked my fingers, and she at once led me to the table, where there was a sponge by which I could cleanse them, tearing a sheet of blotting-paper to clean the pen.

The Empress then produced her Album and Princess Victoria introduced hers. When I got to Princess Victoria's I got a little bolder, and I wrote over my name "Saved to save." This pleased her. They all three read it, whereupon I wrote over my name in the Dowager Empress's Book "Seeking and saving the lost." This also gave pleasure, and I was vexed that I had not written something striking over the Queen's. However, it was too late.

They were busy talking round me. I really felt a little confused as to what should come next. I could not very well say, "Queens and Empresses," so I said, "Ladies, shall we be seated?" The Queen assented. As I turned away I remarked to the Princess Victoria, "I am afraid I am spoiling my manners." "Oh no," said the Princess, "this is just how we like to have it." Whereupon I took the Queen upon my arm and escorted her to the sofa, and we resumed the position at [in]which we had sat before.

The Queen said, "Tell us something more about the

work." It is very awkward that the proper things do not always come at the moment; it was so with me. However, I wanted to show the necessity for divine operation in the hearts of those men whom we wanted to benefit, an illustration of which had been given me by Treen the night before, that happened at New Barnet.

The Testimony of a man — who, holding the handle of the door of a public-house, was about to enter, when he heard the Army singing —

> See from His head, His hands, His feet,
> Sorrow and love flow mingled down,
> Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
> Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

He stopped to listen; and he said a strange feeling came over him. "Ah," said the Queen, turning to the Empress, repeating the words. And a voice said to him, "Play the man; put your foot down; now's your time." He turned away from the Public-House, and he followed the Salvationists to the Hall, went to the Mercy-Seat, and was saved with the Salvation of God.

Here the Queen, with a wondering look on her face, said "Saved! that's what we all want." "Did he stand firm?" or some question to the same effect, was proposed by the Empress, whereupon I remarked that I believed he did. As did much of the blossom of the spring fall away, and many of the infants born into the world die, so it was with the spiritual blossoms and the religious babyhood, to which the Queen heartily assented.

And so the conversation drifted on, the Queen apologizing again and again for occupying so much of my valuable time. Asking me carefully as to the improvement in my sight, and wishing me safe through the operation which was to follow during the week, and reiterating her expressions of sympathy and good-will. I withdrew — all shaking me by the hand in the most friendly manner, the Queen doing this over and over again. The interview, so remarkable, so unlike anything I could possibly have expected, indicating not only high respect and deep interest, but real affection, came to a termination.

Before I could get my coat on at the entrance hall a representative of the Associated Press wanted to know what he might be allowed to say to the public respecting the interview.

After this interesting episode the General wrote to the three Royal ladies. In his journal for April 13th we read:

Had the agreeable surprise of receiving an acknowledgment by Sir Sidney Greville of my letters to the Queen and Dowager Empress, expressing the pleasure the interview had given them, and requesting me to send an autographed photograph similar to the one I had forwarded to Princess Victoria. Accompanying Sir Sidney's letter was a photograph of the three ladies.

A newspaper interviewer gave the following account of his conversation with the General in *The Standard* of the day following:

. . . "Sit down, please," he said, holding out a firm hand. "Yes, I've just come back from Buckingham Palace, where I have had a most pleasant afternoon with their Majesties. . . ."

"A curious contrast," agrees the General musingly, "when I think of those tiny bands parading the streets, scoffed at by the foolish, and regarded by some of the organized Churches as outrageous and indecorous, and to-day, with the Army established, recognized, and respected by magistrates, and police, and public bodies. . . ."

"Looking back over the history of the Army, General, is there anything in its organization you regret? Suppose you had to start again, would you have worked in the same direction?"

The General thought some time before he replied. "No," he said slowly; "there are very few regrets in my life, and I cannot think of any especial alteration I would make if I had to begin all over again. I have made mistakes, of course, though very often, when I have acknowledged in my mind an error of judgment, a voice has said, 'How do you know that you are wrong? — wait and see.' If I had to start afresh, I should do very much as I have done, employing the same methods, making for the same end."

"What is the Army's future?"

"That depends upon the Army. If she is energetic and faithful and steadfast, she will go branching out, this way and that way, going from great to greater things. If she is slothful and slackens her zeal, she will perish"— he nodded his head gravely —"yes, I hope she will perish and be swept away, for dead things should not encumber the ground, but should make place for the living."

"General, they say of the Army that it has no enemies nowadays; is not that a bad sign? that you are all becoming respectable ——"

"Respected," interposed the General, swiftly, "but I hope not respectable in the sense you mean, if by respectable you

mean smug and tame. But you are mistaken when you think that the Army has no enemies — there are many."

The interview, which began abruptly, ended as abruptly, for at the conclusion of his sentence the firm hand was outstretched and "Good-bye" spoken. This was at five o'clock in the evening, and there were still visitors to be seen.

I asked one of the Officers if the General was very well. He smiled tolerantly, as at an absurd question. "He's wonderfully so," he said drily. "When I tell you that he has been at Headquarters since morning, metaphorically turning everything and everybody upside down, you may gather that there is little wrong with the General."

A cutting from *The War Cry* gives one some idea of the way in which his 80th birthday was greeted:

From the Castle, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales graciously telegraphed:

*The Princess and I wish to offer you our hearty congratulations on your Eightieth Birthday.* GEORGE.

His Majesty King Frederick, of Denmark, sent the following cordial message from Copenhagen:

*May I offer you my heartiest and sincerest congratulations? God bless you and give you the best success in your Army's labours and its continued prosperity.*

Earl Grey, the Governor-General of Canada, wrote:

*May continued health and happiness bless your Eightieth Birthday and enable you to increase your great record of good work accomplished. There are many in Canada better and happier for your life's work, and who have good reason to join me in the hope that you may long be blessed with sufficient strength to put new heart into thousands.*

A grateful tribute from London's chief magistrate ran:

*Accept my hearty felicitations and good wishes on this interesting anniversary.* GEORGE WYATT TRUSCOTT,
*Lord Mayor.*

Sir Hubert von Herkomer — the famous painter — wired from Bushey:

*Heartiest congratulations this day. May you live for ever.*

IN HIS STUDY (1909)

One of his chief desires at this time was to get the Salvation Army into Russia, a country he had long coveted, but where Orthodoxy had no welcome for the militancy of so successful a Heterodoxy. He writes in his journal on April 15:

. . . by seven I was at the Russian Embassy, Chesham Place, in consultation with Count Beckendorf. I asked him if he could give us any suggestions that would be advantageous to us in our Russian enterprise. I found the Count most free and friendly, and so far as I could judge quite anxious for the Army to commence its work in his country, and really and truly desirous that the effort should be a success.

I understood him to say that he had just seen Stolypin, the Prime Minister. If he had not seen him recently he had heard from him within the last few days, and that Stolypin had assured him that he saw no reason why the Army should not have perfect freedom for its proposed operations. In conjunction with the Dowager Empress, he saw the difficulty presented by the Ecclesiastical Authorities, and could not refrain from pointing out that the reactionary party might be induced to suppress the Movement — that is, if they saw it was likely to become a real power in the country.

At the close of the interview he asked if I would be willing to speak with the Countess, to which of course I acceded, and the lady entered the room. She was a very intelligent and interesting person; most genial and friendly in her manner, and I should think full of sympathy with all that the Army is trying to do.

But emigration, even if Rhodesia remained in the moon, was still a great interest:

Called by appointment on Earl Grey, Governor of Canada, at Lady Wantage's, Carlton Gardens. Beautiful mansion. Superbly furnished. Had a few words with Lady W. at the Earl's request. Beautiful face and figure and deportment — but very lame. Gout I guessed. She seemed interested in what the Army had done in the way of Emigration and Social amelioration generally.

Spent a little time with the Earl afterwards. He could not have been more genial, and was apparently pleased to see me.

He is anxious to help us so far as he is able.

He says that the Canadian Governmental people, from Sir Wilfrid Laurier downwards, are most favourable to our Emigration Work, the difficulty lying in the way of non-practical assistance consisting of the possibility of them doing for us what they cannot do for other religious philanthropies.

He promised that his vote and interest at every turn and all time should be at our service.

He meets Lords Strathcona and Mountstephen before he sails on Friday, and says he will speak for us to them. They have both amassed fortunes out of Canada, and ought, I dare to think, to help in our efforts to benefit the Dominion by relieving this country of some of its superfluous population — thereby preventing suffering, and building up the British Empire, which they all desire.

In his motor tour of this year he had a very touching interview with the venerable Bishop of Hereford (Dr. Perceval), of which he left, unfortunately, no account. The following description was written by a member of his Staff, and we must be grateful for this second-hand chronicle of a moment in William Booth's life which was perhaps among its simplest and most beautiful:

It was drawing dark when the motor-Fleet entered Hereford; the day had been packed with hard work and long journeys, and though very weary, it was with keen anticipation that the General entered the city, for the Bishop was to preside, and this was an epoch in Army history here.

It was a great meeting. Never, never was the General greater and grander than at that meeting in the Drill Hall.

Driving from the Hall to the Palace — the first Ecclesiastical Palace at which the General had stayed in this country — the General entered into a hearty and happy conversation with his Lordship.

Already he was experiencing some trifling inconvenience from his eye, which the following day was to necessitate the close of the campaign and his return to London for the operation which resulted in the loss of the sight of that eye.

I left him eating his frugal meal of milk, roast apple, and dry toast, and discussing in the antique dining-hall with the Bishop matters which were very dear to his heart.

Having prepared his room, and feeling that he should be reminded of the late hour and the fact that he had a heavy day before him on the morrow, I re-entered the room, and as I did so, I found these two old veterans praying.

I shall never forget the earnestness depicted on both their faces as they pleaded with God for the salvation of the people, and for His blessing on their respective labours.

I stood with bowed head, fearing lest I should disturb them by leaving the apartment.

Presently the General lifted his head, and looking into the Bishop's face with an intensity of purpose, said, "My Lord,

give me your benediction." Immediately the Bishop placed his hand upon the head of our beloved General and gave him the blessing. "And now," said his Lordship, "Give me your blessing, General," and in response the General placed his hand upon the Bishop's head and called down upon him the blessings of Almighty God.

I do not think I shall ever forget the sacred solemnity of that moment.

We must follow the patriarch through another approach to the dark house of physical blindness:

Meeting in the Drill Hall — a big place — talked for an hour and a half with ease, freedom, point, and power, and I think with effect. I noticed, however, that my eye failed me when trying to read a few statistics. I put it down to the bad light. However, my eye got worse, paining me more as the night went on.

On August 17 he writes, after leaving Hereford, "in a very dilapidated condition":

Got to Pontypool at 11. Very enthusiastic meeting, spoke for an hour with my usual freedom.

However, I felt as though something serious was coming on with my eye . . . the gentleman with whom I was billeted was a doctor, and . . . he knew something of oculism.

I asked for his candid opinion as soon as I could sit down in my room. He at once announced my eye to be in a serious condition. He said the scar had given way. The iris was involved, and that I must see my oculist at once.

After the meeting at Newport, on the same day, he determined to consult another doctor:

I thought I should never get to the billet. It was a long climb up a hill. While I was having my cup of tea the Doctor was announced. He at once pronounced the eye to be in a dangerous condition. Forbade my continuing with the Motor Campaign, and said that I must at once go to London. I resolved to do so, and without further delay I gave the campaign up. The people were waiting by the wayside in thousands as well as at mass-meetings arranged for Risca and Abertillery.

I suggested that I should see the other doctor . . . and while they were looking and talking I discovered that I was practically blind in the new eye. That settled me to go to London forthwith that night. Got the 11.5 sleeper, as they

call it, in a storm. Wretched accommodation — dirty old carriage. Dark, rainy, dismal night.

He dragged himself to his oculist, who sent him into a nursing-home till the inflammation subsided. On August 18 he writes:

Mr. Higgens came to see me again and again, and brought Mr. Eason with him, and they said they were making some examinations of matter that had come out of the eye.

The pain continued very bad; in fact, the Doctor announced to me that I had got an abscess in my eye, caused by some virulently poisonous microbe that had got into it by some means or other.

*August* 19.— The Doctor announced that they had been cultivating these bacilli, and had got five millions at Guy's Bacteriological Department. They had boiled them down, made them into a salve, and then proposed to inject it hypodermically.

I consented. I didn't know where I was or what I was doing hardly. Like the drowning man and the straws, I caught at anything.

*August* 20.— In the evening the doctor suggested to the Chief that he had given up any hope of saving the eye or any part of it; at least he perhaps didn't say so much, but left him to infer that.

*August* 21.— The Doctor communicated his fears to me that the operation would have to be performed. I said, "Very well, when?" He said, "To-day." I said, "What hour?" He replied, "One o'clock." I said, "I will be ready."

At 1.15 Higgens, Eason, Dr. Harry Campbell, who was watching the thing from the Chief's standpoint, and the anaesthetic administrator were all ready.

The Chief saw them transfer me to the board, unbandage the eye, and then Higgens signalled to him that he had better retire.

The sensations were a little strange as I received the chloroform. Nothing remarkable.

My next sense of consciousness was the struggle I seemed to be making with some opposing forces that were dragging me, I do not know where. All sense of what had happened had passed away from me. All I could do was to cry out: "Where am I? Where am I? What has happened?"

Then I recognized the voice of the Nurse saying, "You are

in your own bed." Gradually I calmed down, and was informed that the thing was all over, and I found that after the struggle of nine months, with all its waiting and hoping for the preservation of the eye, it was gone irrevocably.

However, my heart was comforted by the fact that, however imperfect it might be, I still had the power of discerning objects round about me; that the one was left, and so thanked God and took courage.

*August 22.*— Mr. Higgens has just called and unbandaged the eye and finds that the thing is progressing as satisfactorily as can be expected, with the exception of some little woollen stuff with which he had closed the aperture he had made in the eye to prevent any extraneous poisonous matter entering, and which had become cemented with blood.

The agony caused by his efforts to get it out was beyond words to describe. After working at it for some time he gave it up for the day, thinking that nature might soften the thing. . . .

*August 23.* . . . At ten Dr. Higgens came in to finish his attempts to extract the stopping. I had to submit. He tried cocaine, any quantity of it — pulled with all his might — it was no use — he could not get the thing out.

However, I told him I would bear it as long as I could; if I told him to stop he was to stop. I did. I had to cry out, "I can bear this no longer; you must stop," which he did; and directly after I said, "Go on." This last pull was frightful, frightful beyond the concentrated agony I had endured for years together — then he announced it was done.

My scalp was so sore I could scarcely bear the ends of the hair touching. The doctors said it was the result of the cutting of the nerve. The pains were neuralgic in character, and hard to be borne.

After reaching home once more he writes:

*September 1.*

I am still struggling on. I am sleeping very poorly; little or no appetite; the pain, although less severe, still continues.

They stick to it that I am doing well, and Adjutant Treen, my housekeeper, quotes her favourite text for my consolation whenever she has the opportunity — that "All things work together for good."

On September 2 he wrote to Bramwell:

My dear Chief — By accident, as it were, I have stumbled into my old chair at the table where I have spent so many hun-

dreds of hours writing for my Master; the pen and paper are within reach and the desire to again use them irresistibly springs up in my heart. I make the experiment, and to my joy find that I can make strokes and signs that I think will not be illegible to those for whom they may be intended, and the first sentence my heart prompts is to ask you again to join with me in grateful praise to my Heavenly Father for His loving care of me — body and soul, during this affliction, giving me another assurance for the future.— Yours, in love for all, hope for the years to come, and faith for greater triumphs than hitherto experienced, Father and General,

WILLIAM BOOTH.

And again on the 9th:

I feel in myself as though I were some old vessel that had run on to some rock and was being dashed to pieces by the storming waves, while the crew were considering the propriety of her abandonment, and the proprietors were arguing in their own minds as to the value of the salvage.

Later:

Perhaps it is not so bad as that. Hope has not quite fled — and although I failed to get my little afternoon sleep I think I feel much more virile in spirit and more comfortable in my eye and my head to-night than I have done before.

In October he makes an entry which brings the great lines of Victor Hugo into the mind:

> Je sais . . .
> Que la creation est une grande roue
> Qui ne peut se mouvoir sans écraser quelqu'un.

He writes:

A fair night — some real solid refreshing sleep, with an hour or two's interval of musing on some of the difficult parts of the present condition of things.

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof is severely true of my experience — nay, you might say of the S.A. generally.

Every revolution of the wheel of time brings with it some new trouble or the resurrection of an old one, something perplexing or something painful. With so many things on hand in so many places, I suppose it must be so.

Then he reflects:

The mother with a numerous family is bound ever to have one or more laid up with some malady or other.

He was soon up and about, working almost as hard as ever. In November he paid a visit to Horfield Prison, near Bristol, and in his account of the meeting there he deplores a mistake on the part of Commissioner Railton:

My Taxi took me inside the Court of the Prison, where I was received by the Governor and some other Officials and preceded by a couple of Curates (?) . . . The Chaplain being absent, we proceeded into the Prison Chapel.

The Audience — men and women — formed, as is usual in such gatherings, a wretched spectacle; specially was it so with the women — poor things; they appeared to my imperfect vision a desolation of desolations.

I must confess that I felt more than a little constrained and awkward as I faced my audience, and this was somewhat increased as I went on.

I gave out the two first verses of the old song, "There is a Fountain," and instead of praying myself, as I intended and ought to have done, I asked Commissioner Railton.

He, instead of asking God for the help of His Holy Spirit and, in general terms, His blessing on the meeting, went off into a dissertation on the incident referred to in the song, affirming that as the thief on the Cross was pardoned and taken into Paradise so had he and his party been taken into Paradise, where we lived and enjoyed ourselves all the time there, informing all present that the same desirable experience was possible to them all — winding up by a burst of tears, such a manifestation as I never saw on his part before during all the 40 years of our acquaintance. . . .

Well, Lawley sang, with delightful influence, his song, "Give them a welcome," and I talked my talk.

After a time I got hold of my strange hearers' attention and I think their hearts.

At the close I announced that if any would like to be spoken to about their souls, that I was leaving Officers behind me who would be glad to see them for that purpose in their cells.

Thirty-one expressed such a wish, and of this number 29 professed repentance and promised to serve God and by His help live a better life.

An evening newspaper telegraphed to him on November 27:

Would you kindly say what you think of Sir Luke White's suggestion that, with regard to Social Legislation, you should be made a peer?

He replied:

I have not heard of the suggestion referred to, but would certainly be willing to go to the House of Lords, or any other lawful place, if only I could thereby assist the Suffering Classes for whose betterment I have devoted my life.

The simplicity of this answer — the very fact, we mean, that he did not see anything ridiculous in his promotion to the House of Lords, "or any other lawful place"— is characteristic of the man and endears him to the mind. When one reflects, too, on the men who did go to the Lords during William Booth's lifetime, we may be pardoned for wondering if history will not ask why he remained outside.

## CHAPTER XXX

WHEREIN THE GENERAL WEEPS OVER THE SUFFERINGS OF CHILDREN, TELLS MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL HE IS NOT CONVERTED, THANKS GOD FOR A YEAR OF UNINTERRUPTED MERCY, AND MAKES PLANS TO HELP PRISONERS

1910

In spite of his partial blindness, his increasing weakness, and his bouts of very considerable discomfort, this wonderful man continued to stagger along the path of duty under his enormous burdens.

The fragmentary journal for 1910 is pathetic reading. When the entry is not dictated, one finds the writing extravagantly large and uncertain, the sentences very often incomplete. There are references to sleepless nights, dizziness, physical exhaustion, and pain. Other shadows than those of blindness were beginning to close about him. He feels the inhibitions of age, contemplates retirement, fears that the consequences of retirement may be death, and once more urges his frail and suffering body to obey the beck of his insatiable spirit.

In the early part of the year he went to Holland, Germany, and Scandinavia, drawing huge crowds to hear him. On his return to England he was too ill to take the Good Friday Meeting at the Congress Hall; but the meeting was a success, and seventy people came to the penitent-form. . . . He says: "Praise the Lord. He can do without me. That's a mercy." But one knows very well that he was pawing the ground to be there. Booth blood, with all its virtues, is not quiet in retirement, and never descended, we suspect, from the veins of mystic or quietist. He made a bad invalid.

At the same time there were spells in his life at this time when he rested at Hadley Wood, dreaming his dream of a world conquest, and harassing his mind with conjectures as to the future. When Bramwell left him at

night the old man would sometimes lift his son's hand to his lips, kissing it, and saying, "That is for Eva," "that is for Lucy"; then, after a pause, "that is for Ballington," "that is for Herbert," "that is for Katie"; but for the most part his mind was far away from even his most loyal and devoted children, dreaming his dreams of a world converted from sin. He longed to "save the whole world."

The reader must not think that he meant by this phrase about "saving the world" salvation from Hell only. He became in his old age much more tender, much more gentle, much more tolerant. He still believed in Hell; it was still a cardinal dogma of his faith that a wilful sinner is eternally on the side of everlasting evil; but he did not confine himself to visions of damnation. By that phrase "save the whole world," he meant the salvation of men and women and little children, particularly little children, from the earthly punishments of wrong living, from unrest as well as from poverty, from torpor and lethargy and disquiet, as well as from squalor and pain. He hated suffering. He yearned after an erring humanity. He longed for a heaven on earth.

During his last visit to America, his daughter Eva persuaded him one afternoon in Chicago to lie down on the sofa, and exacted from him a promise that he would not move till she came to call him with a cup of tea. "Now you won't move, will you, darling?" she pleaded at the door. And the old man said, "No, I won't move; I promise you." But a very short time after leaving him she heard movements in the room. She opened the door and found him walking to and fro, his eyes and cheeks wet with tears. "Darling!" she exclaimed, reproachfully; "you faithfully promised me that you wouldn't move!" "Oh, I know, I know!" he broke out; "but I've been thinking of all the sufferings of little children, the children of the great cities, and I can't rest, I can't rest."

It is not easy, I think, to exaggerate his tenderness during these last years of his life. Still something of a Boanerges on the platform, always in conference shrewd, humorous, and astute, he was, nevertheless, in the company of those to whom he could open his heart, a man almost

feminine in the quality of his gentleness. It was a touching thing to sit with him in those last years and to hear him express his desire for the salvation of the world. He would draw his chair so close to his friend that their knees touched; he would bring his face so near that the breath — which had some wonderfully pure aroma, like that of new milk — could be felt warm on the face; and his eyes would peer into the eyes of that other as though straining to see sympathy, as though forcing the last dwindling rays of his vision into the depths of a soul that could understand him. He wanted to end suffering, to get rid of misery, to wipe out the disfiguring stain of sin. "And they won't even let us go into the prisons!" he would groan, "not even into the prisons!"

From the entries made in his journal during March, 1910, the reader will see how he was suffering at this time from considerable weakness of body. How honest is the sentence, speaking of the goodness of God, where he says, "I believe He loves me, and I am sure I love Him":

I have not had as much sleep as usual, or as much as I require, but have had no sign of the giddiness for eleven or twelve hours now, for which I am unutterably thankful. Perhaps it has gone altogether. What a blessing that would be.

Later. Alas! alas! the vertigo has returned on me with some force, so my hopes are dashed once more. Still, I must hope on. I cast anchor in my old trust — that is, the goodness of God. I believe He loves me, and I am sure I love Him.

Have had a good night's sleep — excellent for me, but during the night and early in the morning I had several bad swimming bouts, making me feel really discouraged, if not hopeless. It is the terrible notion that has been lodged in my mind that I may fall at any moment, and that without notice. I am not afraid, but I cannot help feeling that it would be very unpleasant to those about me, and very serious to the many interests that I represent. But I am in the hands of my Heavenly Father, and He must do whatsoever He considers the best — God's will be done.

I am very thankful I have no public duties to-day. I don't know how I should face them if I had. I suppose strength and ability would be given me according to the requirements

of the hour, as has been my experience for so many years. I am much divided as to whether I ought not to give up all public work for a time. I certainly should do it if it was not for the discouraging effect it would have upon my comrades and friends.

Whether an exaggeration or otherwise, there is a great notion abroad, both inside and outside our ranks, as to the value of my life, and as to the unfortunate consequences that my death would bring to the Army. So I must go on as long as ever I possibly can, if for no other reason than to keep other people fighting and to keep up their spirits while they are doing it.

. . . I am really and truly anxious about myself. I can see pretty plainly that I shall have to give up for a time, and giving up for a time at my age usually means giving up for good. The thought is very unwelcome to me. . . . The possibilities of a sudden call are right before. They cannot be explained away.

To the young daughter of an Officer on his Staff — then near death — he writes as follows during March of this year:

My dear Young Friend — I have heard through your dear father, again and again, of your illness. His last letter raised hopes in my heart that the pain was less and the prospects of recovery brighter, but the Chief of the Staff, my son Bramwell, now tells me that in a letter just received that you are not so well and that your pain is greater than it was.

I am sorry for this. I had hoped for the pleasure of hearing of your speedy recovery. I must again ask my Heavenly Father to stretch forth His healing hand for your assistance and plead with Him for the bestowal of that comforting and sustaining grace that He delights to impart.

From what your dear father has said about your faith and patience, I am sure you are very dear to your Heavenly Father — I am sure that you are under His wings. You are dear to Him, and it delights me to think that He is so dear to you.

It may be that you will soon be in His very presence. What a joy that will be! How delighted your dear Mother will be to clasp you in her arms once more.

It cannot be very long before the General will join you in that blessed abode. I am looking forward to that time, and father and *all, all, all* whom you love here, will follow you.

I am writing in great haste, as I have only a few moments.

Good-bye for the present. All will be well.— Your affectionate General,

William Booth.

This letter, perhaps, is too stereotyped in its phrases to convey the impression it ought to make on the reader's mind; but the sympathetic reader, at least, will be touched by the tenderness which moved this very old, suffering, and near-blinded man to write at all. The thought of a child's pain tortured him; the dying of a child moved him profoundly.

On April 10 he writes in his journal:

I am 81 to-day. Reckoned on a quiet Sabbath with time for some profitable reflections, but alas! how differently it has turned out. I suppose it has been one of the most harassing days I have experienced for some time. My head was swimming, off and on, from morning to night; but swimming or not, I was persuaded into doing seven more messages (birthday reflections for the various papers), finishing up with *The Times* at nearly 10.0 on my bed worn out.

Some things may be said against the course pursued, but I endeavoured to put into every message I sent some real Salvation Army Doctrine, and to urge the responsibility resting on every one for their own salvation and the salvation of their neighbours. If there is anything in preaching, surely the words I sent, which must have passed before the eyes of millions of people, must do some good. Anyway, they are intended to do so.

But not long after he is again brighter, and sets out on another important and exacting Continental campaign.

In Zurich he received news of King Edward's last illness:

Outside one or two occasions, I do not know that any sudden news seemed to affect me so much. . . . I need not say that the Officers joined me most heartily in praying for God's interposition and sparing mercy.

All through the wakeful hours of the night, indeed every time I came to consciousness, prayers for the King came to my lips; but alas! almost the first information I received revealed the tragic fact that . . . His Majesty expired . . . the night before.

He telegraphed to King George:

I pledge the loyalty of my British Soldiers to a man to your Majesty's person and throne, and promise their continued efforts for the temporal and spiritual interests of the Nation. My people the world over are one with me in sympathy in

your Majesty's loss, and in hope and confidence for a noble outcome of your reign.

On the day before King Edward's funeral he writes:

To-morrow I have the Memorial Meeting at the Congress Hall for the late King. I suppose that is how it would be described. I have simply regarded it as a preaching service myself, and I have not changed my mind.

I propose to introduce it with a few remarks on its being a day of mourning by the Nation, and that the Nation has reason to mourn, and that we all have reason to regret the event, and then turn the attention of the audience to themselves and proceed to deal with them as though the King never lived or never died, only draw an occasional illustration from the event.

Such is the essence of the Salvation Army method.

Later in the journal there is a reference to administrative labours which still occupied a great part of his time, the growth of the Salvation Army all over the world, particularly in India and the Americas, calling for his constant attention:

Bramwell walked down to the station with me, talking business to the last — indeed, until after the train was in motion. How crowded our lives are with perplexing problems and hard work no one outside our circle can form any conception, and all continually made more difficult by the feeling that we are so far behind the requirement of the hour.

In October he threw himself with renewed energy into the hope of establishing a permanent branch of Salvation Army work in the prisons of Great Britain:

I went to Whitehall for an interview with Mr. Winston Churchill, the Home Secretary, with respect to proposed plan of working for the Criminal in prisons in conjunction with the Government.

I expected to find Mr. Churchill alone. . . . With Mr. Churchill I found, however, Mr. Masterman, the Under Secretary, and Sir E. Troupe, the Permanent Secretary of the Home Office.

The interview lasted an hour and a quarter, and might, so far as I could judge, an hour and a quarter longer, judging from the interest manifested by Mr. Churchill and the other parties present.

Nothing could very well be more frank and anxious than all appeared to be.

ADDRESSING THE WOMEN CONVICTS AT AYLESBURY JAIL (1905)

I talked on the principles, methods, and success of our work among these classes, and in general terms, and each acknowledged their agreement, with trifling exceptions, with all I argued for.

That was satisfactory, but it was more satisfactory still to get a definite promise, or what amounted to one, for the following methods of operation by the Army in the prisons:

1. To be allowed to hold a Mission at least once per annum in every Convict Prison in the country.

2. Liberty to hold a quarterly religious musical meeting in each prison.

3. To hold a private meeting for the prisoners who enrolled themselves under Salvationist direction once a week.

This was all rather vague, but Mr. Churchill proposed to write me. In the first place, he suggested I should write him as to the results of our conference, but as I thought he had better [write] me, I agreed, and there the matter was left.

We parted in the most genial manner — Mr. Churchill saying with a smile, "Am I converted?" We had talked much about conversion from our standpoint. "No," I said, "I am afraid you are not converted, but I think you are convicted."

He added something about my seeing what was in him. To which I replied, "What I am most concerned about is not what is in you at the present, but [what] I can see of the possibilities of the future."

It was one of the most interesting interviews of my life, it may turn out to be one of the most important.

The day after he writes in his journal:

A wretched, toss-about night.

Of his grandson's birthday, Bernard, son of Bramwell, he says:

I gave him a watch which cost me £5. I hope he may live long to use it, and to regulate some useful work for God and man by its dial-plate.

Then he goes to Scotland, still taken up with his idea of a mission to prisoners:

Berlinnie Prison. . . . The Governor and other Officials, with whom was Lord Polwarth, the chairman of the Scotch Prison Commissioners, met us at the door and gave us a hearty welcome. I was at once ushered into the Prison Chapel, face to face with six or seven hundred Criminals. They were dressed in light khaki and looked like so many ghosts to my

poor, imperfect vision. . . . I reckoned I had prepared myself a little for the occasion, but, strange to say, I lost myself almost directly I began to speak.[1] It was with difficulty I talked for half an hour. . . . I strove any way to make what I had to say of benefit, and I believe it was so. Went to tea with the Governor. . . . Occupied chiefly with a discussion on prison affairs with Lord Polwarth, who has just returned from the Prison Convention in the United States. He agrees with nearly everything I say, and is prepared to support us in every effort we make in Scotland.

But still the mortification in all these discussions I am having with Prison Officials and others is, that while assenting to the necessity for some great alteration and willing for almost every move we propose, no one seems to grasp the necessity for Religion, anyway for a Religion of Regeneration. They think that with greater kindness some improvement will be effected. I think that [joy] greater kindness, without some definite effort at conversion, more evil will be done than good.

At parting Lord Polwarth said, "Any way I am opposed to putting these fellows into prison for three, four, five, and seven days." I replied, "Well, I am not so much opposed to putting them in for such short periods; I am for not letting them out again until there is some satisfactory evidence given that the prisoners are not going to repeat the offence for which they were in the first instance incarcerated."

On December 18 he writes in his journal:

Poor night. Turning and twisting for hours with a strange weight at my heart. It is strange how the world's sin and miseries are allowed to pile themselves up in the chambers of the soul at such times — but alas! they manage to do so. At three o'clock this morning it seemed something made me feel as though my struggle with the powers of darkness and the effects they produce must come to a speedy end. Indeed, I could not see how I was going to battle through the day before me with any success, if I battled through at all.

But on December 31:

The last day of the Old Year. It has been a twelve months of uninterrupted mercy. I fear that my gratitude lags behind the overflowing goodness of my Heavenly Father. Could I very well ask for an experience more desirable than that to which I am exhorted by Paul when he urges me "In everything to give thanks"— *there* is a motto for the year.

[1] It is worth noticing that on every occasion when he visited a prison William Booth was overtaken by this feeling of nervousness.

# CHAPTER XXXI

## THE DARKNESS DEEPENS

### 1911

THROUGHOUT the journal for 1911 we find such entries as those which follow:

From one thing or the other I certainly woke this morning, or came to the conclusion soon after waking, that the end might be drawing near.

The words Worn Out came to my lips. Was I not like unto a worn-out garment, I asked myself. My feelings seemed to favour an affirmative.

Sitting in my study I had one of those strange sensations in my head which I have come to associate with the lapses of consciousness which I have suffered off and on now for some time.

I took little notice of this feeling, but an hour or so afterwards, perhaps half an hour, I am informed that I lost all consciousness as to where I was and as to the work ahead of me.

—— tried to bring me to, but failed. However, I lay down on the couch and went to sleep for a couple of hours.

Waking up I became conscious that I was unconscious, rung the bell and inquired where I was. —— said "At home." I asked, What is next to be done? "Eating," he replied. What then? "You will sleep again." What then? "Lowestoft." With "Lowestoft" my brain seemed to wake up, and I was myself — perfectly myself again.

Went back from the tea-table to finish the conference, when one of those unpleasant lapses of consciousness, which I have suffered occasionally for a couple of years, took place. This coming on me when I was standing, I slipped to the ground. . . .

I felt it best to see Dr. Guthrie, a Specialist in Nerve affections, whom I had seen before. . . . The Doctor had nothing to say fresh, but simply assured me there was nothing that could be considered brain disease or the stroke nature, but it was nothing more or less than brain exhaustion.

He wrote to his daughter Eva, the Commander in the United States:

Your letter has been read to me. My sight is much worse, or it appears to be, as you will see from this scribble. However, I cannot help feeling that I must write you with my own hand as long as I can.

The world is in a poor way and we must help it. Let us have faith in God — more faith than ever. I am beginning to look across the Atlantic and anticipate the joy of seeing you once more. Surely we shall have time to talk our hearts out a little, if it is only a little.

The darkness was creeping over his vision, and there were times when he could do nothing but turn his face to the wall and wonder what it all meant.

But there are still flashes of the old spirit in this brief and rather broken record. Thus, on his visit to Rugby:

Was photographed side by side with my host at his request before starting, and then bade good-bye to the Master of Rugby School. . . .

There was a little unpleasant passage between us that puzzled me very much during one of my conversations with Dr. David, my host. I remarked on the great opportunity that the English Church at the moment possessed. I remarked upon her entry upon all classes, both rich and poor, and her influence of every kind, and he rather startled me by replying that she was using it to the utmost of her opportunity.

I slightly demurred, because I realized where I was. I did not want to get into any controversy, or to be thought in the slightest degree depreciatory.

But it seems that either that observation or some other made a different impression, and as we parted he remarked in a rather unpleasant manner, that he was sorry I had such a sweeping condemnation for his Church.

Then comes an entry which is authentic Booth:

At the close of my address, my Chairman, Captain Wade Thompson, whispered to me that a lady wanted me to give a Gospel message to the audience. She had actually requested him to stop me in the middle of my speech and ask for this. I was puzzled, because I thought I had been preaching the Gospel, both directly and indirectly, all the way through! However, it induced me, in moving the vote of thanks to the Chairman, to half promise to come back and preach to them. On leaving the platform, I shook hands with the lady, and she really went for me, you might say, on the question of this Gospel message, and was so fierce I could not get anything

in. I was too weary to do any more shouting, so I bade her good-bye.

He had an interview this year with Lord Radstock (the Lord Apostol, as he was called in Petersburg), but leaves no comment upon it. On the other hand, of a popular lady novelist we have this impression:

Tea with Marie Corelli. She was far more free, friendly, and gossipy than I expected to find her; more interested in the Army she could not have seemed to be, and promised to write something when there is an opportunity. She and the friend who resides with her were at the evening meeting, and laughed and appeared to enjoy themselves right truly.

And of an interview with General Botha, who called at Headquarters, he writes:

Much pleased with him. He was most hearty. I think our talk will bring forth some important results in the future.

He was always meeting interesting people, as the reader will remember, on his various railway journeys. In October of this year, when in Scotland, we read:

Left for Helensburgh at 10.0. Just before the train moved off the door was opened, and I was informed that the Princess Louise was in the next compartment with the Duke of Argyll, and would like to shake hands with me. I said, "By all means." She came to me, got into my compartment, and rode with me half the journey. With the jolliest, happiest, and most sympathetic spirit we talked over matters of usefulness. She is very interested in the Housing of the Poor, and wants us to do something. That is rather strange, seeing that I wanted to find somebody made for the subject. She indicated that she had a nephew who was the individual I wanted. I must see him!

The Duke and Princess got out at a Station before we reached our destination. I bade them good-bye, and they pressed me very much to go over and spend a little time with them at their Castle, one of their summer residences. I was very much impressed with the Princess.

Later in the year he received a letter saying: "The Duke of Argyll hopes to be under your orders at the Spa Road on December 7."

It almost takes the breath away to read how this man,

eighty-one years of age and in very uncertain health, travelled about the world conducting passionate meetings for the salvation of mankind. He visited in this year Holland, Switzerland, Scandinavia, Germany, and Italy.

We get from this tour of 1911 another glimpse of the General among prisoners and captives:

By invitation of the Governor I addressed the prisoners in a prison outside Copenhagen. The Chapel in which the meeting was held was full. It was a peculiar experience. Each man sat in a kind of box similar to those occupied by Night Watchmen, and wore a mask until he was out of sight of his comrades. The whole thing had a very peculiar aspect. A song was sung, a prayer was offered — I think I prayed myself. I talked to them with all the simplicity and thoughtfulness I could command. God helped me. . . . Commissioner Lucy [his daughter, Mrs. Booth-Hellberg] was admitted on condition that she sat behind a screen.

The Governor invited us to a cup of tea, but I was so weary and heart-sick from the sight I had been looking upon for the last hour, that I did not feel like partaking of any refreshment, and then I had the notion somehow or other, from the manner of the Governor and the Chaplain, that they were not very sympathetic with me, so I made away as soon as possible.

On the following day he adds:

I hear that a deep impression was made yesterday at the Prison, especially on the Chaplain. The Head Gardener it seems is an ex-Salvation Officer. How he made an exchange of position I don't know.

There was a lad there who said to the Pastor, "I am so glad I set that house on fire in Jyland." The Pastor said, "Carl, Carl, what do you mean?" "Oh," said he, "if I had not done that I should never have heard the General."

I prize that incident, because it shows how accessible the hearts of these people are to the Truth, and confirms my conviction that, if they could only be kept long enough to allow the means ordinarily employed for the conviction of sinners to be brought to bear upon their hearts, there is hope for every one of them.

The reports of all his meetings during this tour, in his eighty-second year, tell the same tale of extraordinary crowds, and irrepressible enthusiasm. Unfortunately, they lack that Booth touch which relieves a paean of monotonous

success with something dry, caustic, and a little out of tune. The following extract is a fair example of the fanfare sounded by his journalistic accompanist, and will give the reader an idea of the interest and sympathy which almost everywhere manifested itself at the appearance of the patriarch:

Arrived in Rome about 9 o'clock this morning. After breakfast the General felt a little better, and after a short rest went off to be received by the Lord Mayor of Rome and other notabilities. In the afternoon he saw two Press representatives and some bishops, and the British Ambassador. The General's Lecture was a most enthusiastic affair. Much applause, and at the conclusion a well-known Roman Judge sprang up and poured forth his thanks and appreciation in a torrent of eloquence. Many pressed round to shake hands with the General.

Not only did the General take a leading part at the Army's International Social Council in London, which was attended by Salvationists from all over the world,[1] but he made another tumultuous Motor tour through the country. One of his meetings this year, it is interesting to note, was presided over by Mr. Herbert Samuel, the Postmaster-General.

He wrote to Eva Booth on December 8:

As I think I said to you before, the preference for writing you in my own hand is a reason you very often do not get a letter from me at all.

But, however, there is no alternative now, you will have to take the feelings and assurances of my heart affection towards you and about you through a medium or you will not get them at all, any way you will not get them very frequently.

Oh, I do wish I could help you. Oh, I do wish I could help America. I do want to live to bless you! God knows my heart, and perhaps it may be His will that I may revive and help you in realizing the highest ambition of usefulness after which your soul has panted. The helping of the wretched, and the saving them out of the earthly, hellish conditions in which such multitudes live, and the saving of the souls of the people in larger numbers, and the organizing them when

[1] His addresses at this Council were afterwards published in book form, and widely circulated under the title of *International Social Council Addresses.*

they are saved for still further victories, is the dream of almost every hour of my life.

I have been longing for the unspeakable felicity of a little real communion, though it be by letter, ever since this dark cloud fell upon me; nay, indeed, ever since the operation itself, but the waves of suffering in one form or another that have ceaselessly swept over me . . . have prevented it, and now I can only do it through the fingers of my trusted secretary, Ensign Smith, whom you will know sufficiently to feel that my words lose nothing in their meaning or fervour by passing through his fingers.

I am very poorly. I am just sitting up for a few minutes in my dressing-gown and for a few minutes only. The mystery of the calamity constitutes its chief anguish. But any way I go forward, as I have said in my letter to the *Cry*, and you will go forward with me. I am sure you will go forward with me in your heart of hearts — that this will, among other things, draw us closer together and unite us more thoroughly in seeking the honour of our Master, the glory of the dear Saviour, and the salvation of the people for whom He died.

With love and sympathy for ever and ever and ever, and as many for evers as you like to add on to it.— Your affectionate

FATHER.

*P.S.*— Lucy is very kind. You will know this without my saying so.

And then on the last day of the year he writes to her:

Your lovely letter, written by your own dear hand, is before me.

I can read your type easily enough if you will only attend to the hints I gave you the other day. The type I get out of my office now is charming, but then I make them use printing-paper and have it dampened before and after going through the machine.

I have done my sermonettes — I have done as good as forty since I came from Germany. The last five or six are not quite up to the mark, but I have done several more than my target, so that I am satisfied with the quality on the whole. If I do any more, they must be done as I fly, as it were.

I had hoped I was going to have to-day to get ready for my public work, and here I am cruelly laid in for a paper on the Anti-suicide Bureau for the Press, and no one is near to help me.

I am feeling fairly well — indeed, much better than for some time, much better than I was with you on both my visits. I think my good eye is a little "gooder" and my bad eye a little "badder."

This is the last day of the old year. All the years of my pilgrimage will soon be *old years* and be gone for ever. If you were here how gladly would I kiss you and bid you a happy new one. But that cannot be, so from my heart I do it in your absence.

You seem to have had a mighty Christmas so far as feeding the hungry is concerned. We have done something over here. They are talking about ten thousand dinners in London, and I suppose they have done something after the same kind all through the country, but everything is thrown into the shade by your performance across the Atlantic.

I do hope the Army is reaping some permanent benefit from all this exhaustive toil. What an anxious labour it must have been to you. I do hope that the New Year will help New York financially, as we are suffering the effects of the panic over here.

But I cannot, and will not, go on with this sort of chatter, so I bless you and kiss you and say good-bye.

The old clock, still obstinately ticking, was beginning to run down.

## CHAPTER XXXII

### HE DESIRES TO GO HOME

### 1912

In January of 1912, William Booth was engaged upon administrative work, keeping for the most part to his desk at International Headquarters and at Hadley Wood. On the 26th of that month we read in the Secretary's diary: "After the General had rested in the afternoon, on descending the first flight of stairs from his room, he missed the last step and fell full length, striking his head; but he was not hurt, and gathering himself up, exclaimed, 'I always told you my head was the hardest part of me.'" There are records of bad nights, of the doctor's attendance, and of "a treatment."

On February 23, he left London for Rotterdam and conducted a series of meetings in Holland until March 8, when he returned to Hadley Wood. He writes in his journal on March 13: "Last night did better with my sleep, although only a poor do. . . . Still keeping better and able to do some work." On the 16th he set off for Christiania. He notes of a breakfast conversation with a Salvationist: "He gave me one or two remarkable cases of conversion." He worked hard in Christiania [1] and returned to Hadley Wood on the 26th. This was his last excursion from England.

He was depressed and sorrowful at this time. He told the present writer during these last months that the outlook for the world was not promising, that indeed it was melancholy. "When I think of it all," he said, "I am distressed." He said that the world was indifferent to religion, but did not altogether blame the world. "I have an impres-

[1] Conducting a Staff Congress, to which there came about one hundred leading Officers from Northern Europe, in addition to a number of public meetings, and lecturing before the University, with the Prime Minister in the Chair.

sion," he said, "that the mass of the people are discovering that there is a great gulf fixed between the profession of love — love which is the core of religion — and the practice in daily life of those activities and self-sacrifices which will ever spring out of love where it exists. Religion has only too widely become a matter of form instead of a living, breathing, active principle — a withered husk, a dead shell — and the man in the street has thrown it away." And he added: "I am more confident than ever that Salvation is the only hope for the world. Were it not for Salvation and the Salvation of the Salvation Army, I should think that the probability was that the world was on its way to universal suicide."

On April 10 he wrote in his journal:

Eighty-third birthday! It seems almost incredible, but there is the remarkable fact, and poorly as I am, on and off, everybody considers it next door to a miracle that I should be so young and energetic and capable of so much work, and ever so many other things. All I can do is to praise God for His mercy, and try to put my days to the wisest, holiest, and best purpose for the benefit of my fellows that I possibly can.

The meeting at night[1] was considered to be a very remarkable one. I have seldom heard Bramwell express as much gratification, but I cannot say I was particularly pleased.

We had five or six small speeches, very flattering to the General, with an endorsement that was overwhelming by the audience.

I tried hard to get some profit out of the occasion, but felt I had failed to accomplish my end.

I suppose I am not alone in feeling that such occasions are anything but exhilarating.

During the afternoon of this day something occurred that pleased him "immensely":

A motor car brought down a collection of flowers and fruit sent by Lord Rothschild and his two brothers.

The construction of the collection was of the most beautiful kind. I had never seen better nor had the people about me.

The fruit was of the most luxurious character, enormous strawberries, plums, pears, grapes, apples, and pine-apple.

A note accompanied the gift, which pleased me more than

[1] In the Congress Hall at Clapton, at which nearly 1,000 Officers stationed in London were present to greet him.

anything else, because it seemed to show that his Lordship and brothers felt a real kindly interest in me, and in the work that I am doing, an interest which seemed to promise further practical co-operation in the future.

A visit from his daughter Eva gave him the greatest pleasure. She was present at his last appearance in the Albert Hall on May 9, when he addressed an audience of ten thousand people, saying to them: "I am going into dry-dock for repairs."

The following extracts from the Address he delivered on this occasion reveal something of his feelings in reviewing his life's work:

I might have chosen as my life's work the housing of the poor. That, in early life, presented itself to me as a most important question, most closely identified with the morals, happiness, and religion of the poor people. I honour those who are devoting themselves to the solution of the problem.

But has not the Salvation Army done something in this direction? If you look abroad, you will find hundreds and thousands up and down the world who to-night have comfortable homes through the influence of the Army; indeed, there are thousands of men, women, and children who but for its assistance would have had no homes at all. For instance, there are over 200,000 homeless men sleeping under our roofs every week.

I might have given myself up to the material benefit of the working classes. I might have drawn attention to the small rate of wages and striven to help them in that direction.

But have we not done something for them? Are there not tens of thousands who, but for the Army, might have been almost starved? If we have not done much in the way of increasing income, have we not done a great deal in inculcating principles of economy and self-denial which have taught the poor a better use of their wages? Their total abstinence from drink, tobacco, gambling, and wasteful finery has made hundreds of thousands of people better off than they were before they came under our influence.

I might also have given myself up to promoting temperance reform. This is a most important business. Drunkenness seems to be the curse of every civilized nation under the sun; and I have all my life honoured the men and women who have devoted themselves to the solving of that problem.

But has not the Salvation Army done something in that direction? Every Salvationist all the world over is a strict

abstainer from intoxicating liquor, and the children are growing up to follow in their parents' footsteps. Tens of thousands of the most devilish and abandoned drunkards that the world has ever known have been reached and reclaimed, made into sober men and women, good fathers and mothers, good sons and daughters, and useful members of society.

I might have chosen as my life's object the physical improvement and health of the people by launching out on to a medical career. As a matter of fact, I think the medical system is capable of improvement, and if I had been a doctor I should certainly have paid more attention to diet than to drugs. I am not a great believer in drugs, and when doctors advise me to take a drug, I ask them if they have ever taken it themselves. We have done something in the way of medical aid, and possess at the present time twenty-four hospitals, while others are coming into existence, and there is no knowing to what extent the enterprise will reach in this direction. As it is, we deal with thousands of patients every year.

I might have chosen to devote my life to the interests of the criminal world. The hundreds of thousands of poor wretches who are pining in the prison cells while we are sitting here at ease, ought to have our sympathy and help. I heard of a man the other day who had spent fifty years of his life in prison, and the whole of his thefts did not amount to £20. He pleaded that he had never had a chance in life, but when he comes out of prison — if he does come out — the Army will give him a chance.

Some 178 women prisoners have been admitted to our Homes in this country during the year, and of these 130 have proved satisfactory. We have done something for the criminal, but it is only the commencement of a mighty work the Army is destined to do for the unhappy class.

I might have carried out my consecration for the improvement of the community by devoting myself to politics. I might have turned Conservative, or I might have been a Radical, or a Home Ruler, or a Socialist, or have joined the Labour Party, or, what is more probable, if the catastrophe had occurred, I might have formed another Party. I saw something better than belonging to either Party, and that by being the friend of every Party, I was far more likely to secure the blessing of the multitude, and the end I had in view.

And the object I chose all those years ago embraced every effort, contained in its heart the remedy for every form of misery and sin and wrong to be found upon the earth, and every method of reclamation needed by human nature.

It had been decided at this time that an operation should

be performed on his remaining eye. He writes on May 14 that arrangements had been made for "Commissioner Lucy to stay with me during the first fortnight after the operation." On May 18 he writes:

Eva left for the States.
. . . The parting at "Rookstone" was very painful, it will never be forgotten. Lucy stayed behind to comfort me.

The operation was performed at Hadley Wood on the 23rd of May. His daughter Lucy, who was with him, gives an account of that day:

On the morning of the 23rd the General was in very brave spirits and met the day with all its coming adventure with a wonderful calm. Leaving his bedchamber at quite an early hour he descended to his study, several notes were written, many documents signed, and a photograph taken of the General with Colonel Kitching standing at the back of his chair and "Gip," the General's faithful sheep-dog, settling himself at his feet.

She goes on to say:

Punctually at three o'clock the surgeons, Mr. Higgens and Mr. Eason of Guy's Hospital, arrived, the General's own medical attendant, Dr. Milne, having met them at the station. The General gave some bantering greeting to Mr. Higgens, the surgeon, who got to work straightway. . . .

"You can come in if you like," said Mr. Higgens, addressing me as he passed up to the table upon which the dear General lay so quiet and calm. . . . It seemed to me that he did not as much as move a muscle. . . .

I stood beside the table and watched the cataract taken out, the eye tied up, the room darkened, and the General helped back to bed. "Never operated upon a better patient," was Mr. Higgens' ejaculation to me while putting up his instruments in the small adjoining room. "Isn't he just wonderful!" exclaimed Mr. Eason; "just the most splendid man in the world to operate upon."

That evening, as I sat by the bedside, there was nothing but joy and thanksgiving in my heart for God's goodness, while the General, with his eyes tightly bandaged, lay quietly listening to some of my descriptions of the actual cataract.

The night that followed was a wakeful one, without more suffering than the smarting of the wound and the unaccustomed inconvenience which lying upon the back necessitated.

IN HIS GARDEN WITH "GYP" (1912)

Early on Friday morning Mr. Higgens was on the spot, and reported the eye to be doing extremely well. The General was quiet and peaceful, and a happy day of thanksgiving ensued. "We ought to sing the Doxology," remarked the General, with his hand in mine after I had read him the daily Scripture portion from *The Salvation Soldier's Guide;* "but," he added, "we must not begin to shout too early."

Towards the end of Friday the General appeared somewhat more restless, though for such a patient as the General to lie perfectly still would be almost more than one could expect. But Friday night did not satisfy us in the matter of rest. Saturday morning Mr. Higgens did not come, having gone out of town for the week-end, but the General's own doctor put in an appearance, bathed the eye, and reported everything as satisfactory. Towards the afternoon, however, the General became much more restless, and I felt it wise to tell the Chief on his return from Hastings. This was thought to be neuralgia. Upon bathing the eye externally on Saturday Dr. Milne found some slight discharge and seemed disturbed, and on Sunday, as there was a further discharge, my brother informed me that he was extremely anxious, and that the bandage with a note from Dr. Milne had been sent off by motor to Mr. Higgens, who was staying seventy miles out of London. Never to my dying day shall I forget the suspense of that Sunday, the sense of blank disappointment after the triumph of success. As I sat by the bed counting the hours till Mr. Higgens should arrive, I found my heart crying out, "Lord, why are Thy ways so different from ours? Why, oh, why!"

At last Mr. Higgens came, and not another seven minutes had elapsed before the General was again lying upon the improvised operating table and was breathing an anaesthetic. The Chief stood on one side holding the pulse, I on the other holding a pillow, while Mr. Higgens for quite half-an-hour thoroughly irrigated the eye. Another weary night and day ensued, and the General began to suspect that things were not going as smoothly as they had promised at the start.

I shall never forget those hours when the dear Chief, Colonel Kitching (who in season and out of season for the past three years had sought to chase the shadows gathering over our beloved Leader and lift the deep depression that so often settled upon his dear heart) and myself sat and looked into each other's faces and feared the worst. Mr. Higgens had given slight hope of his ever being able to see again. "But I cannot somehow bring my lips to frame the word 'blind,'" said the Chief, and he stretched out his arms into the air.

Tuesday dawned, and somehow a sort of dull, aching hope-

lessness with it. I had been up in the night, and some of the questions the General asked touching upon what the doctor said were exceedingly difficult to answer in a manner that should hide from him — as, at the moment, was most essential — the true position. . . .

My brother and I had conversed as to the advisability of calling in a further opinion. We felt we owed it to ourselves and to the world at large; so Mr. Higgens, when asked about it, suggested with the utmost willingness Mr. Churton Collins, one of the most modern authorities upon the eye. Three o'clock Tuesday was fixed for the consultation. The eye was soon examined, and with a very grave look Mr. Collins remarked, "Well, General, we will go downstairs and have a little talk, and then we will come up again."

Bramwell Booth tells me that the conference which followed was a very brief one. It was only too evident that the sight was irrevocably gone. The question at once arose among the surgeons who should first communicate this to the patient, and Mr. Higgens insisted that it was the duty of the son to make known the truth to his father. Accordingly, Bramwell Booth returned to the darkened chamber, and, as carefully as he found it possible, broke the melancholy intelligence to the old man. The words employed were not perhaps at first as definite as the unhappy truth justified, and the General exclaimed in his own direct fashion, "You mean that I am *blind?*"

"Well, General, I fear that we must contemplate that."

After a pause the old man said, "I shall never see your face again?"

"No, probably not in this world."

During the next few moments the veteran's hand crept along the counterpane to take hold of his son's, and holding it he said very calmly, "God must know best!" and after another pause, "Bramwell, I have done what I could for God and for the people with my eyes. Now I shall do what I can for God and for the people without my eyes."

After hearing a short account of the sorrow expressed by the surgeons downstairs, he asked that they might be summoned, and, accompanied by Mrs. Booth-Hellberg, they returned to the bedside.

In the days that followed he would say to his daughter as she knelt at the bed holding his hand, "Pray, Lucy,

pray!" adding, "The dear Lord must know what He is about." And again he would refer to the effect of his blindness upon his followers, "My dear people, what shall we say to them? This is such a blow to their faith."

It distressed him to think how the news of this calamity would grieve his daughter in America. "Darling Eva," he would say, "she will feel it very much." And then again, "Hold my hand, darling; I am blind, I am blind."

On the whole, considering his great age, his fiery temperament, and his active disposition, he bore this dreadful affliction with courage and dignity, and with pious resignation. At certain times he would rally his spirits and indulge himself in something like playfulness. Mrs. Booth-Hellberg would come early into his room to take her breakfast with him, and he would say to her, "Where are you having it?" When she had described her situation, he would ask, "What have you got?" She would say, usually, "Tomatoes," and he would inquire, "Are they hot, nice and hot, you are sure they are hot?" On one occasion she asked him if he would like a cup of tea. "Is it hot?" he demanded. "Yes," she replied; and he nodded his head with satisfaction, saying, "That's right; if it is not hot it's no good; I've been telling people all my life they must have hot religion." At one time he was in a high fever, and suffered considerably from thirst. "Lucy, darling," he pleaded, "give me something to drink." She allowed him to have a little soda-water. "Oh, isn't that delicious!" he exclaimed.

He was thoughtful for those about him. "He had a little servant," Mrs. Booth-Hellberg told me, "who every morning came into the room to sweep the carpet, and the General always spoke to her, very sweetly and tenderly. He insisted, too, that this servant, and his secretary, should always have a day off every week. He would ask me continually, 'Have they had their day off?' If for any reason we had not been able to manage so that they could have this holiday, he was upset, and complained to me about it, saying that nothing ought to prevent that arrangement."

Once she brought him an egg for breakfast. He pushed

it to one side saying, "How can I eat eggs when women and children are starving!" There was a serious strike in East London at the time. "Poor women can't get milk to feed their babes," he said, "and you bring me an egg!"

There was an interview with some of his Officers at this time, an account of which in *The War Cry* does not suggest that the end was anticipated:

. . . On Wednesday morning a very interesting interview took place in his bedroom with Commissioners Howard, Higgins, Whatmore, and Rees, who were received by the Chief of the Staff and introduced to the General. Mrs. Bramwell Booth was also present.

This was the first occasion of the General meeting any one outside his family since the loss of his sight, and the occasion was a very moving one, both to him and to his visitors.

The General spoke of his experiences and gave an interesting account of his own feelings in the presence of the calamity which has overtaken him. Referring to the position in which he finds himself he said:

"I feel quite assured that it is God's will that I should be healed and that I should rise up and be restored to wonderful power to carry on the work which He entrusted to me forty-seven years ago.

"I have never had a feeling of a murmur from the beginning. I have never felt that I could rebel against God's feelings towards me or His dealings with me.

"I am hoping specially to be able to talk to my Officers and help them all over the world. I am still hoping to go to America and Canada, as I bargained for. I am hoping for several things, whether they come to pass or not.

"We must go on trusting in God. We must rally and wake up instead of getting down-hearted. We are only just beginning.

"The doctors say that my general health is as good as it has been for ten years gone by, and that it is on the highway to further improvement.

"Praise the Lord! We are in His hands, and He will hold us up!"

Commissioner Howard, on behalf not only of the Officers present but of the Army as a whole, expressed in a few words something of the tender solicitude and sympathy which is felt towards the General in all lands.

The General then prayed with our comrades and they withdrew.

He wrote to his daughter in America on June 19:

My darling Eva — Lucy has sent along [1] your letter to read which you enclosed in one to her, and from it I have been able to gather something of the heavy waves of anguish through which you have been passing. Be assured, my precious one, that I am as confident as I very well can be of your love for me, and your realization of my sorrow, and your desire for some kind of remedy — if such a balm exists, or could be discovered in this poor world of ours.

I have had a great blow. One of the greatest wonders in the course of my career has been how it could come upon me and not have a greater effect upon me; how I could be so comparatively calm and yet suffer such a terrible loss as that of my sight, accompanied as it has been by such terrible anguish.

But words are vain things, and even those which I am using in dictating this letter to my trusted comrade, Ensign Smith, look like vapour, and their effect appears to vanish away while I am using them.

I have suffered a great deal since your letter to Lucy was read to me, and shall, I am afraid, have to go on with the suffering for some time to come. Saturday and Sunday and Monday were terrible days. Saturday and Sunday nights especially were very painful, but Monday night brought me some relief.

I am dictating this with great difficulty, but I want to comfort you, and I want to stop here that I may keep on loving you, and keep on helping you, and keep on fighting by your side, my dark eye to your light eye, my soul to your soul, wrapped up with you in the great principles of the conflict.

I cannot say any more now. I must turn to the effort to comfort Lucy. We shall pray for one another. God will carry us through and that with triumph. . . .

Bramwell is very charming in his affection.

Believe me to be, in deathless love, your father and General for ever and ever and evermore.

Again on July 20 he wrote to her:

I had your letter. Bless you a thousand times! You are a lovely correspondent. You don't write your letters with your pen, or with your tongue, you write them with your heart. Hearts are different; some, I suppose, are born sound and musical, others are born uncertain and unmusical, and are at best a mere tinkling cymbal. Yours, I have no doubt, has blessed and cheered and delighted the soul of the mother who bore you from the very first opening of your eyes upon the

[1] Mrs. Booth-Hellberg had returned to her home in Copenhagen. She came back to her father's side shortly before the end.

world, and that dear heart has gone on with that cheering influence from that time to the present, and it will go on cheering everybody around you who has loved you, and it will go on cheering among the rest your loving brother Bramwell and your devoted General right away to the end; nay, will go on endlessly, for there is to be no conclusion to our affection.

I want it to be so. I want it to be my own experience. Love, to be a blessing, must be ambitious, boundless, and eternal. O Lord, help me! and O Lord, destroy everything in me that interferes with the prosperity, growth, and fruitfulness of this precious, divine, and everlasting fruit!

I have been ill — I have been very ill indeed. I have had a return of my indigestion in its most terrible form. This spasmodic feeling of suffocation has so distressed me that at times it has seemed almost impossible for me to exist. Still, I have fought my way through, and the doctors this afternoon have told me as bluntly and plainly as an opinion could be given to a man, that I must struggle on and not give way, or the consequences will be very serious.

Then, too, the eye has caused me much pain, but that has very much, if not entirely, passed off, and the oculist tells me that the eye will heal up. But alas! alas! I am absolutely blind. It is very painful, but I am not the only blind man in the world, and I can easily see how, if I am spared, I shall be able to do a good deal of valuable work.

So I am going to make another attempt at work. What do you think of that? I have sat down this afternoon, not exactly to the desk, but anyway to the duties of the desk, and I am going to strive to stick to them if I possibly can. I have been down to some of my meals; I have had a walk in the garden, and now it is proposed for me to take a drive in a motor, I believe some kind soul is loaning me. Anyhow, I am going to have some machine that will shuffle me along the street, road, and square, and I will see how that acts on my nerves, and then perhaps try something more.

However, I am going into action once more in the Salvation War, and I believe, feeble as I am, God is going to give me another good turn, and another blessed wave of success.

You will pray for me. I would like before I die — it has been one of the choicest wishes of my soul — to be able to make the Salvation Army such a power for God and of such benefit to mankind that no wicked people can spoil it. . . .

When we next come to his journal, it is to find reference to a second operation for cataract, and much that followed:

JOURNAL once more. This is Friday the 19th July. I have

done nothing [in the writing way] for several months, and I expect my task to be a very difficult one.

For three months now I have done nothing beyond a few letters, friendly family correspondence, and therefore must begin again.

I have been very ill. The worst symptoms of my last three months' sickness have been my helplessness, my want of strength, my want of spirit, my want of energy for anything and everything, and my excuse has been I could not do it because I have not had the energy.

The doctors have spent the afternoon in showing me that this has grown on me, and will grow more and more until I become mentally and physically helpless, and they say I must fight it, and I will do so.

I see this to be my duty, and I will do it, and the more I encourage myself, and the more other people encourage me, the more I am likely to succeed. So I am going to begin to encourage myself, and I shall expect other people to follow in this track. Whether they will do so or not we will see!

I think there is a good deal in what they say, but I think there is something to be said for myself. I have given way to the trial I have had to bear, and nobody can deny that I have had trials during the last few months. There has been a succession of these unwelcome visitors.

For instance, I began Christmas with the anticipation of having the impediment removed from my eye. I anticipated almost a new life, and went about the country — God forgive me if I did wrong — in saying that by loving mercy and to the benefit of the world I was going to be a young man again; and the people cheered me enthusiastically, nay, they welcomed me, they were not tired of me, they wanted me to live for ever and ever! They said so, and then at last instead of this new effusion of life, of energy and love, there was the disappointment — the operation for the removal of the cataract was a failure.

It was feared at first. Hinted in the second, and acknowledged and lamented at the last.

Every one who knew anything following a cataract operation felt next door to confidence that, instead of having a new eye, I had lost the last glimmering sense of vision of which I was possessed, and then after a period of the most painful, pitiful anxiety a man ever had to endure, there came the certainty that I was not possessed of sight, as indeed my oculist informed me, a few days before the thing came off, in his consulting room that I should have as good an eye as ever before, but instead I had lost it altogether.

Then came on me the hardest struggle I ever had to fight with the inward working of my physical system, and then

came the climax of my visional loss. The fact revealed itself that I was perfectly and perpetually blind.

Then came the bleeding of the nose.

In great mercy I was able to accept the visitation on this occasion, and I wrote a letter for *The War Cry* which was thought to be straightforward and manly.

He wrote another letter to *The War Cry* at this period, which contained the following reference to his memory:

During the two months since the operation, my memory has failed to a serious extent. As evidence of this I may instance the fact to such an extent has it failed me that I have been unable to call up the very names of my private Secretaries and the places that I have regularly frequented.

He makes the following reflections, some of them not easy to follow, but the whole pathetic enough:

1. I must fight right away.
2. No other chance of getting it done.
3. Recount the main things I was to suffer during these months.
4. Wonderful support.
5. Accepted.
6. Letter to the *Cry* of acceptance of the Will of God to the whole world, anyway, the Salvation World.
7. Although expected the trials to be heavy, was taken aback at the difficulties that attended their endurance.
8. However, fought my way through to the present moment, and now I feel that if I am to save my brain, if I am to save my life, I must make another assault on the duties of life, and the fulfilment of the opportunities with which I am favoured for seeking the Salvation of the World.

Then he says:

It looks difficult, but attempt I must, and will, however imperfectly I may fulfil it.

He did not make, towards the end, a good invalid. Booth blood does not easily submit. There were days when he complained, when he fretted, when he wanted to know why this thing had befallen him.

Mrs. Booth-Hellberg says:

Often during the last weeks I spent with the General,

though none of us had any suspicion that he was going to leave us or that he would not be spared to fight as bravely as ever, he used to say: "I begin almost to look forward to meeting your dear Mother and your sister Emma; and if it were not for the sorrow of having to leave this great burden to the dear Chief, I think I should almost like to go." All of a sudden, once, I heard him whisper: "Oh, I wish I were in Heaven!"

Once, while apparently only half conscious, he said pleadingly, "Oh, I wish you would let me go — I want to go home." I told him he was there, in his own home at Hadley Wood, lying on his own bed. He listened to all I said and then exclaimed, "But that is not home."

In another of his half-conscious moments near the end I heard him whisper, "Oh, to save these people!" and again, "What is the good of a Meeting if it is not hot? Do you hear what I say?" "Yes, General," I replied. "Not a bit of good if it isn't hot," he repeated.

One afternoon quite towards the end Bramwell Booth found his father sitting up in his arm-chair, evidently waiting to speak to him. What followed is the more touching for the fact that it proved to be William Booth's last consecutive conversation. The old warrior, greeting his son very quietly, said to him, "Chief, can you spare me a few moments? There are two matters much upon my mind. I want you to make me a promise concerning them." Then, as Bramwell Booth sat down near to his father's chair, the General said, "Now, are you attending to me?" and the conversation proceeded as follows:

"I want you to promise me that when my voice is silent and I am gone from you, you will use such influence as you may possess with the Army to do more for the Homeless of the World. The homeless men. Mind! I am not thinking of this country only, but of all the lands."

"Yes, General, I understand."

"The homeless women"— and, with deepening tones, "Ah, my boy, we don't know what it means to be without a home."

"Yes, General, I follow."

"The homeless children. Oh, the children! Bramwell, *look after the homeless.* Promise me."

When the promise had been given, something of the old

whimsical humour appeared as he exclaimed, "Mind! If you don't, I shall come back and haunt you!"

The son then inquired about the other matter referred to, and the General replied, "I have been thinking very much during the last few nights about China. I greatly regret that the Lord has not permitted me to raise our Flag amongst that wonderful people. I want you to promise me that as soon as possible you will get together a party of suitable Officers, and unfurl our Flag in that wonderful land. I have been thinking again about the world as a whole. I have been thinking of all the nations and peoples as one family. Now promise me that you will begin the work in China. You will need money. I know that; but you will get the money if you get the right people."

And, when the desired promise was given, the General stretched out his hand, saying, "You promise? It's a bargain, is it? Then give me your hand on it." And, clasping hands, father and son prayed together, and the elder man solemnly placed his hands upon the younger man's head and blessed him.

Bramwell Booth tells me that he can never forget that moment. The soft light of the autumn afternoon falling on his father's beautiful head, the earnestness of the request manifest both in voice and manner, the strength and yet simplicity of that last prayer, the moving accents of that benediction, all must remain with him as a sacred and inspiring memory.

Three or four days before the final scene, the General was able one morning to raise himself in bed and with little assistance to seat himself for what proved to be the last time in his arm-chair. In addition to his nurse, Bramwell Booth and Mrs. Booth-Hellberg were with him. His speech had begun to fail, and it was only with effort that he could articulate, some words appearing to present greater difficulties than others.

As he settled in his chair, after referring to some passing matter, he suddenly exclaimed, "Bramwell — the promises ——," but here he halted and seemed in great difficulty to proceed. He repeated, "The promises ——" and for a third time, "The promises ——" One of those present,

A CORNER OF WILLIAM BOOTH'S STUDY AT HADLEY WOOD
(August 20, 1912)

realizing the difficulty, suggested the words "of God," and then he went on, halting and hesitating a good deal, but with the most solemn earnestness, and emphasizing with his hand almost every word, "The promises — of God — are sure — are sure — if you will only believe."

These appear to have been the last words with any consecutive meaning. From that time there was little more than ejaculation, occasional expressions of thankfulness or of suffering.

Near the end he said to Bramwell, with a smile that was like a flicker of the old spirit, "I'm leaving you a bonnie handful!"— almost chuckling over the difficulties which now confronted his Melancthon.

He lay very still and quiet as the last days of earthly life passed over him. He recognized no voices. He made no sign of a desire to speak. During the afternoon of August 20, a violent thunderstorm broke over the house, such a storm as that which marked the end of Catherine Booth. He made no sign. The storm passed, and quiet succeeded. In the evening there was a marked quickening of the breath and a weakening of the pulse. Bramwell turned to the doctor and asked if this were death. "Yes," replied the doctor, "this is death." There was a movement among the watchers.[1] Bramwell bent over his father and kissed him. "Kiss him again," whispered Mrs. Booth-Hellberg, "kiss him for Eva." And Bramwell kissed his father again, and placed in his hand the cable which had come from Eva in America, saying: "Kiss him for me." That was the end of the vigil. At thirteen minutes past ten the great and tender heart which had loved mankind so courageously and so passionately ceased to beat; the hands which had been outstretched for so many years to save the neglected and despised were still for ever; and the eyes which from their youth up had wept over the sufferings of the sorrowful, closed upon their own blindness and upon the greater darkness of death.

"The General," it was announced next day, "has laid

[1] These included Mr. and Mrs. Bramwell and two of their children (Adjutant Catherine and Sergeant Bernard), Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg, and Colonel Kitching.

down his sword." Rather do we like to think that this shining sword flashed through the night on its way to other battles in other worlds, and that the faithful son, looking down upon the still figure of the father he had loved so well, saw only the scabbard of that unconquerable soul.

Here, for us, ends the life of William Booth, and here, if we follow the best examples, the biographer should bring his narrative to a close. But in the story of so remarkable a man, in the story of so extraordinary and adventurous a career, it is impossible to make an end without some chronicle of the universal manifestations of affection and grief which paid homage to his death.

"While women weep, as they do now," he had said, "I'll fight; while little children go hungry, as they do now, I'll fight; while men go to prison, in and out, in and out, as they do now, I'll fight." And, "Go straight for souls, and go for the worst." And, "All who are not on the Rock are in the sea; every Soldier must go to their rescue." The world recognized that with the death of this man one of its great fighters had passed away; and not to England alone, not to the British Empire alone, but to the whole world of humanity — the men, women, and children of every nation under Heaven — did this recognition come. No man ever finished his earth's battle with so universal a triumph. Grief, and grief of a most close and personal character, burst from the heart of the human race. It was not merely that every newspaper of any consequence throughout the whole civilized world paid its tribute of admiration and respect to the dead warrior; it was not that messages of sympathy from the great people of the earth rained in from every quarter of the globe; these things spoke for much; these things witnessed to the respect of respectability for one who had been in his middle life the most assailed, ridiculed, and persecuted of men; but what attested more than anything else to the triumph of his life was the individual sorrow of the poorest and the lowliest in every country throughout the world.

On the night that he died thousands of friendless men were sleeping in the Shelters of the Army he had founded.

FUNERAL CORTEGE PASSING THE MANSION HOUSE, LONDON
(1912)

In his Homes thousands of women rescued by his pure hands from the uttermost ruin of body and soul were praying for him. In every continent a great host of people were sorrowfully telling each other that their father — the father who had sought them out and saved them from immemorial tragedy — was passing from the world. And in countries so ancient as China and so new as America thousands and hundreds of thousands were speaking of him as the man who had brought to their hearts comfort and strength, speaking of him in every slum and kennel of the great cities of the world as

> the happy-tempered bringer of the best
> Out of the worst.

And this man, denied burial in Westminster Abbey, where the bodies of so many have been laid, neither Christians nor heroes, passed to his burying in Abney Park Cemetery through the densest multitude ever seen in the streets of London, the whole traffic of the greatest city of the world arrested for hours, the Lord Mayor saluting the coffin as it passed, and ten thousand men and women, specially selected to represent their comrades, walking reverently behind the dead master who had taught them to consecrate their lives to ministering to the poorest, the lowliest, and the lost.

It may be said that humanity wept for William Booth as a man weeps for his friend.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

### CONCLUSION

When the body of Charles Darwin was borne into Westminster Abbey it must have seemed to the sceptic that the dead naturalist entered that great Christian church as a conqueror; nor would he have seen anything to modify this ironical view in the fact that the Bible still remained on the lectern; he would have said that *The Origin of Species* had already made its way to the pulpit.

He would have found confirmation for this view thirty years later when he saw the doors of Westminster Abbey closed against the body of William Booth. If he witnessed the spectacle of multitudes in the streets gathered to watch the progress of this dead body to a cemetery in the suburbs, he would have dismissed it easily enough as the expiring flicker of emotionalism.

Two years later, looking back on the nineteenth century from the ruins of a war which was engulfing the whole world, the sceptic would have seen these two men, Charles Darwin and William Booth, in a strange and arresting juxtaposition.

He would have seen the one calmly and thoroughly laying the foundations of a philosophy which, manfully applied to human life, could have no other conclusion than war. And the other, almost in a frenzy of earnestness, neglecting no means, however extravagant, to attract attention, posting from one side of the world to the other with the only unanswerable antithesis of that philosophy. He would have seen the wise and prudent of the world following after the man of science, and the humble and poor following after the man of God. And he would have seen that while the one taught men a philosophy which could do nothing but ensure them destruction, and the other preached a religion which alone could save them from destruction, yet the tide of human thought set steadily away from salvation, flow-

ing, imperceptibly at first, but afterwards in a flood, to the overwhelming of the human race.

A profounder view of these two men brings out a difference which is of significant importance. Charles Darwin was the most exact and scrupulous of thinkers, never publishing a word on any subject to which he had not given long and continuous thought, excluding from every sentence he wrote the smallest influence of his emotional nature. On the other hand, William Booth, trusting himself so largely to his emotional nature, and regarding the intellect almost with suspicion, spoke only with the single care that the words he uttered came from his heart. The one man addressed the heads of his contemporaries, the other their hearts; and while the one felt that the most precise and guarded phraseology was necessary for his utterances, the other took little thought what he would say or what he should write, trusting himself to a Power which science refuses to regard even as a remote hypothesis.

But in spite of his almost religious care for exactitude, and in spite of his most scrupulous regard for truth, the precise and careful thinker, addressing himself to the reasoning faculty in man, could not prevent that faculty from rushing away with his thesis to the abyss of destruction; so little faith can man repose in his reason. And, if the world had held its reason in leash, and given to the preacher but a tithe of the confidence it gave to the thinker, destruction would have been averted and a firm step taken towards millennium. These facts in their history men are in the habit of seeing only when it is too late.

No thinker of the last century exercised an influence over the mind of the world comparable with Darwin's; and no moralist of the last century exercised an influence over the heart of the world comparable with William Booth's. Unhappily for the children of their contemporaries, it was the influence of Darwin and not the influence of William Booth which determined the direction of human thought. The world of power gave itself up to the man of intellect. It turned its back on the man of emotion.

Darwin's thesis, developed to its inevitable conclusion by the rationalists of Germany, led the nations step by step to

war; and not to a war such as semi-Christians waged in meeker times, but to a perfectly logical war of uttermost ferocity and extremest cruelty, a war in which chivalry and courtesy and mercy — qualities which do not belong to animals — were very properly swept aside, and men sought every means that their reasons could suggest for inflicting the maximum of agony and achieving the maximum of death.

It is a folly to say that Nietzsche misunderstood Darwin. It is truer to say that he was the most discerning and honest prophet of Darwinism. If the theory of Darwin could be taken out of zoology and applied to man, or, rather, if man had no category of his own, but belonged to zoology and must be himself applied to Darwin's theory, then Nietzsche, far more than Karl Pearson or Herbert Spencer, saw to the end of this truth. Man, if an animal, must seek power; and in the struggle for power there can be no right but might, and no law but necessity. Struggle for existence does not end at the confines of the jungle in a world of logical Darwinism. To acquire, to possess, to dominate, this becomes the only rational drive of human intelligence when the incongruous moral nature has been thrown to the winds as a superstition.

Our fathers could not see this evident truth so vitally as some of their sons see it now. The last half of the nineteenth century witnessed an attempt on the part of religion, philosophy, and politics to effect a compromise with Darwinism. No man of any weight had the courage to denounce Darwinism as morally wrong, intellectually false, spiritually absurd. The most our fathers could bring themselves to do was to point out that the Mosaic cosmogony harmonized in some respects with the processes of evolution, and to patch the rotting garment of a combative civilization with the shrinkable cloth of philanthropy.

We see now that the theory of Darwin is a partial explanation of a few, and those not the most perplexing, structural phenomena of Natural History. We see that there is no light to be gained from that theory on the supreme problem of Beauty, that the tail feather of the peacock is still as great a mystery as when the contemplation of its

delicate shading made Darwin sick with bafflement, and we see still more clearly that no light from that theory can help us to begin to understand the movement in man's mind towards beauty, renunciation, and moral perfection. These things we have seen at the innumerable graves of our children.

Prussia, in seeking World Power, has planted her iron heel on the doctrine of struggle for existence. Men are no longer deluded by phrases. They are very earnestly now using their hearts as well as their reasons, their moral natures as well as their microscopes; they see that Darwinism does not work. It does not work, and therefore it cannot be true. In the study it seemed true to *think* about "the struggle for existence"; but directly that philosophy escaped from the abstract air of theory, and was presented to men as a fundamental law of *action,* it collapsed, and in its fall dragged down the partial civilization of a sceptical, compromising, and dishonest Christendom.

There is something in nature that is not a struggle for the trough, something in man that is not a struggle for gain and gear. There is something in nature struggling for liberty, and something in man struggling for love. Moreover, in man, the individual person, there is a struggle between one self and another, a higher self and a lower self, a struggle which, from the days of David to the days of William Booth, has inspired the utterances of every man whose words have haunted the human race, a struggle for moral perfection, a struggle for the highest and uttermost good, a struggle to be fought to a finish at all cost to body's peace.

It was William Booth, more than any other of Darwin's contemporaries, who demonstrated that the spiritual nature of man is a fact of human experience. Others were more eloquent and more intellectually brilliant in arguing that the spiritual nature of man was at least a tenable hypothesis, but no man so decisively proved this spiritual nature to be a fact. In nearly every climate and among nearly every people, the most civilized and the most savage, he appealed to the moral nature of man, and by the power of his plea transformed the worst of men, even the lowest and the most abased, into good citizens capable of extremest self-

sacrifice. He demonstrated that there is a force in human evolution of infinitely greater power than self-interest; that sympathy can heal the sick; that love can raise the dead; and that co-operation inspired by self-abnegation, and compassion inspired by self-sacrifice, can save the souls even of those whom an English follower of Darwin has described as "Social Vermin."

This great work, which history will remember was attacked by no individual so violently as by Darwin's fighting-lieutenant, Professor Huxley, failed to avert the calamity of war. It failed to save the human race from that calamity; but in the light of war we see this work of William Booth perhaps with a new understanding and with a higher appreciation.

Civilization cannot stand on the sands of Darwinism. The rain has descended, the floods have come, and the winds have blown and beaten upon that civilization, and it has fallen, and great was the fall of it. Civilization can only stand if it is built upon a rock, and the only rock which can withstand the storms of the ages is the rock of the Moral Law. Man can no more leave God out of his philosophies than he can live without his heart or see without his eyes.

William Booth was one of the last century's greatest prophets of this truth, and certainly its boldest, most courageous, and most effective protagonist. His supreme interest for the historian lies in the force with which his intuition carried him straight to the very centre of human knowledge in an age when men were allowing their intellects to lead them towards the abyss of annihilation. He saw the insufficiency of reason when it was at its highest in the estimation of men; and he saw the supremacy of emotion in a time when it was most suspected by men. He knew, with but little help from his reason, that the Infinite is not to be examined by the brain of any finite creature; and he knew, with only his moral nature to help him, that the Infinite may be clasped and held by the upstretching hands of love and faith. It was to him a matter for amazement that men could be content with only their reasons when they held in their possession those great forces of emotion which

can lift the poet into regions where no astronomer can follow him, and the saint into transcendencies which neither philosopher nor theologian is able to penetrate.

We need not fear to minimise the greatness of the man by confessing that he fell short of the intellectualist standards of the age. But he is not to be judged by those standards. He does not stand in the company of intellectual giants — wrong-headed or right-headed. No religious genius has ever stood, or can ever stand, in that company. William Booth stands among the moralists, and his full stature is only seen when, considering the circumstances of his age, he is brought into comparison with the great emotionalists of history — those children of the world who have sought the salvation of men, not as men of science seek rational truth, but as lovers seek the beloved.

If he has no place among the intellectuals, he has equally, in the region of emotion, no place among the mystics. We approach the truth of his measure when we see that on the mountain top he was but a tourist, and that his abiding-place on earth was with men, in the pit of darkness and pain. He has left behind him no haunting tenderness for the sons of men, no words which they will remember in dark hours, no music which will steal into their souls when their eyes are blinded with tears. But he has left to the world the memory of a life which deliberately sought the pit, and in the pit worked miracles upon the souls of men by the force of a childlike confidence in God, and by the power of a love which, even if it be judged inferior to the love of the mystic, was nevertheless an infinitely more real and honest love than any carefully measured affection which had hitherto satisfied philanthropy.

The character of this love is the centre of his interest for mankind. It was determined in no small degree by the circumstances of his life. His childhood was clouded by suffering; his youth was fretted by deprivation and inhibition; and his early manhood was not only a hard struggle for physical existence, but an infinitely harder struggle for spiritual liberty. He came to his work out of this darkness and out of this suffering; he came to it with but little traditional refinement in his mind, and with still less of an im-

posed education which is worth speaking about; he came to it simply with a will perfectly surrendered to God, and with a heart that had no greater hunger than to sacrifice itself for his fellow-men.

He was in the religious world of his time something of a Charles Dickens. He was moved by pathos and humour; he loathed cant and abominated shams; he had a genuine compassion for the sinner; and he loved the poor with a love that was the very breath of his life. He sorrowed over the sins of the multitude not only because those sins expatriated them from the presence of God, but because those sins afflicted their bodies, darkened their minds, ruined their homes, and finally broke their hearts. He wanted mankind to be happier. His ideal was very like the ideal of Charles Dickens — domestic comfort on earth and compensation in Heaven. He wanted men to live in decent houses, with domestic love, with neighbourly kindness, and with faith in a future world. He wanted them to see how terrible it was that children should be hungry and naked, that women should be drunken and dissolute, and that the very best of men should sink beneath the level of the beast. He was not a revolutionist. He had little faith in the power of Parliaments to create Utopias. His idea of Utopia was not perhaps very inviting. But he loved men so honestly and so earnestly that in seeking to achieve his humble Utopia he performed the greatest of all human miracles.

It was William Booth who taught the world that the first thing to do in seeking to turn a bad man into a good man is to make him feel that you really care for him, really care whether he sinks or swims. If it be said that all notable evangelists, and even all orthodox preachers of religion, have uttered much the same precept in every age of the Church, we would venture to answer that no word in the language of men is more misused, more misunderstood, and more unrealized than the word Love. By which we mean, that it is the most difficult thing in the world for one person to love another; that the ocean which separates affection from love is all but infinite; and that to stop short at affection either in the domestic or the religious life is to live

completely outside the revelation of God. "Were a single drop of what is in my heart," said St. Catherine, of Genoa, "to fall into hell, hell itself would be changed into paradise."

Love is so greatly the rarest thing in the world that few are even startled by the blasphemy which makes it a synonym for animal desire. It is so wonderfully the rarest thing in the world that we are amazed when we read of a person dying of a broken heart. And it is so entirely the rarest thing in the world that we are either greatly amused or greatly impressed when we encounter husband and wife, father and son, brother and sister, friend and friend, who perfectly and beautifully love one another. Happy families are common enough, but families in which the one relation between all the members is the relation of love — the love imperishably defined by St. Paul — are to be found perhaps but once in a life's long journey. Men, indeed, the makers of a civilization founded on combat, have not yet thought what it is to love; and for this reason more than all other reasons religion has failed to transform human existence. No word so common as love, no term so debased, no ideal so woefully unrealized. The love which is sublimely unconscious of self, which is for ever at rest, which is unshaken by events and unchanged by time, which seeks only the welfare of another, which lives its life in the life of another, which gives and gives again, never asking, never thinking to ask, for return, which is patient, which is tolerant, which is satisfied — this ministering and adoring love, at once human and divine, at once domestic and religious, this love which "bears it out even to the edge of doom," which seeketh not its own, which is the very centre and principle of the Divine Will, this love, we may say, has hardly yet become even an ideal of the human race.

Such love is one of the legends which have come down to us like inarticulate skeletons from an age bemused with romance; and in the welter of our modern life, in the clash of our social conflict, where the master passion is self-assertion, self-aggrandisement, and self-realization, this foolish memory of the past fades as the stars of heaven fade before the glare of our electric light. Perfect love, we say, is not

to be expected; and yet Christianity is either perfect love or it ceases to be Christian. "The Christian ideal," it is said, "has not been tried and found wanting; it has been found difficult, and left untried." Really to love another person is difficult even for the best of the human race; but how difficult, how almost impossible, when that other person is infamous, degraded, and repulsive. Nevertheless, to read the Gospel in church, to pray for love, and to preach about love, making not one single effort of love in our dealings with the abandoned or the lost, is not this manifestly to live our lives entirely outside the Kingdom of Heaven? Christianity is, surely, this intense, unselfish, and ministering love or it is no whit different from the ancient religions of terror and superstition. "Many shall say to Me in that day!" And the judgment is, "I never knew you!" Nor is this judgment pronounced against the abandoned and the lost, but against those who professed the name of the Judge, and implicitly believed that they were doers of His will. "I never knew you"—that is to say, You did kind things without kindness; you wore indeed the garments of love, but there was no love in your hearts; that is to say, *You never once saw the meaning of My life.*

It is when we reflect upon this absence of love from the world, carefully considering in our minds the difference which exists between social kindness and self-sacrificing love, that we are able to see at least something of the greatness of the life of William Booth. His supreme contribution to the religious experience of mankind lies in his proof that by the power of love the worst of men can be changed into the best of men; but his highest and most enduring greatness is the genuine passion of love which urged him into the hells of human existence to work those miracles of conversion. He groaned over the degradation of men, he agonized over the debasement of women, he wept over the sufferings of children. Never has any man whose whole nature so recoiled from the sight of pain, and whose sensitive spirit so shrank from a recital of grief, waded so far into the sea of agony. He suffered in helping the suffering. He was tortured in rescuing the tortured. And for every one he helped and rescued at the cost of suffering and tor-

ture which only God can compute, he knew that ten thousand others were perishing without comfort and without hope. The travail of his soul was not the travail of a hermit seeking in the solitude of a wilderness to comprehend the glory and the greatness of God, but the travail of a man living in the midst of human want and human sorrow, and with all the love in his heart being able to succour only one here — another there. And he suffered because of men's indifference and men's incredulity. He had proofs to show in every country of the world that love can transform the evil life and restore the shattered life; an enormous host followed him wherever he moved, shouting the hallelujah of triumph; but the world, for the most part, shrugged its shoulders, and left the suffering to suffer and the perishing to die. And in spite of the malignity which assailed him, the envy which traduced him, and the hatred which never ceased to compass his destruction, this love for the poorest, the lowliest, and lost persisted to the end of his life. His greatness is this, that among the many who speak of love he lived a life of love.

Fortunately for the enlightenment of the future and for the encouragement of all ages the documents left behind him by William Booth present to our gaze an indubitable likeness of the living and imperfect man. None of the mists which still creep towards us from the Middle Ages and obscure the portraits of the saints dim his rich humanity; nor is it likely that in days to come any forlorn worshipper of heroes will arise to invest this simple preacher in the ghostly robes of myth and legend. *Aberglaube* will not invade. He will confront for ever the gaze of mankind, a rough, fallible, and tempestuous figure, a man of little learning, a man of vigorous impulsiveness, a man masterful and vehement, a man inordinately zealous and inordinately ambitious, but a man inspired, and in everything one who with the whole force and passion of his extraordinary nature loved his fellow-men.

This love for his fellow-men will be seen as no perfect and beautiful aspiration in the vague region of impossibility; it will be seen, indeed, shot with the faults of his character and tinged with the hues of his human nature —

never becoming the romantic love which sent Damien to the lepers, still less the exquisite love which made the very elements brethren of St. Francis; but when men contemplate the love of William Booth, steadily and dispassionately, remembering that this love manifested itself in the wretchedest and most hateful places of life, and at a time when rationalism was pouring its scorn upon emotion —"that great and precious part of our natures," as John Morley calls it, "that lies out of the immediate domain of the logical understanding"— and that it ever groped its way into the black shadows where misery hides its tears, and into the outer darkness where sin deserts its victims, they will become conscious, in the greatness and strength of that dogged, unyielding, most stubborn and intensely practical love, of a beauty which at least consumes the faults of a day, and of a glory which at least does away with the shortcomings of a temperament. If he failed to avert Armageddon, more than any man in the latter part of the nineteenth century he helped to create the Social Conscience, without which there could be no hope of a League of Nations; and he helped to create that Social Conscience, not by a political formula or by any merely philanthropic invention, but by the force and energy of his boundless love.

Do we not come as close as is possible to the truth of this man when we say that had he been one of the Twelve, Simon Peter would not have been alone when he stepped out upon the Sea of Galilee?

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